

# Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

## Chapter One: Harry gets a helping hand.

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money either.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter One Summary: Harry receives a helping... hand in his quest for Voldemort's Horcuxes.

As the sun crept into the smallest bedroom in the house at # 4 Privet Drive, Harry Potter fought the urge to wake up. Harry was having a nice pleasant dream. He dreamt that he was sitting on the shore of the ocean with his feet in the cool water, while reading a book about lighthouses. Two odd things about the dream stood out for Harry. The first was that he couldn't place where he was in the dream, but it was somewhere between two hills with high peaks. And the second odd thing was that he could clearly smell the book he was reading but couldn't smell the ocean; the book had an enticing musky odor to it. It was an curious dream, but Harry liked it because the horrors of his past weren't revisiting him like they usually did during his normal dreams. The young wizard wanted to stay in this slumber-land for just a little longer. Of course, the sun had different plans and one cannot argue with the sun when its horrible, golden, life-giving rays are pounding down upon one's face now can they? Lousy effing sun.

With a pitiful groan, Harry slowly woke up. He continued to lie in bed as he looked up at the ceiling without his glasses for a good long time. After he was satisfied that the ceiling had been stared at long enough, and after he had gotten thoroughly bored with said activity, Harry surveyed the room and its contents for a moment until his blurry eyes fell on his tiny desk. The desk was littered with bits of parchment, old newspapers and a number of framed photos.

His eyes tried unsuccessfully to focus on a picture of what appeared to be himself, Hermione, and Ron taken around their first year at Hogwarts. His vision then slipped to a picture of a raven haired man snuggling on a couch with a red-haired woman. Harry's heart sank as his mind replayed his short relationship with that red-haired woman. At the beginning of his sixth year, Harry finally noticed that Ginny was a woman, a beautiful one at that, with boobs and bouncing, shiny hair. Of course he had to end the fledgling relationship at the end of the school year for Ginny's safety. Harry knew that anyone who he considered his girlfriend would be a target for Voldemort and his asslick... err... that is bootlickers. He hated hurting Ginny's feelings and being lonely himself, but it had to be done, for her sake.

After lying in his bed while somehow simultaneously berating and congratulating himself on his decision to break up with Ginny, Harry forced himself to get up. The young wizard stood and stretched his arms. After wiping the sleep from his eyes, Harry finally put on his glasses and took note of the time. It was barely half past six in the morning and his relatives wouldn't be up for a little while. Not that it mattered anyway; his Aunt, Uncle and cousin had done their best to ignore Harry these past few weeks, and he did the same to them. It was mutually beneficial. Of course, Harry knew that the Dursleys were planning a very large "going away" party the day after his birthday, the day after he was supposed to leave their house forever.

His eyes fell back to the picture of Ginny and himself on the desk and Harry's heart stopped beating for one full second. The man in the picture looked exactly like he did and the woman looked very similar to Ginny. The only problem was that it wasn't Harry and Ginny snuggling in the picture. It was Harry's mum and dad, Lily and James. Harry broke out in a cold sweat as a sudden realization dawned upon him:

'Ginny looks like my mum!'

He'd lusted after a girl who physically reminded him of his mother!

Harry had spent a good portion of the previous school year snogging a girl that looked like his mother! Harry felt very ill. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he could hear Freud giggling like a school-boy at

the thought of Harry being attracted to a girl who looked like his mother! The room started to spin wildly and last night's dinner threatened to escape his body in ways it wasn't supposed to.

After rushing to the bathroom, Harry emptied his entire stomach into the toilet. 'That's odd; I don't remember having corn last night.' His mind kept remembering what Ginny's (the woman who looked like his mother) lips felt like when he kissed them. That's when the dry heaves kicked in. Harry tried to wretch some more but there was nothing left to vomit. An image of him cupping Ginny's small breast ripped through his mind and a small thought was attached to that image: 'Were mum's tits like that?'

"Holy Christ!" Harry shouted and banged his head against the toilet in a futile attempt to rid his mind of the troubling images him fondling a girl who looked like his mother! That or knock himself out, which ever came first.

He suddenly felt very, very, very dirty. He remembered aroused he was when Ginny had shoved her tongue into his mouth, but Harry now thought idly if his mother's tongue moved like Ginny's. Then the most horrid of question's entered the young man's mind: "If Ginny looks like my mother, does she taste like her, too?"

Harry groaned pitifully as he snatched a toothbrush off the counter. It could've been Dudley's but Harry didn't care (the corpulent boy hardly used it anyway). He squeezed a sizable dollop of tooth-paste on the bristles and began to brush vigorously. After Harry had used up half the tube of tooth-paste and thirty-five minutes of aggressively brushing his teeth, gums, and tongue, his cousin Dudley walked into the bathroom. The enormously fat boy looked in horror at the site (1) before him: his freak of a relative was hunched over the basin with a copious amount of foam covering the lower half of his face and dripping from his mouth.

Harry turned to his cousin and tried to shout: "GET OUT OF HERE!" Unfortunately, because of all the foam in his mouth, all Harry could muster was something like "GHTE TOOUE OV HERGELTH!" A fortunate side effect of this outburst was that Dudley's rotund face was coated with spittle and mint-scented foam as Harry spat and

sprayed his demand. Harry could hear Dudley screaming like a terrified little girl as he ran down the stairs, out of the house, and into the street in his pajamas and fuzzy slippers.

After a scalding hot shower where Harry not only used up the hot water from # 4, but conceivably the rest of the block's hot water as well, Harry walked into his room and saw something quite unusual. He saw a ghost with what looked like leather armor sitting on his bed. Harry had never seen a ghost outside of school, but the most peculiar thing about this ghost was that he was somehow holding the most recent edition of The Sun newspaper, even though ghosts couldn't hold anything normally. But the oddest thing was that the unknown spirit had it opened to the infamous Page Three.

"Oh yeah, that's what I like," the ghost said lustfully, unaware that Harry had entered the room. "I bet you liked to be spanked don't you, you saucy wench!"

"Um, excuse me..." interjected Harry, but the ghost ignored him as he continued to ogle the young topless nymph on the page.

"Cor, look at those nibblers! Poor thing must be cold..." grunted the ghost as his right hand left the newspaper and started to reach for his lap.

"EXCUSE ME!" shouted Harry in a mortified tone. The ghost lowered The Sun and looked at Harry. The specter grinned at him and stood up. Thankfully for the young wizard, the ghost used The Sun as a crotch guard so that his "state" was hidden from sight from the already overwrought wizard.

"Sorry 'bout that, Harry. You were taking so long in the shower, and a man has needs you know..." stated the ghost. Harry was taken back that this strange ghost knew his name. "Sorry about the scare, how are you boy?" asked the ghost.

"I'm fine," answered Harry and then asked; "who are you?"

“Oh, I’m just grand thanks for asking,” replied the unknown ghost. “That’s very nice of you; you know, too many folk these days are so rude.”

“Pardon, but I didn’t ask ‘how are you,’ I asked ‘who are you?’” Harry repeated, a bit irritated.

“Oh, sorry ‘bout that,” the ghost responded completely perplexed and a little offended. “You don’t recognize me?” to which Harry shook his head, “What, did you fall asleep in History of Magic?”

“Yes,” responded Harry, “quite often actually.”

“Well, I’m Godric Gryffindor!” the ghost replied theatrically and struck a heroic pose.

Harry was a bit awestruck; here was the ghost of Gryffindor, one of the founders of the finest Wizarding School in the world standing in Harry’s tiny bedroom. Harry’s reverence quickly turned into disgust as he noticed that when Gryffindor struck his heroic pose that he dropped his newspaper and that it was apparent that the ghost was still aroused. Harry held his hand in front of his face in an attempt to block the ghost’s crotch from view.

“Um, what do you want?” Harry asked, quite disturbed that he now knew with certainty due to the ghost’s partial arousal that Godric Gryffindor “dressed right.”

“Well aren’t you gonna ask how I am?” the ghost questioned.

“I already did,” Harry retorted, “and you said you were ‘just grand.’”

“No, you asked who I was, not how I was. It was understandable mistake on my part seeing how you young people tend to mutter.”

“I don’t mutter,” Harry muttered.

“I think we should proceed with formalities before I continue,” Gryffindor finished with an air of arrogance.

"Alright have it your way, how are you?" asked Harry. A tiny headache started to form behind the young man's eyes.

"Well, I was just grand until I met this rude man today," the ghost responded a bit put out.

"Sorry 'bout that," Harry huffed through clenched teeth. The tiny headache grew slightly so that it was now an annoying headache.

"It's okay, I suppose," Gryffindor said as he sat back down on Harry's bed. "I came here today to help you in your quest for Voldemort's Horcuxes."

"How do you know about that?" Harry asked, with a great deal of surprise. As far as he knew, only Dumbledore, Ron, Hermione, and himself knew about the so-called quest.

"The old codger told me about it," the ghost responded. "I know of a useful tool you can use to destroy the Horcuxes when you find them."

"What is it?" Harry asked, eager for any help he could get.

"Aren't you going to say 'please'?" Gryffindor asked with a pout. Harry's annoying headache exploded into a full fledged migraine.

"Oh, sod off you silly old bugger!" Harry hissed.

"Oh my, such language!" the ghost said with mock offence. "Fine, spoil my fun, it's my old sword."

"The sword of Gryffindor?" Harry asked.

"Didn't I just say that? D'ya need to clean out your ears, boy?"

"No, I don't!" Harry barked as his normal full fledged migraine turned into a throbbing full fledged migraine. "I just don't see how the sword could help me."

“Dumbledore didn’t tell me you were daft,” Gryffindor said sadly. “It’s a sword! You swing it and it cuts things! You can use it to destroy the Horcuxes!”

“Couldn’t I just use a heavy rock to break them? Why would I need your sword?”

“Dumbledore used a rock on that ring, that’s how his hand got all burnt,” the ghost answered. “The sword has charms on it to protect you.”

“Oh,” said Harry simply.

“Oh’ he says,” Gryffindor mocked. “Also, if you’re close enough to the site where the Horcux is, the sword can function as a divining rod to locate the blasted thing.”

“Okay, that’ll be helpful. When I turn seventeen in two days, and get freedom from this place, I’ll go to Hogwarts and fetch your sword.”

“No, do it now!” commanded Gryffindor. “Why wait?”

“Because I have to stay here until I turn seventeen,” Harry said to which the ghost made a “pfft” noise. Harry ignored Gryffindor and continued. “Besides, there are members of the Order watching me. I just can’t up and leave. They would stop me and shove me back in here and tell me to wait two days.”

“Fine, I didn’t want to tell you this but the sword will be rendered worthless if you don’t claim it by tomorrow,” stated Gryffindor seriously. “The charms around the sword will drop if it doesn’t have someone to wield it.”

“Alright, I’ll go out there and tell the Order member about the sword and why I need it.” Harry said.

“Good plan; tell them and risk having them tell someone else about the Horcuxes and then risk them telling someone else and so on until Voldemort finds out and moves the Horcux and then you’re

completely screwed,” Gryffindor said. The ghost’s words sunk in and Harry knew that it could possible end up that way.

“Okay, but then I’ll need some sort of distraction so I can slip away from the house without being seen,” Harry said aloud.

“I’m sure you know someone cleaver enough to help you with that,” the ghost offered.

“Brilliant, I’ll Owl the twins!” Harry exclaimed. He quickly went to his desk and began to write a letter to Fred and George. “They know loads of tricks to fool the Order.”

“cough Hermione cough” Gryffindor ‘coughed’ loudly behind Harry.

“Excuse me, what was that?”

“Me? Oh nothing,” Gryffindor replied, and pointed to his throat. “Just a tickle.”

“Fine then, let me just write this letter,” stated Harry as he turned his attention back to the parchment. Just as Harry scrawled out the words: “Dear Fred and George,” on the paper, Gryffindor conveniently “coughed” again.

“cough Hermione cough Hermione cough”

“I’m sorry, but would you like for me to write to Hermione instead?” Harry asked petulantly.

“I really shouldn’t interfere with the living so much,” the ghost said innocently, “but I hear that the young witch is exceedingly clever.”

Harry crumpled the parchment his was working on and got a fresh one. He simply wrote:

Hermione,

I need your help.



Harry

The bespectacled man attached the letter to Hedwig's leg and the owl flew out of the window.

"Now sit down boy, we have some time to kill until your friend replies to your post," Gryffindor ordered. "Let me tell you a few stories... stories about the prettiest woman I ever shagged; Rowena Ravenclaw."

For the next ninety-seven and a half minutes, Gryffindor traumatized Harry with stories of his sexual exploits with one of the other founders of Hogwarts. Harry wondered at one point if Ravenclaw had minded that Gryffindor had stuck his wand (mind you it wasn't his figurative wand, but his actual wand; ten inches made of birch, "My other wand isn't so small if you know what I mean.") in that 'place' and wondered, too, if she had gotten splinters. Harry also learned that the Shrieking Shack that Remus used when he went to Hogwarts as a student wasn't the first place to use that particular title; apparently, it was also the name given to Ravenclaw's personal quarters. Gryffindor concluded with the gem "Brainy birds are always naughty."

Gryffindor clapped his hands and asked: "Now that's done what would you like for me to talk to you about?"

"Oh god, please nothing," Harry murmured in fear. "Please, no more."

"Alright then, how about a game of strip Parcheesi?"

Harry had started to make a mad dash for the door when he heard a familiar BANG from the street below. Harry turned to see a three-tiered purple bus parked outside his relatives' house. He also noticed with a happy heart that the ghost of Godric Gryffindor had disappeared.

Another loud bang signified the Knight Bus disappearing again. Harry made his way to the front door. When he reached for the door-knob, someone pressed the buzzer. Harry opened the door to find a very perturbed and upset Hermione.

“You needed my help?” Hermione demanded.

“Hello Hermione, nice to see you too. I’m fine, thanks for asking,” Harry greeted her with a just a touch of sarcasm.

“Oh, can it Harry,” she replied irritably, “I’ve had a rotten day.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to...” Harry began to apologize.

“Actually I should thank you,” Hermione interrupted and she walked into the Dursley house. As Hermione walked past Harry, he noticed a pleasing musky odor, like an old book, wafting off the young witch. Harry rationalized that she must’ve been reading one of her ancient tomes on the Bus. “You saved me from that lecherous git.”

Harry wondered briefly if Hermione had been visited by Gryffindor’s ghost as well.

After Harry led his friend into his room, he asked her what was troubling her. He had decided to talk to Hermione about the sword after he made sure Hermione was alright.

“I just came from the Burrow,” began Hermione as she sat down on his bed. “I decided to spend some quality time with Ron because we’re together now. I had started to talk about us, what we like, what we do in our free time, and what not. Well, after I had exhausted my knowledge of all-things Quidditch and began to discuss other topics, Ron started to doze off! He literally had drool coming out of the side of his mouth!

“So I decided that we would have to do something else, seeing how I was boring him into a stupor.” Hermione continued and Harry sat close to her. “I asked him, after I was finally able to wake him of course, if he wanted to do something; perhaps take a nice walk around the forest behind the Burrow.

“He completely discounted my idea and came up with one of his own. And what was this brilliant idea of his? Snogging! He said ‘let’s snog’ and grabbed my tit like this!” Hermione demonstrated by seizing her right breast and shoving it up. This action led to several other things.

The first thing was that Hermione accidentally unbuttoned three buttons on her blouse, but she was too angry to notice. This action led directly into the second action, because of her breast being shoved up and the accidental unbuttoning incident, Hermione's right breast was exposed quite a bit more than she had intended. Which led to the third and final action: Harry noticed for the first time that his friend Hermione had rather nice boobs.

They weren't overly large, maybe slightly larger than a handful, but they were definitely an improvement on Ginny's. They also appeared to be delectably firm, something that he would like to suckl...

'OH MY GOD!' Harry's mind screamed. 'What the hell do you think you're doing, Potter? She's your best friend! Stop looking at Hermione's lovely... er... wonderful... boobs...' Harry's upper-mind ceased its self-recrimination as Hermione dropped her breast as yet another button flew free, unbeknownst to the blouse's owner, and her enticing cleavage was revealed to poor Harry. The Boy-Who-Lived was mesmerized by the way his friend's milky flesh curved and then disappeared cruelly behind her white cotton bra. That damn bra mocked Harry, teasing the young man, saying: 'There's more underneath, more to see... and they are called nipples!'

'STOP IT!' Harry's upper brain took over and tore his eyes away from his friend's glorious mounds. Luckily for Harry, Hermione didn't notice where his eyes seemed to have been glued for the past few seconds. And even more fortuitous, she didn't notice 'Harry, Jr.' trying to free himself from his damn denim prison and give a proper 'Hello' to her. Because if she did notice, she would have known that her friend was a true Gryffindor in that he, like the house founder "dressed right."

"...I told him; 'NO, not yet. Let's talk for a bit.' And then he said, 'Talk about what?'" the brunette witch continued. "I couldn't think of anything to talk about! It hit me; we have two things in common. First, we argue constantly, and secondly, you're our best friend Harry."

"Um, thanks... I like friends," Harry said dumbly, half-listening, half-wishing that 'Harry, Jr.' would stand down, before Hermione noticed his state of arousal.

"I wish Ron and I were like you and Ginny," Hermione stated. With the mention of Ginny's name, Harry had gotten his wish; 'Harry, Jr.' went into sudden hibernation. "I know you two broke up, but you have loads in common. You both like to play Quidditch and... and... and..."

Hermione stopped for a good long time. Harry would often see her go into these lapses whenever she was faced with a perplexing question. Her eyes would burn intensely as she worried her lip. No difficult challenge stood in the way of the awesome mental powers of Hermione Jane Granger, smartest witch in her generation, when she put her mind to it.

"And you were both possessed by Voldemort," Hermione offered after a good minute of deep thought. "And..." Hermione began to slip back into her "deep-thought mode" when Harry offered some food for thought:

"And she looks like my mum," Harry said pointing to the photo of his mother and father on his desk. Hermione scrutinized the photo for a second before become quite pale, then green.

"Oh, my god, that's disturbing," said Hermione as she took a deep calming breath.

"Tell me about it," Harry stated.

"And you kissed her!" Hermione said shocked.

"Don't remind me!" pleaded Harry as he felt nauseous once again.

"At least you didn't tongue kiss her..." Hermione paused as she saw the guilty look on his face. "Oh, my GOD! You tongue kissed a girl who looks like your mother!"

"Hermione, please... stop," whined Harry.

"Please tell me you at least didn't feel her up, Harry."

"Um..."

“Wait! DON’T TELL ME!” Hermione demanded.

Hermione stood up and began pacing the room. On her third pass, Harry’s nausea was replaced with arousal when he noticed how Hermione’s slacks hugged her bum. ‘Harry, Jr.’ woke up once more shouting, ‘It’s play time.’

“Why can’t Ron and I and Ginny and you be like the two of us? The way we are,” Hermione questioned. “You and I have so much in common. We were both raised in the Muggle world...”

“... So the magical word is new and fascinating to us every day.” Harry finished Hermione’s statement automatically. He had to finish it automatically because his conscious mind was amazed at how supple and yet firm Hermione bottom looked. For the first time in his life, Harry was glad that he wore his cousin’s cast-offs. The circus tent that passed for pants helped hide his state.

“We both enjoy going to Hogwarts,” continued Hermione. “And we both excel in at least one class. You’re tops in Defense...”

“... And you are great at Charms, Transfigurations, and pretty much everything...”

“We both like tutoring,” Hermione offered. “You were brilliant with the DA. I mean you taught two of us how to cast a corporeal Patronus!”

“And you were brilliant teaching me the summoning charm to get past the first task. Heck, everyone in Gryffindor would’ve failed all their classes if you didn’t help us out.”

When Hermione stopped pacing and stood in front of Harry, he noticed that she appeared... flushed. She had a rosy bloom all over her exposed skin; especially on her lovely... wonderful... boobs.

“We’re both quick witted and clever,” Hermione said licking her lips as if she was anticipating something.

“I tricked Malfoy into freeing Dobby,” said Harry. “And you tricked both Skeeter and Umbridge into doing things that needed to be done.”

“Um, I actually blackmailed Skeeter,” corrected Hermione. She continued in a breathy and husky tone, “We’ve both been into the Forbidden Forest loads of times, whereas Ron equals Neville by only been in twice..”

“We’re both in Gryf... fin... dor...” Harry stammered when he saw a touch of lust in his friend’s beautiful eyes.

“We share the same initials for our first and middle names...” Hermione said huskily as she intentionally unbutton one of the remaining buttons on her blouse.

“H... J...” Harry panted as he was bewitched by even more flesh. “Wait, that’s kind of lame...”

“Oh, bugger it!” Hermione muttered and then leapt on Harry. Their lips met instinctively, as if they had been destined to. A fantastic tingling sensation erupted from Harry’s lips and raced through his body, something that ‘Harry, Jr.’ really seemed to appreciate, because he desperately wanted to say ‘Hi.’

Harry’s tongue involuntarily touched her lips. Hermione groaned into his mouth as her tongue came out to play with Harry’s. He didn’t realize when his hands started to wander, but he certainly liked it. His left hand was firmly on her bum, squeezing occasionally, while his other hand had traveled under her blouse and was running over her smooth, warm skin. Of course, this only inflated ‘Harry, Jr.’s’ attention who was now virtually banging his tin cup against the steel bars of his zipper prison chanting; “Azkaban, Azkaban, Azkaban...”

“Is that your wand in you pocket, or are you just happy to see me, Harry?” Hermione asked playfully after pulling herself away from his lips.

“Um... ah...um...” Harry bumbled in shock as he looked between ‘Harry, Jr.’, Hermione, and his wand which was lying on his desk. “Well I...err...”

“It’s a joke, Harry,” Hermione stated, easing the young man’s embarrassment. Then she did something Harry had never seen her do before, Hermione appeared to work up a great amount of saliva in her mouth and then licked her left palm, leaving it covered in spit. Before Harry could ask her what she was doing, Hermione stuffed her left hand down the front of Harry’s trousers and gave a firm, yet polite and very welcomed handshake to ‘Harry, Jr.’

“Oh my...” Harry squeaked as his eyes crossed. Hermione nibbled on his ear as she continued her ministrations in Harry’s pants. Again, Harry was overjoyed at the fact that he had inherited the over-sized pants he was wearing, for it gave Hermione’s hand ample space for movement. “Oh wow... I... wow... this is... neat...”

“Shut the hell up and kiss me Harry!” ordered Hermione. Harry was all too happy to comply. He kissed, suckled, and nibbled on various areas of Hermione’s face and neck while his hands memorized very curve she had on her bum and chest. Hermione seemed to just focus her attention to the task at hand, or rather the task in her hand.

The two teens played a game as they rolled around on Harry’s bed; one trying their damndest to arouse the other. Of course, in this game, Hermione had the upper... ahem...hand.

Harry’s world started to spin. After years of solo practice, he knew he didn’t have much time left. ‘This is so much better when someone else does it for you!’

Crunch

“Oh god, Hermione...” groaned Harry.

“Oh, Harry...”Hermione said wickedly.

Crunch

“What the hell is that noise?” Harry asked in a very perturbed manner. He tore his eyes away from the brunette witch on top of him and saw a leather-clad ghost sitting on the floor eating from a bucket of popcorn. The ghost smiled in a repugnant way and said, “I told you the brainy ones were naughty.”

To be continued!

Footnote: (1) The word “site” was intentionally misused it’s an improper homophone, hey, if JKR can use the wrong word, so can I.

Author’s Notes: Before anyone tries to call me to task on “Ron’s been in the Forest only once” bit, I am using the books, not the movies, as my source.

Check out my forums where we can discuss Sword of Gryffindor.



## Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

### Chapter Two

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money either.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e.: smut), bad spelling and grammar. Also, the smut is going to be a bit more graphic than last time.

Author's Notes: This a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions. Also, this is my first smut-ish fic.

Chapter Two Summary: Harry and Hermione try to make their way to Hogwarts.

"WHAT THE BLOODY HELL?" Hermione screamed as she dove off of Harry.

"Please, don't stop on my account," Gryffindor's ghost implored. "Continue. Pretend I'm not here."

"Is that..." began Hermione as she crouched in the corner while clutching her half-opened blouse in front of her. "Is that Godric Gryffindor?"

"See that?" Gryffindor said to Harry. "She didn't take a kip during History of Magic, now did she?"

'How can you kill someone that's already dead?' Harry wondered internally. He had been so close to release... so very close... now he had to suffer. And suffer he would, because 'Harry, Jr.' didn't get to finish playing. And 'Harry, Jr.' had quite a temper. Harry knew that when his little friend started to play, but was forced to stop before he got "sleepy", there would be hell to pay! 'Harry, Jr.' sulked off to bed like a petulant child. Harry groaned as 'Harry, Jr.' took out his frustrations on his luggage.

"Got a bad case of blue balls, don't ya boy?" Gryffindor said with a chuckle upon noticing Harry's discomfort. The ghost turned toward

Hermione and asked, "Why don't you give Harry some assistance and rub one out for him?"

A fluttering of wings announced the return of Hedwig. The owl looked between the three people arguing and sagely decided not to get involved. Hedwig hopped into her cage and watched the verbal battle unfold.

"You disgusting old pervert!" Hermione shouted in shock.

"Guilty as charged," the ghost answered with obvious pride.

"Is this why you needed my help?" demanded Hermione, turning to Harry. "Some perverted ghost was pestering you, and you thought that I should get involved."

"Um yeah... no... kinda," replied Harry sheepishly. "I mean sorta... well he told me that his sword will help destroy the Horcruxes and that I need to get my hands on the sword by tomorrow or it'll be too late."

"Then why didn't you tell me about it before... before..." Hermione stammered obviously embarrassed. "Before I... we..."

"I was worried about you," offered Harry truthfully. "When you came in, you were awfully upset. I wanted to make sure you were okay, to see if there was anything I could do to help you, before I asked you to help me. And then well, I kinda forgot about it when we um... were..."

Hermione's eyes shined as she looked at her friend.

"You were worried about me? That's so sweet!" Hermione said. "I'm sorry for getting angry at you."

"Now that you two have made up," Gryffindor interrupted, "why don't you go on and shake glands?"

"Harry, do you know any method to kill a ghost?" Hermione asked as she looked at Gryffindor, scathingly.

"I was going to ask you about that, actually," answered Harry.

"Fine, spoil my fun. It's not like there's a lot to do when one's a ghost," Gryffindor pouted.

"Oh, sod off, you old coot!" both Hermione and Harry shouted in unison.

"Why do you need to get the sword by tomorrow?" Hermione asked Harry.

"He told me that the charms on the sword that would help me destroy the Horcruxes will fail if I don't get it by then," Harry answered. "But I can't leave this house until my birthday, which isn't for two days. And I have the Order standing guard making sure I don't leave."

"So you need a distraction in order to escape," clarified Hermione to which Harry nodded. The brunette witch thought for a moment before snapping her fingers and calling out triumphantly, "We'll get Fred and George to help!"

"That's what I said," stated Harry, "but the degenerate over there said I should get you..."

"Well, the twins wouldn't have given you a hand job, would they?" Gryffindor defended himself. "I had your best interests in mind."

"You mean start to give him a hand job," Hermione argued bitterly. "Before you barged in for a cheap show and said 'brainy girls are naughty'!"

"Let's not point fingers and play the 'blame game' now," Gryffindor brushed the witch off. "You have a quest ahead of you! Get cracking!"

And with a pop, the ghost of Gryffindor disappeared.

"Can ghosts Apparate?" Harry asked.

"No, the old pervert is probably just invisible," answered Hermione. "He's just hoping we go at it again."

"Fine, I'll leave then." Gryffindor's disembodied voice called out and his footsteps were heard walking out of Harry's room.

"So, are we going to go at it again now that he's gone?" Harry asked hopefully. Hermione gave the young man a look that clearly said "No." As a matter of fact, one could discern from that particular look that if Harry had wished to pursue this inquiry, it could be quite easily stated that the look also insinuated that he would get his willy cut off.

Hermione walked over to Harry's desk and wrote a lengthy letter to the twins. She handed Harry the letter which he attached to Hedwig's leg.

"Could you take this to the twins, girl?" Harry asked. The owl nipped at Harry's finger affectionately and flew out the window. Harry was a quite a bit surprised when his snowy owl dove toward the ground after only flapping her wings twice instead of soaring off into the horizon. "She doesn't do that normally," he said aloud.

Both Harry and Hermione went to the window to check on Hedwig's progress. They were both astonished to see the owl perched on nothing, in mid-air, across the street from # 4. "She doesn't do that normally, either," announced Harry.

The two teens rushed out of the house and across the street to where Hedwig had landed and seemed to be hovering six feet above the ground; hovering without using her wings at all, that is. The owl hooted to her master from her invisible perch as if she wanted to be congratulated for doing a good job. Harry moved toward his bird when he heard a noise coming from the empty space below Hedwig.

"What's he doing here?" a familiar voice asked in a hushed tone.

"Shut up you prat, or they'll hear us!" another familiar voice hissed.

"Hi, Fred," Harry greeted the air.

"Hi, George," Hermione added.

"I think they know we're here," one of the twins stated.

"Really? I couldn't tell," retorted the other.

A slit opened in thin air revealing the interior of an invisible magical tent. Fred and George stuck their heads out and greeted Harry and Hermione.

"Do you like our new invention?" Fred asked innocently.

"Yes, it's called the Peeping-Tom-Tent!" George added. "Quite ingenious really, the amount of charms used on it and whatnot."

"Yes, you see a Disillusionment Charm is used on the outside...

"While a Transparency Charm is used on the inside."

"So the people on the inside can see out..."

"But no one on the outside can see the tent..."

"So sexual deviants can peep to their hearts content," both the twins laughed weakly.

"So, you just happened to decide to test your new product right across the street where Harry is staying?" asked Hermione.

"Well... we wanted to test it in a Muggle neighborhood...." George stammered.

"... And it was just coincidence that we ended up here..." Fred completed his brother's poorly fabricated lie.

"When did you two join the Order, then?" Harry asked, effectively ending the charade.

The twins slumped their shoulders in defeat.

"Right after the Death Eater attack on Hogwarts," said George.

“Yeah, because our Peruvian Instant Darkness Powder was essential in the attack...” Fred continued.

“We didn’t know Draco was gonna use it like that when we sold it to him,” concluded George.

“How did you think he was going to use it then?” Hermione inquired.

“Well... he said he was going to use it to seduce Ginny...”

“WHAT!” Harry and Hermione shouted.

“What makes you think she would have been seduced by Draco if he used the Darkness Powder?” Hermione asked.

“Our little sister gets turned on by the dark...” George answered.

“Bit of a strange turn on really,” Fred offered. “And Malfoy told us he had an elaborate plan to win Ginny’s heart.”

“You wanted your sister to be with that slimy git?” Harry asked, completely shocked.

“Well it’s better than you and her getting together,” argued Fred. “You and Ginny are just disturbing.”

“What do you mean?” demanded Harry.

“Come on mate, she looks like your mother!” George stated, while Fred shuddered.

“WHY THE HELL DIDN’T ANYONE TELL ME?” Harry cried to the heavens.

“We thought you knew,” said George.

“We just assumed you were bent in the head,” offered Fred.

“I hate you both a great deal,” pronounced Harry. “Really, I do.”

“Let’s get back to the matter at hand,” Hermione implored, “and drop how sick Harry and Ginny’s relationship was.”

“Hey!” Harry cried, taking offence.

“Harry and I need to leave this house immediately,” Hermione continued, ignoring Harry’s protest.

“No,” Fred stated at once.

“We’re under strict orders from the Order,” George continued.

“You don’t have to tell anyone,” Hermione implored compassionately.  
“Do it for Harry, please?”

“Nope,” the twins pronounced in unison.

“We’ll give you money to turn your back for just a few hours.”  
Hermione offered.

“Nope!”

Hermione threw her arms up in disgust; she had tried to get the twins to do it out of compassion and then bribery but to no avail. That only left blackmail.

“Fine, have your way. But just to let you know, if you don’t let us leave, when we go to Bill and Fleur’s wedding, I’ll slip Harry and Ginny a Lust Potion,” threatened Hermione as she fought back the bile creeping up her throat caused by the images running through her head.

“So what?” George asked as Harry’s gag reflex kicked in.

“Yeah, Harry would like it,” Fred continued, neither twin noticed that Harry had doubled over.

“I’ll give them a Lust Potion and I’ll make sure that they sit at your table,” Hermione stated as she broke out in a cold sweat. “I can imagine it now; you’ll see Harry’s hand slip under the table, but what

you won't see is Harry's hand slip into Ginny's skirt and then... you know...."

George lurched a bit at Hermione's description, whereas Fred put up a brave face, even though he wanted to run as far away as possible. Harry had dropped all pretences and had started to dry heave once more.

"After that, Harry and Ginny will snog, full-out, right there at the table in front of you," Hermione continued, not quite suppressing the quiver of disgust in her voice. "Harry might just pull her robe down so he can..." Hermione paused and swallowed, as she steeled herself for the forthcoming image, "... s-s-s-suckle her tit in public."

Fred balked and George clutched his stomach. Harry weakly pawed at Hermione's leg, silently begging her not to continue. He didn't care about the stupid Horcruxes anymore; Voldemort could take over the world as far as he was concerned. He just wanted Hermione to stop talking about him fondling a girl that looked like his mum.

"Do you think Ginny will wank him off under the table? Or perhaps she'll go down on him?" Hermione questioned as the disturbing images made her start to go light-headed. "Oh, no; I don't think you'll get off that easily. Harry'll bend her over the table and make her a woman. Right there, in front of you and the rest of your family."

Tears of fear and displeasure rolled down Fred's face as George fell to his knees, begging in a sad, muted tone for Hermione to stop.

"They'll call out each other's name in ecstasy," Hermione said as Harry crumpled to the ground, sobbing. "She'll scream, 'HARRY, I'M COMING!' and he'll grunt; 'You're the best... mum!'"

The twins fell to the grassy ground with a thud and Harry mercifully began to black out. Hermione stood over Fred and George and concluded her threat.

"If you don't let us leave, and without alerting the rest of the Order, I'll make sure you get to witness first-hand how much Harry loves his mother!"



XXX

Some time later, a throbbing pressure in his jeans woke Harry up. Apparently, 'Harry, Jr.' was still mad that he wasn't allowed to finish playing earlier, and he was still taking his anger and frustration out on his baggage. The young man groaned as he sat up in his chair. To his surprise, Harry was on the Knight Bus, but he had no recollection as to how he got there. He just remembered blacking out while Hermione was spinning a disgusting tale of blackmail and sex, disgusting sex at that. Obviously, Hermione had convinced the twins that it was in their best interest to let her and Harry leave # 4. He figured she had convinced them to help her to get him on the Bus as well.

Harry looked to his right and saw Hermione sitting next to him. The young woman had no color to her face except for a touch of sickly green around her eyes.

"I hope you appreciate what I did for you, Harry," she said. "All those horrible images have burrowed into my brain. I'm going to have nightmares for weeks now!"

The witch threw herself into Harry's arms and wept into his chest.

"It was so horrible, Harry" she cried in-between tears. "I kept seeing you... and Ginny... doing... bad... terrible things!"

"Shh; it's okay, shh," Harry cooed while gently rubbing her back. "It's never going to happen." Harry felt a tinge of guilt as his hands run across Hermione's back because he kept remembering how nice and warm her bare skin felt a few hours previously.

With a "BANG", the Knight Bus screeched to a halt directly in front of the gates to Hogwarts. Hermione leaned on Harry heavily, since her knees were still weak from her earlier ordeal, as they exited the Bus and walked up to the gates.

“The gates will be locked,” stated Hermione as the Knight Bus rocketed into the distance. “We’ll have to go through the Shrieking Shack.”

As the two teens marched to the Shack in a roundabout way in order to avoid the villagers of Hogsmeade, Harry was taken back at how low the sun had gotten in the sky. When he had lost consciousness, it had still been late morning to early afternoon. By the position of the sun in the sky, Harry guessed that it was now nearly time for supper.

“How long was I out?” Harry asked.

“A while,” replied Hermione. “I had the twins help me put you on the Knight Bus right after you blacked out. But the driver is new, and he got lost for a few hours. I swear to God I think we somehow ended up in Dijon, France for about an hour. I think we ran over a baguette seller’s cart.”

They remained silent as they ventured through the tunnel that led from the Shrieking Shack to the grounds of Hogwarts. Each step for Harry was nearly excruciating, ‘Harry Jr.’s’ baggage cried out in pain at every footfall. When the teens finally emerged from the tunnel, the sun was about to say ‘good-night’ and leave them in the dark. By the time they had entered the castle, the only remains of the sun was an orange hue on the horizon.

Harry led the way to the Headmaster’s office. The castle was eerily empty and quiet; Peeves didn’t even seem to be around. After a few minutes, they reached the stone gargoyle that guarded the door to the Headmaster’s office.

“Oh, bugger,” cursed Harry. “I don’t know the password!”

Hermione chewed her lip for a moment before saying: “McGonagall is the new Headmistress, but what password would she have used?”

“Dumbledore liked to use sweets,” added Harry. “They were always along the lines of ‘lemon drops,’ ‘acid pops,’ ‘cockroach clusters’...”

“So we just have to figure out what she likes...?” Hermione said to herself.

“‘Ice mice’...” continued Harry, because he honestly didn’t know what the Head of Gryffindor liked. But, he felt compelled to say something.

“What does McGonagall like?”

“‘Fizzing Whizbees’...” again, Harry continued to list the code-words Dumbledore might have used.

“I don’t think she likes sweets, Harry,” stated Hermione.

“‘Blood pops’...”

“Blast it Harry!” Hermione ordered. “Please either be quiet or....”

Hermione was about to continue her philippic toward Harry, but was interrupted when the gargoyle sprung to life and stepped to the side.

“The password is ‘Blast’?” Hermione asked incredulously.

“That isn’t very smart,” stated Harry. “What if someone wanted to break in? They could just walk up and say ‘Let’s use a Blast-ing Hex to blow the gargoyle up.’ And the silly thing would just open up for them like that,” he continued, snapping his fingers to highlight his point.

“Actually,” the stone gargoyle grumbled, his voice sounded like two stones grinding together, “the Headmistress hasn’t made up a password yet. I’m allowed to open up for anyone. I just wanted to play with you for a bit.”

“You cheeky little bugger!” Harry chastised the stone figure.

“Let’s just go, Harry,” groaned Hermione as she stomped up the stairs. Harry followed, shooting a dirty look at the gargoyle.

As they entered the office, they were greeted with a hundred different snoring sounds. But one voice did greet them.

"Hello Harry, Hermione, I was wondering when would you show up," Dumbledore's painting said with a genuine smile.

"Hello, Professor," Harry returned the greeting.

Hermione, however, was too amazed at the sights and sounds of hundreds of former Headmasters and mistresses sleeping in their frames. "Is that Armando Dippet?" she questioned to no one in particular. "And that's Dilys Derwent!"

"Harry, there are two occasions on which you can stop calling me 'Professor' and use my given name," Dumbledore said with a twinkle in his eye. "One of which is if you graduate. The other is if one of us dies. And seeing that I am 'living impaired,' you may call me Albus."

"Okay, hello, Albus," Harry felt odd referring to his mentor in such an informal way. "How are you, sir?"

"Is that Roderic Hillsworth?" Hermione asked aloud once more as she continued to study the different paintings. "And that's Hamilton the III!"

"I'm dead," replied the magical painting, "and you?"

"I'm... ah... alive," was the best response that Harry could come up with.

"Wonderful, I take you're here because of the visitor you've received?"

"You know about him?"

"And that's... that's..." Hermione stammered somewhere in the back of the office. "That's James Doohan!"

"Of course I know about Godric visiting you," Dumbledore said with a wink. "I was the one who sent him."

“Why the hell is there a magical painting of James Doohan here?” Hermione asked from the dark corner where she was standing.

“So you sent him to tell me about the sword?” Harry asked.

“Yes, it is over there on the shelf behind you,” stated Dumbledore.

“Did you know he’s a perverted old coot?” Harry asked as he walked over to the shelf.

“Yes, I am terribly sorry about that, however he was the only ghost I could find,” replied Dumbledore solemnly. “I discovered how perverted he was, first hand, during my sixth year as a student. The future Mrs. Dumbledore and I stole away to a broom-closet when he suddenly appeared over my shoulder making inappropriate suggestions to me.”

Harry looked at the gleaming sword that lay before him. It had been over four years since he had last held it. His hand hovered over the bejeweled handle momentarily. He felt power coming from the sword; power that he had not detected when he first wielded the sword in his second year.

“Excuse me, Professor,” Hermione asked as she walked up to Dumbledore’s painting. “Why is there a painting of James Doohan in here?”

“I’ll only answer if you call me Albus,” the painting demanded in a cheery tone.

As Harry’s hand wrapped around the hilt, a wave of power ran through his body. Harry hoisted the sword up and held it triumphantly over his head.

“Fine. Albus, why is there a painting of James Doohan in here?” repeated Hermione.

“I was playing a little joke on my predecessors,” Albus chuckled. “You see, Hogwarts is in Scotland, and Mr. Doohan played a character called ‘Scotty.’ Do you understand my sense of humor?”

“No,” Hermione said honestly.

The sword felt completely natural to Harry, as if it was an extension of his body. He was about to share this revelation with Hermione, when the office door swung open and a very perturbed Minerva McGonagall stomped in followed by an equally agitated Remus Lupin. Both Harry and Hermione froze like statues in their respective places.

“Damn those Weasley twins,” McGonagall said rapidly through clenched teeth. She obviously had not yet seen Harry or Hermione as she continued her stomping and ranting. “How they could possibly have let Potter slip by is beyond me.”

“I’ve already checked #12 and he isn’t there,” said Remus as he rubbed the bridge of his nose. “Tonks is checking the parks and shops around Little Whinging.”

“And Molly told me he isn’t at the Burrow!” supplied McGonagall.

It was at this point that Remus finally stopped rubbing the bridge of his nose and took notice of the office and its occupants. He saw Hermione standing in front of Dumbledore’s painting sheepishly and saw Harry off to the side standing like some sort of action hero with a sword held high. Harry waved weakly at the old werewolf.

“Where can he be?” McGonagall cried out in frustration.

“He could be standing over there,” stated Remus as he pointed at the raven-haired youth.

McGonagall spent the next better part of an hour yelling at Harry and Hermione. She was considering ‘tar and feather’-ing them when Albus finally spoke up.

“Don’t be too harsh on them, Minerva,” the painting pleaded.

“Why not?” Minerva cleverly retorted.

“It is my fault that Harry and Hermione are here,” said Albus.

“What?” Minerva screeched. “You left us explicit orders that Potter wasn’t to leave that house until he turned seventeen!”

“It is quite funny, actually,” chuckled Albus. “You see, I forgot about the sword.”

The deceased Headmaster explained to the new Headmistress about the Sword of Gryffindor, but left out any reference to the Horcruxes.

“Well, how did Harry know to come and get the sword?” Minerva asked. “You certainly couldn’t have written to him.”

“I sent a ghost to him.”

“Oh? Which one?”

“Godric Gryffindor.”

“Oh, Albus, you didn’t. Not Gryffindor,” stated Minerva sternly.

“I couldn’t convince any of the others to do it for me.” Albus defended.

“Professor, you know about Gryffindor’s... er tendencies?” Hermione asked.

“Yes, I’ve had the pleasure...” Minerva said the word like it was some contemptuous thing, “... to meet him whilst I was showering four years ago. The scoundrel had offered to towel me off, but his offer specifically excluded using a towel!

“Did he say something to trouble you, my dear?” Minerva asked Hermione upon noticing the young witch’s embarrassment.

“No ma’am!” Hermione replied a little too vehemently.

“I suppose you want me to return to my Aunt’s house now,” Harry said in a defeated tone.

"It is now an impossibility, Potter. Your relatives have kicked you out," McGonagall informed him. "We found out you weren't in the house when your uncle started to chuck your things out your now-former bedroom window."

Remus walked up to Harry and handed him his school trunk which had been shrunk to the size of a matchbox. "Don't worry, I picked up your things," the former Marauder said.

"And seeing the late hour, you two can spend the night in your old dormitories," McGonagall said, dismissing the two teens.

Harry and Hermione stopped by the kitchen for some supper. Harry was famished; he ate almost as fast as the House-Elves were able to put food in front of him. He was stuffing his face with meat pies, kippers, white beans and toast, and other disgusting examples of English cuisine.

"Harry, something's been bothering me," said Hermione after she finished her meal. Harry turned his attention to his pretty friend while sampling some Plowman's Lunch. "Even if we do destroy the Horcruxes, you'll still have to face Voldemort."

Harry suddenly no longer felt hungry.

"I mean he is the most powerful wizard alive," Hermione continued. "We're just kids! We have to find a way to learn useful skills quickly."

"What do you suggest?" asked Harry.

"It's time for a good old fashion Library visit," Hermione finished with a happy smile.

After spending four hours reading various books on various subjects, Harry groaned as he threw another book down.

"I can't read another word," Harry declared irritably. "I think my eyes are going to melt out of my head!"



Not only were his eyes sore, but his 'bits' were still sore as well. He had tried several times to find an excuse to go off to the loo and relieve himself, but couldn't come up with a reasonable excuse to be absent for several minutes, leaving Hermione alone researching a way to keep him alive.

"Alright, let's take a break from reading," Hermione said and closed the overly large tome in front of her. "Did you find anything useful?"

"I did come across something," said Harry as he sat down and tried to inconspicuously rearrange 'Harry, Jr.' and his luggage. "What about using a Time Turner to arrange some extra training time?"

"Actually, I read up on some case studies of that when I used the Time Turner in our third year," Hermione explained. "It seems a number of wizards have tried this, but for some reason, after they have used the Time Turner for a period of time, they simply cease to exist!"

"They cease to exist?" That little nugget caught Harry's attention.

"Yes, it's as if the 'powers that be' lose interest and move on to different things," Hermione added, "completely forgetting about the wizard who used the Time Turner."

"Well, I don't want to cease to exist!" Harry exclaimed. "How about you? Did you come up with any ideas?"

"I did come across something interesting in this book," Hermione stated as she reopened the large book in front of her. "There is a way for us to travel to another dimension. Time moves differently there so for every day that passes here, a year will have occurred in the other dimension, so we could literally study seven years while only a week has passed here."

"Great! How do we get there?" Harry asked as he tried to surreptitiously adjust himself once more in vain attempt for comfort.

"Let me see..." Hermione paused as she skimmed over the pages in the book. "Oh, wait, they're a few complications."

“Like what?”

“It seems that the people in the other dimension have a bizarre quirk regarding names; we’d have to call you ‘Hank’ for some outlandish reason,” Hermione paused again and her face fell. “And the other MAJOR complication is that when the people return to their normal dimension, they tend to have some kind of nervous breakdown.”

“What d’you mean?”

“It appears that they wake up one day and believe their experiences in the other dimension are just a dream and they forget every thing they had learned!” Hermione declared in disgust, and pushed the heavy tome off the table which landed on the floor with a thud. “I have just wasted the past four hours!

“Damnit!” Harry shouted and stood up. He began pacing back and forth while unconsciously trying to readjust himself. Luckily, Harry had had his back toward Hermione when this happened.

“Well, we’ll just have to cram, study as much as humanly possible,” Hermione stated and Harry coughed. Her definition of ‘humanly possible’ was completely different than Harry’s. Or any other human Harry had ever met. “But we’re probably going to have to stay here at the castle; it does have the most extensive library in Europe, after all. I’ll ask McGonagall in the morning if we can stay.”

Harry continued to pace and adjust; this time right in front of Hermione.

“Harry, how close were you?” Hermione asked, noticing her friend’s discomfort.

“To what?” asked Harry.

“How close were you to... um... climaxing?” Hermione added with a slight blush.

“Wha... wha... what?” Harry stuttered in shock at the directness of Hermione’s question. “How what to what-what-ing?”

“Earlier today, how close were you to... coming?” Hermione smiled as she felt her face heat up.

“Well... I... ah... um...” Harry sighed and forced himself to drop his embarrassment. “Let’s just say one more stroke and I would’ve been a happy man..”

“One stroke! You were that close?” Hermione asked, a bit shocked herself. “Oh, you poor thing, it must be terribly uncomfortable for you.”

“Don’t worry about it,” said Harry waving her concern off. “I just need some ‘alone-time’ to take care of it.”

Biting her lip, Hermione stood up and walked over to Harry. She took his hands in hers, and without saying a word, led him to the empty spot on the table when the discarded heavy tome once was.

“Sit,” Hermione commanded.

“Hermione, you don’t have to,” Harry said as he felt the blood leave his upper brain. He then added under his breath; “That is, if you don’t want to.”

“Ever the gentleman, Mr. Potter,” Hermione said. “Now, sit!”

Harry sat on the hard desk and felt ‘Harry, Jr.’ begin to stir. Hermione cupped Harry’s face and kissed his lips. It wasn’t as frantic or desperate as their kisses were earlier in the day, but it was far more stimulating and more passionate. His lips burned as their mouths played with each other. He could taste her on his tongue, and it was intoxicating. His hand traveled up from her hip and caressed her breast through the fabric of her blouse and bra. Damn blouse! God-Damn Bra!

Hermione’s hands also traveled, but they traveled south whereas Harry’s had gone north. Her hands stopped to playfully tweak his nipples. Harry felt aroused, and a pang of jealousy brought on by the

pinch of Hermione's fingers: 'If she can play with my nipples, why can't I play with hers? Lousy Damn blouse! Lousy God Damn Bra!'

It was at this moment that 'Harry, Jr.' completely woke up. He started shouting, "Hey, hey, what about me? Don't forget about me! I'm right down here!"

It was as if Hermione had heard the organ's pleas. Her hands left Harry's chest, and in a few deft moves, freed 'Harry, Jr.'. Suddenly, as she gripped his member, Hermione stopped kissing Harry. He was about to ask her why she had stopped kissing him, when his upper brain shut down due to Hermione's next action. She knelt in front of him. The only cognitive thought in Harry's mind was, 'Eep!'

The frizzy-haired witch leaned forward and tentatively licked 'Harry, Jr.'. He gripped the edge of the table and let out a low moan.

"I've heard Lavender and Parvati talk about this, but I've never done it," Hermione said as she gently stroked 'Harry, Jr.'. "So tell me if I'm not doing it properly."

Harry had never had this happen to him, so he had no experience in it either. But with the little experience he just received, he felt fairly confident when he asked Hermione, "There's an improper way to do it?"

"Yes, there is. I could use my teeth," she replied while smiling up at him.

"Point taken."

Hermione started to orally stimulate "'Harry, Jr.'", her head bobbed up and down while her tongue twirled this way and that over his sensitive flesh. Harry's vision became blurred and his breathing labored in a short matter of time. Just when Harry couldn't conceive how the sensation could get any better, Hermione started humming a jaunty little tune. It was quite possible that Harry had started to gurgle out of pleasure.

Normally, when a man was in the situation that Harry was in, he wouldn't have cared to notice what tune the woman was humming. But it was a familiar tune that had burned into Harry's mind at an early age. It was from a film that his aunt had made him watch over and over when he was a child because the insipid Dudley liked it so. A little girl with very curly hair was the star, and the song that Hermione was humming while performing fellatio on Harry was sung by that little girl in the film. Harry couldn't remember the entire song or the title (right now he was having trouble remembering to breathe), but he did remember one bit in particular. This bit of the song played over and over in his head as Hermione continued at her task.

"On the (something)-(something) lollipop, it's a sweet trip to a candy shop. Where the bon-bons play, on the sunny beach..."

Harry tried desperately to get the asinine, childish song out of his head and concentrate on more important things. Things like Hermione going down on him! Damn Aunt Petunia for making him watch a movie with such a stupid song...

Then Harry felt the build up and shortly thereafter, the release. With a grunt and groan, Harry became a happy man, a very happy man. However, Hermione wasn't a happy woman. On the contrary, she was very unhappy. She spent the next several minutes coughing, gagging, and spitting into a waste bin. In-between various gags, coughs, and spits, she would hiss at Harry menacingly; "Next time... warn me!"

The two teens left the library and headed to the Gryffindor Common Room, only speaking once in a while. And then only talking politely about trivial and inconsequential things. After they said their 'good-nights,' Harry felt a bit guilty about Hermione's discomfort; next time he would warn her so it wouldn't happen again. Harry immediately felt hope spring up in his chest, 'Next time!' Hermione had clearly used the phrase "next time!"

To be continued!

In the immortal words of Johnny Storm: "FLAME ON!"

## Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

### Chapter Three

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar. Also, the smut is going to be a bit more graphic than last time, so if you don't like reading about sex, don't read this fic.

Author's Notes: This a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions. Also, this is my first smut-ish fic.

Chapter Three Summary: Harry and Hermione spend time studying... and they happen to read a book or two as well

Harry woke up the next day to birds singing a happy song. Of course the effing birds were singing happily; the sun had just risen, and they, being creatures that loved rising early, sang with all their hearts to the morning sun. Harry woke with a pitiful groan and tried to shield his eyes from the blinding rays of the sun.

The effing birds had interrupted a dream. Normally, Harry would be overjoyed at the concept of having his traditional dreams interrupted. However, this was a particularly good dream; Harry and Hermione were romping around again, and this time, he was about to see Hermione's boobs without her Lousy Damn Blouse and her God-Damn Lousy Bra. Even though it was just a dream, Harry was going to see what Hermione's nipples looked like. But no, the effing birds had to wake him up from his wonderful wet-dream by starting a fucking tweet fest!

Getting out of bed, Harry stretched and used the moment to give a two-fingered salute to all birds in general. After his shower, he trounced down to the common room and his sour mood suddenly vanished.

There was Hermione, curled up on her favorite chair with a book in her lap. The early morning sunlight shined through her hair, giving her the appearance of an angel with a glowing halo. Harry felt a sudden

warmth travel through his body as he saw his friend; the friend that he now realized was quite beautiful in his eyes. He noticed that he had a bounce to his step, and tried to correct it before Hermione saw him; real men don't bounce, real men strut. Harry had learned this important fact from the late night conversations with his dorm mates about the fairer sex and what they liked; he was told with certainty that women like a manly strut, among other things such as flowers, chocolates, and other "girly" things. He had listened closely to Dean and Seamus when they described how real men walked. As he bounced in an un- manly way toward Hermione, he tried to strut the way his friends had described. Unfortunately, he was unable to completely counteract the bounce with his emerging strutting abilities and ended up with a saunter. But in Harry's defense, it was a manly saunter, not the effeminate way Blaise Zabini walked.

"Morning, Hermione," Harry greeted the witch with an incredibly silly grin plastered on his face.

"Good morning, Harry," she returned the greeting with an equally smitten smile.

"About last night..." began Harry while he shoved his hands in his pockets to hide how nervous he was. "I'm sorry I didn't warn you about... you know."

"It's okay, Harry. It was the first time for both of us," Hermione replied and patted the seat next to her. Harry took the invitation and the two teens cuddled. "I shouldn't have yelled at you like that."

After a fifteen-minute snog session where they explored each other's bodies, albeit through their clothes (during which 'Harry, Jr.' stirred only a little, apparently the appendage was still worn-out from the very welcomed workout it received the previous evening), Harry and Hermione went to see McGonagall.

"Are you sure she'll be up this early?" asked Harry as they walked hand in hand to the Headmistress' office.

"I'm positive," answered Hermione. The couple walked up to the stone gargoyle guarding the entrance to McGonagall's new quarters.

"Would you please tell the Headmistress we would like to see her?" Hermione requested of the stone sentinel.

"I'll go fetch her," the statue grumbled. After a moment or two, the gargoyle stepped to the side, and McGonagall rushed out into the hallway while trying to put on her dressing robe and brandishing her wand at the same time.

"What is it? What's wrong?" the Headmistress demanded on the verge of panic.

"Nothing's wrong, ma'am," Hermione said, "We just wanted to ask you a question."

"But the gargoyle told me it was an emergency!" McGonagall practically shouted. "He said that Potter was spewing blood from his mouth!"

Behind them, the gargoyle let out a grumbling chuckle.

"Oh, you cheeky bugger!" McGonagall cursed. "That's the third time this week he's pulled a prank on me! I swear, I'll find a replacement if you don't straighten up!" The Headmistress took a calming breath before turning her attention to the pair in front of her. "What can I do for you two?"

"We would like to ask a favor," stated Hermione. Harry saw McGonagall's eyes dart down and then back up. He glanced down and noticed the he and Hermione were still holding hands.

"And what would that favor be?" asked McGonagall with a saucy grin and a blush. Harry nearly went into shock at the sight; he had never imagined, nor wanted to imagine, what McGonagall would look like with a saucy grin. He loved and respected his mentor, but it truly frightened the young wizard to see such a grin stretched across her face. Harry had rarely seen the Headmistress with anything but a stern look upon her face and he was taken back. The sassy smile was very disturbing on McGonagall's face. It made Harry feel very uncomfortable both physically and emotionally.



"You see, Harry has been, and will, be a target for Voldemort," Hermione began, not noticing Harry's current discomfort. "And Harry doesn't really stand a chance against him. Not unless we get some training."

"What would you suggest, Ms. Granger?"

"May we please stay here at the castle so that we can use the library and other facilities to train?" Hermione asked as if she had spent hours preparing the question. Knowing Hermione, that is probably exactly what she did.

"Yes, you may," answered McGonagall. The Headmistress then added with a wry wink as she headed back up to her chambers, "But when you use the 'other facilities', please clean up after yourselves."

"What do you think she meant by that?" Hermione asked, as the teens turned away from the now closed doorway. Harry replied mutely by holding up their clasped hands. "She saw, do you think she suspects...?" Hermione began to ask before answering herself. "Of course she does, otherwise she wouldn't have used the 'clean up' reference."

"Are we that messy?" asked Harry.

"I may not be, but you are," replied Hermione with a wink.

After a quick breakfast, Harry and Hermione proceeded to the library.

"Alright, let's just head straight to the Restricted Section and start reading up on some of the more powerful magics," Hermione ordered.

Several hours later, Hermione had a very large stack of books that she'd labeled as being "potentially useful" and another, much smaller stack marked "worthless." The "potentially useful" stack intimidated Harry; there were at least six-dozen books in that stack. How Hermione thought that the two of them could read all that material, let alone actually retain the knowledge, was beyond him. Harry, on the other hand, had skimmed through no more than four books and found

nothing remotely helpful in his destined fight with Voldemort. He found two particularly powerful transfigurations where one could turn a wizard into a giant toad, and another which would turn a toad into tadpoles according to the illustration... Harry reread the entry and corrected himself, it wasn't "tadpoles," it was semen. Harry repressed a shudder as an image played out in his head of a man turning into a giant toad then into a large pool of spunk. Then he thought of Snape and figured that it would be a fitting end to the traitor. He marked the page for future study.

"This is going to take forever," exclaimed Hermione. "If only we had something to go on. A weakness of Voldemort's that you excel in..."

"Yeah, but I don't see how 'the power he knows not' will help," Harry said. "I always thought that bit was rubbish."

Hermione lifted her gaze up from her book and her eyes burned a hole into Harry.

"What was that?" she asked impatiently.

"What was what?" Harry replied, taken back at her steely gaze.

"What did you say about the power Voldemort doesn't have?"

"Oh, that," Harry said relieved. He was worried that he had said something to upset Hermione. "It was just something mentioned in the silly prophecy."

Hermione closed her book and was obviously trying to compose herself as she strummed her fingers on the cover of a discarded book.

"Do you mean to tell me that there was more to the prophecy than 'me against him' as you originally told me?" she asked very slowly, as if she was speaking to a dim-witted child.

"Just a bit," Harry replied with more than a little touch of fear. Whenever Hermione had gotten this way in the past, Harry always knew that he was in for trouble. And usually, rightfully so.

“Like what?” The thinly veiled anger started to seep out of her body and Harry’s fear grew.

“Um... just that I have a power he doesn’t even know about and that um... he marked me as an equal,” Harry said rapidly. He had hoped that the faster he said the words, the less angry Hermione would be.

“And I take it you know what that power is,” stated Hermione as she rubbed her temples with her fingers.

“Love,” Harry replied.

“Love?” Hermione repeated disbelievingly.

“According to Dumbledore, at least.”

“Well, he wouldn’t have just made an assumption. Did he ever point out when you may have used ‘Love’ against Voldemort?” Hermione asked.

“Yeah, I accidentally tapped into it when Tom possessed me at the Ministry of Magic. I was able to hurt him; so much so that Dumbledore reckoned that he wouldn’t try to sneak into my mind again because of the pain he suffered.”

“Why... didn’t... you... tell... me... about...THAT!” Hermione demanded.

“It’s not important, not anymore,” argued Harry. “Not since Voldemort took my blood! My touch used to be able to cause him pain before his resurrection. But now, he has my blood in his veins, and he can touch me without hurting himself.”

“And when did your blood get taken, Harry?”

“Fourth year, as you bloody well know,” Harry replied irritably.

“And when were you possessed?” asked Hermione, a smile returning to her face. Apparently, she took a great amount of joy in seeing how long it would take Harry to catch up with her train of thought.

"Fifth year... oh, wait..." Harry paused. "When he possessed me in the Ministry of Magic, he already had my blood in his veins."

"Harry, you may not be able to harm him just by touching him anymore," explained Hermione, "but somehow, you were able to activate that power when he tried to possess you and you hurt him! You hurt him enough that you drove him away!"

Hermione got that look again, the look she got when her brain went into overdrive. After a moment she asked: "Can you think of any other time you tapped into the power of love? Not necessarily just against Voldemort."

After a bit of thought, Harry offered, "Well, I don't know if it's love or not, but the two times I've used a Patronus against real Dementors could have been close."

"Could you explain?" Hermione asked patiently.

"When I realized that it wasn't my dad who cast the Stag Patronus I had seen, but me..." Harry said with his eyes closed, trying to concentrate on the memory from his third year. "I remembered thinking that I was going to leave the Dursely's and live with Sirius. I was going to live with someone who cared for me."

"That's familial love," Hermione explained. "That is the love of a family. You had inadvertently tapped into a form of love when you cast the Patronus."

"And then the second time was when Dudley and I were attacked," Harry continued. "Before I cast the Patronus, I remembered thinking about seeing you and Ron."

"Platonic love, love of friends."

"That's about it," Harry said with a shrug of his shoulders.

"What about Cho?" Hermione asked. "You did have a crush on her which is a form of affectionate love. And you did kiss her."

“Oh, yeah” Harry said with a snap of his fingers. “When Snape was teaching me Occlumency, he was about to see an image of me and Cho kissing and I threw off his Legilimency attack for the first time, and it was without a wand or spell.”

“That’s very good,” Hermione complimented.

“And I entered his mind,” Harry continued, and Hermione’s jaw dropped. “I saw him as a kid hiding under a table as his parents fought.”

“You entered Snape’s mind without a wand or casting a spell?” Hermione asked. “He’s a skilled Occlumens, you shouldn’t have been able to do that! His defenses should have stopped you easily! That’s incredible, Harry! I think Dumbledore was correct. Think about it. Most wizards and witches can’t produce a corporeal Patronus, and even if they do, they would be able to drive away maybe one or two Dementors, like Remus did on the train. But when you thought about love in one way or another, you were able to drive away scores of Dementors. And look what you did with Snape; you easily broke through a skilled Occlumens’ shields and saw his memories, because you unknowingly tapped into your power of love. Apparently, when you access your power base, love, you are a very powerful wizard indeed!”

Harry blushed at her compliment. Hermione paused and worried her lip before continuing: “Harry, I know it’s a touchy subject, but could you tell me what you felt with Ginny?”

“Now I feel revulsion,” Harry answered, with only a minor shudder. “But during the time, I guess the best way to describe it would be to say it was like a scaly monster was living in my chest.”

“A scaly monster? That’s not love Harry; that sounds more like lust and jealousy!” Hermione cried victoriously. “No wonder you were so ineffectual last year!”

“Excuse me!” Harry blurted out. “Ineffectual?”

"Yes Harry, ineffectual," Hermione repeated. "Remember, you told me the events of the cave. You panicked. Panicking is something you've never done before. But, when the Infiri attacked, you admitted that you completely forgot the simple flame hex. The same hex that Dumbledore had just reminded you about moments before. And then, when you were chasing after Snape and the Death Eaters, you couldn't land even one hex on Snape. In previous encounters with Death Eaters, you've always been spectacular. You were able to Stun or incapacitate several Death Eaters when Voldemort resurrected himself as well as during the battle in the Department of Mysteries. You should've been able to deal with the zombies without freezing up, and you should have at least singed Snape.

"That has to prove that Dumbledore was right. Your power base is love! All your strengths come from one form of love or another. But last year, you were lusting after Ginny. And that lust was detrimental to your power base. Lust is not love in any way shape or form! Lust is a mockery of love. That's why you were acting so strangely last year."

"Alright, fine, then. But why were you acting so strangely last year?" Harry shot back. He was angry with her because deep down, he knew she was right. "You dropped S.P.E.W. like it had meant nothing to you even though you were clearly obsessed about the cause for two years. You broke the rules when hexed another student just so Ron could stay on the Quidditch team. I realize that you've bent and broken the rules before, but the times you've done that, people's lives were at risk. But this time, you broke the rules just to save Ron from embarrassment. And then you chastised me when you thought I might have cheated when I tricked Ron into believing that I gave him the Felix Felicis, doing the exact same thing you did: saving Ron from embarrassing himself. It also took you months to find out that Prince was related to Snape, something you normally would've found out in no time at all! Especially since you were so dead certain that Eileen Prince was somehow related to the damned Half-Blood Prince in my Potions Text. You only bothered to check on what happened to Eileen Prince after Snape admitted to being the Half-Blood Prince."

Hermione hung her head in shame. Harry's heart dropped roughly to his knees. "I'm sorry Hermione, I didn't mean-"

"No, you're right Harry. We both acted strangely last year," Hermione interrupted. "And my own reasons were pretty much the same reasons as to why you acted oddly as well. I simply wanted to be loved. I wanted someone to hold my hand and kiss me. I wanted someone to say I'm pretty and to mean it. I wanted someone to think of me when I wasn't around."

"All of the other girls in our year, and most of the younger ones as well, were already active in the dating scene, and as strange as it may seem, I felt compelled to start dating as well. Perhaps the underlying reason was as simple as I didn't want those Yule Ball rumors to finally come true. You know the ones I mean; the ones that said that no boy would ever want to be seen with someone like me; a bossy know-it-all with bushy hair. But I didn't want to date someone I didn't know," Hermione continued with tears streaming down her face. "So I decided that it would have to be either you or Ron. And you were already ogling Ginny, so I set my sights on Ron. That's why I stopped caring about House-Elves; Ron doesn't care about them, he only cares about Quidditch. That's also why I hexed McLaggen. And I suppose that's the only excuse I can give as to why I didn't figure out about Snape and the whole Potions Text. I was so desperate for Ron to notice me that I ignored what was staring me right in the face. I needed Ron to notice me, there was no one else available for me. I had come to the conclusion that I didn't have a chance with you. You're popular, even though you hate it, and brave and handsome, and I'm ugly and bookish-"

"Let me explain something to you Hermione," interrupted Harry as he took her face gently in his hands and looked deeply into her eyes. "I think you are beautiful, and not just in a physical way either. Even though I can honestly say that your breasts are fantastic! Awe inspiring, to be truthful." Hermione blushed as Harry continued, "But you're beautiful in so many other ways as well. You're ridiculously smart, incredibly brave, patient, kind, compassionate, and you know me better than anyone else. Remember back in our third year? The game where the Dementors knocked me off my Nimbus? It was raining so hard I couldn't see. Wood had called a time out and I was about to point out my vision problem. Before I could even begin, you appeared over my shoulder to help me out, without needing to be asked. Then in our fifth year, when I thought that I had somehow

caused Nagini to attack Mr. Weasley, everyone let me wallow in self pity in that damn room. Ginny, the girl I was so infatuated with last year, let me rot in that room. But not you, you canceled a holiday with your folks and marched right up to Buckbeak's room and dragged me out the moment you arrived. You've always been there for me, to help me, even when I thought I didn't want it. You were the only one brave enough to say that Voldemort had laid a trap for me in the Department of Mysteries. And yet, you still went with me because you knew I needed your help. You know me better than I know myself.

"Do you want to know what Ginny said to me when I broke up with her?" Harry continued. "She said that I'd only be happy hunting Voldemort. She said that's why she liked me so much."

"How can she think that?" Hermione asked incredulously. "You want to be a father."

"W-what?" Harry stammered. It was as if Hermione had dumped a bucket of ice water over his head and it shocked him to his core.

"It's obvious to me that you want to get married and have a bunch of kids," Hermione said, as if it was common knowledge. Harry slowly lowered himself to the floor and sat down.

"I do?" he asked as an image appeared in his mind's eye. He looked a little older and he was surrounded by children, his children. That image filled the young man with such happiness that he actually started to cry. "I guess I do want kids." Hermione lowered herself into Harry's lap and kissed away his tears. "You see, you do know me better than I do."

The couple sat on the floor in the Restricted Section just holding each other for a long while, saying nothing, just enjoying being in each other's arms. Hermione finally pulled herself away from Harry's embrace and said: "We better get back to researching."

"Do we have to?" Harry pleaded while still holding onto her hands.



“Yes, we do,” Hermione ordered. “But it should be easier now that we have a better focus. We just have to look for spells and rituals which use love.”

Hermione disappeared into the stacks as Harry grudgingly stood up and began his search anew. After an hour of browsing through the Restricted Section, Harry’s eye caught the words “Love” and “Magic” on the binding of an old red-leather book. ‘Could this be it? The thing that could lead to the downfall of Voldemort?’ Harry’s hopes were dashed though, when he read the full title: “The Magic of Making Love: By Thos. Antric.” He shrugged as he pulled the book from the shelves; he reckoned that he might as well thumb through it, seeing that it was the only book he had found in the past hour that even appeared to be remotely related to love.

The first page Harry opened to had almost made him drop the book out of shock. It was a magical photo showing a witch and wizard, both very naked, in a unique position. A position that Harry thought should have caused a great deal of pain (‘Was that his foot by her ear or her own? And where was her left hand?’), but judging by the expressions on their faces, they were rather enjoying it.

The next page that Harry randomly turned to piqued his interest. The chapter was titled “A Witch’s Orgasm and its Power; How You Can Benefit From It!” Harry didn’t need to read the chapter to learn how a witch’s orgasm could benefit him; he would be able to show Hermione just how much she meant to him, and he could properly return the pleasure that Hermione had given him. The next random chapter that Harry turned to made him think that the book was written precisely with him in mind: “The Hidden Benefits of Being a Parselmouth; Cunnilingus and You!” Harry marked that page and stuffed the book in his bag. The book may not help him defeat Voldemort, but it looked like it could help him in his love life.

Harry returned to their desk to find Hermione already hidden behind a wall of books. The young wizard sat down at his chair and started to read the new-found book.

The chapter on Parselmouths was very enlightening. It stated that Parselmouths have a magical ability that is focused within the

wizard's tongue, and while normally this magic is used to communicate with snakes, it could be used while giving oral pleasure to a witch. The book also had several diagrams explaining different techniques to illicit the best response from the witch.

After he had read the chapter no less than ten times, completely skipping over the sections dealing with the theories and so-called "magical benefits", concentrating strictly on form and technique, Harry realized that it had grown dark outside. He looked at the clock on the wall and noticed it was half past ten at night. "Hermione, let's fetch some supper and call it a night," he called out.

XXX

Harry was having a very interesting dream the next morning; he was on the shore next to the Hogwarts Lake. Some odd compulsion forced him to gobble some gillyweed that was in his hands and he then jumped into the water. After he felt gills popping out on the sides of his neck, Harry swam under the water for several minutes until he saw something that would lead him to his goal - what that goal was, he didn't know, but Harry needed to reach it for some unknown reason. The thing that Harry saw was a mermaid. But it wasn't what real mermaids looked like, merpeople are actually very unattractive, downright ugly one might say. This mermaid was quite beautiful; she looked exactly like Hermione did above the waist. And she was topless to boot! But before Harry could get a good look at mermaid-Hermione's boobs, she dashed away. He gave chase immediately. Mermaid-Hermione dove into a dark tunnel at the bottom of the lakebed and Harry quickly followed. The tunnel was incredibly dark, but unlike the water outside the tunnel which was cold, this water was warm and pleasant. For some odd reason, Harry felt his ever-present companion, 'Harry, Jr.' begin to stir in his swim-trunks. After a few moments of swimming through the tunnel blindly, Harry saw a slit of light in the distance. Harry instinctively swam toward the light and passed through it. He turned around and saw that he had just exited the tunnel and onto the lakebed through a giant clam.

But before Harry could turn around and continue pursuing mermaid-Hermione, he was tackled by someone. As he was pushed down into the lakebed, kelp magically sprang to life to bind his hands and feet.

Someone rapidly stripped off his swim trunks. He looked up into the beautiful hazel eyes of mermaid-Hermione.

"I see that part of you is awake," she said wickedly, indicating Harry's partially aroused state, as she twirled his trunks in front of her while poking him in the ribs. "I'm just waiting for the rest of you to wake up."

"Huh?" Harry grunted groggily as his eyes opened up. He normally wouldn't have been happy to wake up from such an interesting dream, but any animosity that he might have felt toward the person who woke him up disappeared the moment his eyes focused on the young woman in front of him. Hermione stood in front of Harry wearing her sleeping gown and holding a pair of boxers in front of her, specifically Harry's boxers. That's when Harry felt a draft on 'Harry, Jr.'. He tried to cover his bits, but found that his hands and feet were invisibly bound to his bedposts, obviously by Hermione for some illicit and, more than likely, exciting purpose. The young witch examined Harry's naked body with unmasked desire in her eyes. Harry was embarrassed, nay, mortified that he was laying starkers in front of Hermione. 'Harry, Jr.' on the other hand reveled in the attention. It stood proud as if it was saying "Hey, look at me!"

"Quite impressive, Mr. Potter," said Hermione, as if she was grading one of his papers. "You should be proud."

Harry felt his skin turn red at Hermione's comments and 'Harry, Jr.' stood even taller.

"Seeing as you're naked, which I might have had something to do with that - but I admit nothing, mind you- and I am dressed," Hermione said theatrically, "let's even the score a bit"

Hermione then reached down and slowly, almost hesitantly, removed her gown. Harry emitted a small "ooh" sound when he saw the two things that he had so desperately wanted to see the past few days; Hermione's nipples.

Her nipples, which Harry decided to call "Carmella" and "Natasha," were full and erect, as if they were saying 'hello' to 'Harry, Jr.' who was singing to the heavens at that point in time.

Hermione stood nervously as Harry took in every inch of her exposed body. His eyes took in her white cotton knickers, lingered on her flat tummy, then slowly traveled up to her bare breasts, and then finally, he locked eyes with her and said: "My God Hermione, you are beautiful."

"That is what I was waiting to hear," said Hermione, her self-confidence obviously bolstered by Harry's comments. She crawled onto the foot of the bed and lowered her mouth over Harry's organ.

She began by using her tongue, running it up and down his shaft. Then she placed it into her mouth and began the same wonderful technique she used the other night. Harry groaned in pleasure and tugged at his invisible bounds. He frantically wanted to touch her, to run his hands through her hair. But she had cruelly bound him to his bedpost.

Within minutes (Harry noted with a great deal of masculine pride that he had lasted much longer than his first time), he felt the pressure build up. He remembered the tongue lashing he had gotten from Hermione the last time when he failed to warn her. Mind you he rather liked the tongue lashing he was getting now, but he hated the other type.

"Hermione, I'm gonna cum," Harry grunted.

Hermione stopped her fellatio and looked up at Harry. A broad, sinful smile stretched across her lips as she said, "Happy Birthday, Harry."

Then Harry got the best birthday present he had ever gotten. Hermione took his entire length into her mouth, pausing only to relax her gag reflex when he reached her throat. Harry stopped breathing when he felt Hermione's throat pulsate and contract as she seemingly tried to swallow his organ. Within seconds, Harry had lost control and unloaded into Hermione's mouth.

After Harry was finished, Hermione (who had a look on her face like she had just swallowed something dreadful, perhaps a flobberworm)

retrieved her wand and performed a Breath Cleaning Charm before releasing Harry from his magical bonds.

“Sorry about that, I’m not used to the taste just yet.” said Hermione as she crawled onto his bare body, pressing her naked breasts into his heaving chest. “I’ve done some research and read that a man’s diet affects the taste of his semen. Maybe we can experiment with the foods you eat, and see which resultant taste I like the best?”

‘Experiment!’ Harry’s mind declared triumphantly. What she said definitely hinted that Hermione was willing to do this act again. ‘Try to act as smooth as possible,’ Harry thought to himself as he replied to Hermione, “Sure, I won’t mind. Anything in the name of progress.”

“So, was it good for you?” Hermione asked with a saucy smile.

In all honesty, it was very, very good for him. But he also knew that it couldn’t have been all that enjoyable for her. She did all the work, yet received no pleasure for herself, while Harry had gotten all the enjoyment (and a lot of it). Harry didn’t just want to tell her that it was terrific; he wanted to show her how terrific it was. He needed to show Hermione, not simply because he felt obligated to return the pleasure that she had given him twice already. He wanted to do it so Hermione herself could feel ecstasy. Somewhere deep within Harry, he felt the almost desperate need to make Hermione... happy. Harry just wasn’t certain he knew how to show her just what he felt for her, and what he felt she deserved. Then Harry remembered his ‘special book’ and the chapter that he so diligently memorized.

“Instead of telling you, let me show you,” Harry replied and quickly rolled over so that Hermione was under him before she could protest. Hermione squealed in surprise.

“What do you have in mind, Harry?” asked Hermione after she regained her composure.

“Retuning the favor,” answered Harry. He hesitantly added, “That is, if you don’t mind.”

Before answering, Hermione averted her eyes and blushed such a bright crimson, that Harry reasoned that he could easily read in the dark just by using her body as a night light.

“No, I don’t mind,” she replied nervously.

“Now, I’ve never done this before,” stated Harry, “and I know there are lots of ways to do this improperly beside ‘using teeth,’ so tell me when I do something wrong.”

After Hermione nodded in the affirmative, Harry started by kissing her passionately, he then trailed kisses down her chin, her neck, passed her collarbone, until he reached the valley between Hermione’s breasts. Harry took this opportunity to get to know ‘Natasha’ and ‘Carmella’ intimately. Hermione groaned as Harry licked, suckled, and lightly nibbled on her tender flesh. The heat coming off Hermione’s body was intense and her breath became more and more labored as Harry continued to play with ‘Natasha’ and ‘Carmella’. After several minutes of focusing on her breasts, Harry trailed kisses down her taut tummy. He looked up at Hermione when he got to her cotton knickers and said, “If you want me to stop just say so-”

But Harry was cut off when Hermione nearly shouted at him, “If you don’t pull my damned knickers off right now, I swear to Merlin...!”

“Okay, okay...” placated Harry as he hooked his fingers around her panties. The young wizard took a fortifying breath before slowly tugging the cotton garment down. Hermione gasped as she became exposed to the morning air. Harry gulped and began to examine Hermione’s flower.

As Harry took in Hermione and all her wonder, he commented to himself internally that when Hermione had satisfied him earlier, she had an easier job...err sorry about that. When it came to his bits, all Harry had was “Harry, Jr.” and his luggage. And the only way he could think of not fulfilling “Harry, Jr.” was if teeth were used. But with Hermione’s bits there was so much more! According to the book that Harry had hidden in his school bag, there was the Mons Veneris, the clitoris and its hood, and the Labia. And as reported by the book, there were definitely bad ways in stimulating Hermione.

With a touch of trepidation, Harry started by gently kissing the area around her flower – which he had almost given a name of a flower, but seeing that both his mother and his aunt had flower names, he became content with just “flower.” It was apparent that Hermione enjoyed these tiny kisses, so Harry continued this course of action for a while. Harry kissed her nether lips and Hermione gasped, that’s when Harry decided that his tongue should come into play.

The brunette witch started to writhe and moan while Harry worked on his budding... err sorry again... skills of cunnilingus. After two or three minutes, Harry noticed that Hermione seemed to be enjoying his attempts. To him, Hermione tasted warm, sweet, and musky. Little droplets of sweat were appearing all over her body and her breathing was heavier than before. It was at this point that he decided to push Hermione over the edge, so to speak, and use the techniques that he had read in the book concerning Parslemouths.

Pausing for a second from his operations, Harry closed his eyes and focused on an image of a snake in his mind in order to trigger his rare power. Since Harry could never tell if he was speaking Parseltongue or English, he asked Hermione: “Can you understand me?”

“Harry, why are you speaking in Parseltongue?” Hermione asked. “I can’t - OH SWEET BABY MAEVE!”

Hermione couldn’t finish her statement properly; because Harry was satisfied that he was using his Parselmouth abilities and started his cunnilingus once more. Almost immediately, Hermione thrashed around and alternated between moaning, growling, and occasionally, babbling incoherently.

“... swish and flick...” Hermione sputtered disjointedly. “...powdered newt...nimbus....” As magic poured off of Harry’s tongue into Hermione, he could feel every muscle in her body tense up. “Oh. Oh. Oh, mamma!”

One of Hermione’s hands grabbed a tuft of Harry’s hair and tugged at him while her legs wrapped around his head and pulled him closer. It was at this point that ‘Harry, Jr.’ woke up again and desperately,

almost painfully, wanted to play again. Harry thought about using one of his hands to relieve himself, but realized that this moment was for Hermione. He wanted to concentrate fully, mentally, physically, and emotionally, on her. He would take care of 'Harry, Jr.' later.

After a minute or two, Harry could sense the buildup in Hermione, but he could feel himself about to release as well. Hermione's back arched and sweat poured off of her naked flesh. Her body was raked by shallow, quivering gasps of breath.

"Oh, gods, Harry!" Hermione shouted as a combined wave of magic and ecstasy passed through her body, and then through Harry's. Harry groaned into Hermione as he climaxed at the same time as she did. The two teens didn't notice the very loud bang that accompanied their simultaneous orgasms.

Slowly, Harry's eyes took in the vision before him; Hermione lay on the bed, panting heavily, her body flushed and glistening. The young man smiled with pride, because he didn't need to ask Hermione if it was good for her. He could tell by the glow emanating from her body that she had thoroughly enjoyed his first efforts. Then it hit him, she was literally glowing! She was throwing off light! He was shocked to find that he was glowing softly as well. Harry was about to ask Hermione about this startling occurrence when he noticed that she had her eyes fixed on something behind him.

With her legs still draped over his shoulders, Harry turned his head and saw that except for the bed that they were currently using, every object in the room was floating six feet off of the ground. Every book, scrap piece of parchment, every article of clothing – Harry spotted Hermione's knickers straight away, they were twirling slowly as if dancing– even the other beds hovered several feet in the air.

Before either of the two teens could discuss these strange events, the door to the dorm room flew open and Tonks rushed in, waving her wand.

"Harry, are you okay?" the pink haired Auror shouted out, as she started to quickly scan the room. "I heard a...uh... bang?" Tonks paused as she finally noticed the two naked forms in front of her;



Hermione glistening with sweat and her hair tossed this way and that, with Harry kneeling as if in prayer at Hermione's altar. A sardonic, almost wicked smile crept across Tonks's face. But the smile was nothing compared to the devilish look in her eye. Both Hermione and Harry made a weak squeaking noise at that look.

To be continued!

Author's Notes: I tried to insert some humor into Harry and Hermione's explanation of why they acted so out-of-character (in my opinion – an opinion which I point out in the text) in the 6th book, but I found I couldn't. I couldn't make fun of it because their actions in HBP were so sad and pathetic. It would be like mocking a train wreck.

## Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

### Chapter Four

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions. Also, this is my first smut-ish fic.

Chapter Four Summary: Harry and Hermione head to the Burrow for the Wedding.

Without uttering a sound, Tonks slowly closed the door to Harry's dorm room, leaving the young man and woman in their very compromising, and very naked, position. Harry stared at the door expecting Tonks to bust through once more, saying something along the lines of: "Time for breakfast kids. Oh wait, you two have already eaten" with far too much emphasis on the word "eaten."

After what seemed like minutes, Hermione finally spoke up: "um... I don't think she'll be back. Let's clean up and head to the Common Room."

"What do you reckon she'll do?" asked Harry as he untangled himself from Hermione's legs.

"I don't know," answered Hermione. She then waved her wand over her body and magically cleaned herself. "But I'm certain that it'll be terribly embarrassing." She performed the same cleansing charm on Harry; the bottom half of his face bore a striking resemblance to a glazed doughnut at the time. After she found her knickers (which were still floating in the air), Hermione cursed, "My clothes are in my room, all I have over here is my nightgown!"

"Don't worry," stated Harry in-between hops (his boxers were hovering just out of reach), "we'll transfigure your dressing gown until we can get you something more suitable."

A short while later, the two teens ventured into the Gryffindor Common Room to find Remus Lupin sitting at one of the tables writing something with Tonks leaning over their former DADA professor. Upon noticing Harry and Hermione, Remus casually folded up the paper he was writing on and placed it inside his robes.

“Good morning, you two,” Remus greeted them as if nothing peculiar had happened. Even though she hadn’t said anything yet, Harry noticed that Tonks still had that devilish gleam in her eyes. “Get ready; we have a big day ahead of us,” Remus concluded.

“Bu... bu... I... ah...” stammered Harry. He had expected to be teased by either Tonks or Remus. “What’s so important about today?”

“What’s so important?” Remus repeated. “We have to go to Diagon Alley to buy both of you some formal robes for Bill and Fleur’s wedding tomorrow. But more importantly, today’s the most important day in your life, Harry. Today’s the day you’ve become a man!” Remus declared proudly.

Harry felt his face heat up at Remus’ statement; he could tell that Hermione was just as embarrassed as he was. ‘What did Tonks think she saw?’ Harry realized that Tonks must’ve thought that he and Hermione had gone all the way and she told Remus about it! Why else would Remus make the comment about Harry becoming a “man?” Harry was about to object to Remus’ remarks, to defend himself, but mostly to defend Hermione’s honor, when Remus walked forward and hugged him.

“Happy Birthday, Harry!” said Remus affectionately. “It’s your seventeenth birthday, and according to Wizarding society, you’re a man.” Harry felt a wave of relief pass through his body, Remus didn’t know! Tonks must not have told him about the situation that she had found Harry and Hermione in. “So today is your day, Mr. Potter! We’re off to Diagon Alley.”

“Let me just get some things from my room before we head out,” said Hermione nervously, as she dashed up the stairs to her room.

Several minutes later, after Hermione had inconspicuously changed into some fresh clothes, the group headed to the Headmistress' office to use the floo. Harry exited the floo into The Leaky Cauldron by gracefully falling flat on his face. Tonks casually stepped over his body and helped the young wizard up from the ground. Harry looked into her bright, black eyes and still saw that devilish look, as if Tonks was waiting for the most embarrassing moment to make a rude comment about what she had seen earlier.

"You really need to learn how to land better, Harry," Tonks offered almost innocently. It was almost innocent, because Harry could tell that she had desperately wanted to say something else, something less than "innocent." Maybe something like: "Yeah, my knees tend to get weak after a good roll in the hay as well..."

As they walked out of the Leaky Caldron, Hermione whispered into Harry's ear: "I swear, I thought that Tonks was going to say something crude back there when you fell out of the floo. Could you imagine how embarrassing it would be if she did say something, especially in front of all those people?"

Harry nodded his head in agreement.

The group spent a good three hours at Madame Malkin's robe shopping (Harry only needed fifteen minutes to find his dress robes, the rest of the time was used by Hermione trying to decide between a lilac dress and a mauve one). Harry made a grievous error halfway through the second hour of what he called "The Great Purple Debate": he made the suggestion that maybe Hermione should try on something in pink. Hermione was deeply offended at such a suggestion. How Harry didn't know she looked wretched in pink was beyond her. She never wore pink!

After Harry's grievous faux pas, they went to Flourish and Blotts where, unsurprisingly, Harry lost track of Hermione somewhere in the Arithmancy section. After Harry had passed some time by skimming through several books on defense, he found Hermione in a dark and dusty corner of the shop, with her nose buried in a book that had to have been heavier than she was. As the sun set on an exhausting

day, the foursome headed back to the Leaky Caldron for Harry's birthday dinner. For dessert, since they couldn't go to Florean Fortescue's seeing how Voldemort had developed a wicked sweet tooth and kidnapped the ice cream maker, they had to try Tom's attempts at ice cream.

"Have a go at this one, folks," Tom announced, as he placed four bowls filled with scoops of ice cream made up of several colors in front of the group. "Made it meself this afternoon."

Harry, being a brave Gryffindor (except when it came to dealing with zombies), was the first to sample the multi-colored confection. The birthday boy nodded his head in approval; it tasted like a delicious mixture of chocolate and strawberries. Tom beamed with pride before turning away and heading back to the bar.

"What's it taste like, Harry?" Hermione asked dubiously, as she eyed a bright pink ripple wedged in-between two forest green ripples.

"Chocolate and strawberries," answered Harry.

"Oh," Tonks squealed while spooning up a blue, orange, and what appeared to be black ripples of ice cream. "I love strawberries and chocolate!"

Both Remus and Hermione followed suit as Tonks ate her first spoonful.

"That's funny," stated Remus as he worked the frozen dessert in his mouth. "I taste caramel."

"I taste peanut butter," offered Hermione as she scooped another spoonful.

A bit perplexed by his friends' tasting something completely different than he, Harry tried another spoonful. His taste buds sensed chocolate with a hint of strawberries at first, then, slowly, a new and somewhat peculiar taste entered his mouth: prunes. Before he could spit out the nasty combination of flavors, Tonks announced: "Merlin, I'm getting maple syrup flavor now!"

"I think the green color is lobster, and the yellow ripple is raw bread dough!" Hermione stated as she indiscreetly spit the ice cream into her napkin. Harry noted that she had a very similar distasteful look on her face as the one she had right after she gave him his "birthday present" earlier.

Harry and Tonks copied Hermione's lead by spitting the remnants of the frozen dessert into their napkins while Remus continued to shovel the ice cream into his mouth.

"Remus, love, how can you eat that?" Tonks asked, obviously disgusted.

"I turn into a wolf every month," explained Remus. "In wolf form, I sometimes eat my own fecal waste. This is an improvement."

"Not by much," added Harry.

After they had their dessert, or rather, after Remus finished their desserts for them, the group flooded back to Hogwarts.

"Remus, do you know if the school will be in session for the next term?" asked Hermione as they walked toward the Gryffindor Common Room.

"It's still up in the air," stated Remus. "The members of the Board of Governors are still debating."

"And right now, they're leaning toward shutting the school down," Tonks added glumly.

"But, why?" Hermione implored. "Surely a Headmaster has died before. And the school didn't close when Grindelwald was in power!"

"So why close the school now?" Harry completed for Hermione.

"Yes, Headmasters have died while in office before, but one has never been murdered during term, and on school grounds," explained

Remus. "Making the situation even worse is that Albus was murdered by another teacher..."

The group spent the rest of the journey to the Common Room in silence. Harry pondered sullenly what would've happened if he had been able to break through Dumbledore's Full Body Bind. Would he have been able to help the ailing Headmaster? Could he have saved the old man's life? 'Not likely,' Harry realized. He probably would've been killed along with Dumbledore.

Upon entering the dimly-lit Common Room, Remus asked, "Harry, would you light the fire, please?"

"Sure thing," replied Harry while drawing his wand. After aiming at the dark hearth, Harry muttered, "Incendio," casting only a small amount of his power into the fire charm.

Harry, along with everyone else in the room, had expected a normal sized fireball (no larger than a snitch) to shoot out of the tip of his wand. They were all shocked when a huge fireball, nearly a meter in diameter, erupted out of Harry's wand! Not only did the hearth ignite, but the mantle and a large portion of the wall surrounding the stone fireplace caught on fire as well.

Harry, Hermione, Remus, and Tonks all stared dumbly at the growing inferno. After two or three seconds, Hermione, Remus, and Tonks turned their attention to Harry, that is to say they stared dumbly at the bespectacled wizard. It was only after the ceiling had caught on fire that the foursome snapped out of their stupor and used their wands to put out the fire.

"Blimey, Harry!" Tonks exclaimed. "You didn't have to use that much power!"

"I didn't..." murmured Harry. "At least, I think I didn't."

After putting out the fire, Remus and Tonks sat on the couch.

"Have a seat you two," Remus requested. Harry really didn't want to spend more time with Remus. Not that he didn't normally enjoy

Remus' company. But right now, Harry wanted nothing more than to sneak off into a secluded spot and practice his newfound skills concerning his Parselmouth abilities and Hermione's nether region. Unfortunately, Harry's plans of ravishing Hermione were dashed when Remus said in a serious tone: "We need to have a talk."

At Remus' comment, Harry and Hermione shared a concerned look. Would their old Defense professor chastise them for their actions? Or, would Remus give them the dreaded 'Talk'? Harry imagined an awkward Remus trying his best to give him the 'Talk.'

'Now,' Harry heard Remus' voice in his head, 'sometimes a unicorn meets a Hippogriff... and... ah... sometimes the Hippogriff likes the unicorn in a very... special way... And if the hippogriff is lucky and the Unicorn likes him back... and she doesn't have a headache at the time... Something... err... wonderful happens...'

"It's suddenly dawned on me that no one has talked to you about...." Remus paused, searching for the proper word. Harry's blood chilled, Remus was going to talk to him about... it! "No one has talked to you about... your folks."

Harry plopped down in an arm chair with both a sense of relief (because Remus wasn't going to talk about sex) and curiosity. Remus was correct: no one had bothered to actually sit Harry down and talk to him about his parents before.

"Now it's true, your father was arrogant during our first few years at Hogwarts," Remus began. "And he could be... mean, but the people to whom he was mean to usually deserved it."

"I saw in Snape's pensieve that Dad just hexed him, for no reason at all," Harry said dejectedly.

"I've been thinking about that incident for a while now. Your father didn't start that confrontation." Remus informed him.

"But I saw it," Harry argued. "Snape was sitting there minding his own business..."



“Severus Snape was, and is, a conniving, self-righteous, bigot,” Remus stated. “He started that particular confrontation the previous day, by hiding in the shadows and hexing your father. Snape was always following us around, trying to catch us in our misdeeds so that he could get us in trouble. And when he couldn’t catch us in the act, he would jinx or hex one of us; usually James.

“I remember it quite clearly. The day before that incident, James was hit with a Confundus Charm right as we started our Potion OWLs. The entire test, James kept tipping his cauldron over and Snape would laugh uproariously. James ended up failing the test simply because Snape wanted to be the best in the class and James was his only competition.”

“So, did Snape use the Confundus on Mum as well?” asked Harry.

“Why would he have?” Remus questioned with a befuddled look on his face. “Snape didn’t see her as competition. Lily was absolute rubbish at Potions.”

“But Slughorn told me that Mum was one of the best!” Harry said. “The finest he’d ever seen!”

“I’m sure you know this by now, Harry. Slughorn loves to be around famous and popular people,” explained Remus. “And he’s never had a student as famous as you are Harry. Most likely Slughorn told you lies about Lily and her potions prowess in an attempt to get you to think of him as a connection to your parents. That way, he would be able to continue to ply you to join his menagerie of famous people. He probably used Lily because Slughorn held a grudge against James. Slughorn made sure there were no questions about his attitude toward your father. He decided that James’ poor showing during the OWLs meant that your father had been cheating his entire school career. Slughorn took that as a personal attack against his honor; he refused to acknowledge James ever again. Besides, look at it this way Harry: if Lily truly was the best potions student Slughorn had ever met, wouldn’t Snape have rubbed that fact in your face as a comparison to your abilities? He definitely wouldn’t have missed any more opportunities to humiliate you, would he?”

“No, your mother’s specialty was in Charms,” concluded Remus. “Lily was a very special woman, even when we were just kids. She was the first girl who wasn’t impressed by James’ charm, nor was she intimidated by his antics. I think that’s how he first became attracted to her. Lily helped James mature into a good and decent man.”

Remus continued for hours, talking to Harry not just about his parents, but Sirius as well. Some stories were enlightening, others, bittersweet. But most of the stories centered on James’ sense of humor.

“The night after you were born,” Remus said while laughing, “James told Sirius that he was your godfather. Well, Sirius was so proud that he Apparated right to the Leaky Cauldron and announced to everyone there the happy news! So there he was, standing on the bar no less, shouting at the top of his lungs that he, Sirius Black, was Harry Potter’s godfather! The only problem was that your father discretely placed a Transparency Charm on Sirius’ clothes before he Apparated away without Sirius noticing! Let me tell you, everyone there got an eyeful of Sirius that night!”

Remus was about to start another story when Hermione unsuccessfully tried to stifle a yawn and Tonks let out an unladylike snore. Remus checked the clock above the mantle (the clock which had to be repaired because of Harry’s supercharged fireball) and saw that it was a quarter to one in the morning.

“Oh, dear, it looks like I’ve kept you up long enough,” Remus announced. “We have a big day tomorrow, so off to bed everyone.” Tonks chose this time to let out another loud, rafter-rattling snore. “Everyone except Tonks. No need for her to go to bed, she’s already asleep.”

Harry didn’t care how late it was; he wanted to stay up the rest of the night, just so he could hear more stories about his parents. The young wizard was about to protest when both Remus and Hermione let out yawns.

“We’ll have plenty of time to catch up later, Harry.” Remus told Harry and patted him reassuringly on the shoulder. Harry nodded his head in agreement.

“Good night, you two,” said Remus and he pulled out his wand. With a few simple wand movements, the older wizard conjured a small cot next to the couch where the pink haired witch was sleeping.

Harry and Hermione shared a look; they both knew that they wouldn't be able to “experiment” with Remus and Tonks in the Common Room. So they bid each other a simple good night and turned to their respective rooms. Harry was about to walk up the stairs when a sudden, uncontrollable urge came over him: he had to kiss Hermione good night. He didn't care if Remus found out. Harry turned around and saw Hermione was about to walk up the stairs leading up to her room. He also saw Remus watching him. The latter smiled slightly at Harry and, luckily for Harry, turned his attention to fluffing his pillow. Harry rushed over to Hermione and as silently as he could, spun her around and before she could utter a sound, placed his lips to hers. Nothing mattered to Harry anymore, not Remus, not Tonks, not Voldemort or his stupid Horcuxes, and certainly not the world. All that mattered to Harry at that moment was Hermione, she was his everything.

While the two teens were kissing, Harry could swear that he felt two pairs of eyes watching them. He couldn't care less; he was kissing the most wonderful woman in the world. When they finally broke their kiss, Harry turned to see Tonks still sleeping on the couch, but Remus was still diligently fluffing his pillow. Harry quietly made his way up to his dorm room.

Harry wasn't ready for sleep just yet, so he decided to read another chapter from his ‘special book.’ Harry pulled *The Magic of Making Love* out of his bag and opened it to a random page near the middle. The chapter that Harry had gone to was entitled: “Pleasure Pressure Points: The Touch of Love.” Unfortunately, this chapter didn't contain any interesting magical photos, but it did have numerous diagrams and drawings. According to the diagrams and specifications, a witch had “pleasure pressure points” all over her body. If a wizard were to touch one of these “points” and gently force his magic through it, the empowered touch would give the witch physical pleasure. The text stated the different points would elicit different levels of pleasure. One example stated that if the wizard were to gently, yet steadily, force his

magic through a point of the small of the back, the witch would rapidly orgasm. As Harry continued reading he noticed that the range in the physical reaction was truly stunning. According to the book if the same wizard were to use the same technique on a pressure point on the back of the witch's hand, she would experience only the amount of pleasure equal to that of a kiss, pleasurable, but not orgasmic. Harry read and reread the chapter, skipping over theories and benefits, trying to remember the most of the "pleasure pressure points" as possible.

XXX

Harry awoke in the morning with his 'special book' open and lying on his chest. Apparently, he had fallen asleep while rereading "Pleasure Pressure Points: The Touch of Love" for the fourth time. Harry noticed the clock and saw that he had less than an hour before he had to get to the Burrow for Bill and Fleur's wedding! He took a rapid shower and had dressed so fast that he almost forgot to put on his shoes. Harry hopped down the stairs to the Common Room while trying to tie his shoes at the same time. When he got to the Common Room, Harry found Hermione waiting for him.

Once more, Harry forgot to breathe. To say that Hermione looked stunning in her red and gold gown (apparently, "The Great Purple Debate" was lost by both lilac and mauve when this little red and gold number entered the fray) was an understatement. The neckline of the gown showed just a touch of enticing cleavage and the fabric hugged Hermione's form. Her hair was tastefully done up in a loose bun, which accentuated her beautiful smile and eyes.

"Hello Harry," Hermione greeted him. "You look very handsome."

Harry tried to return the compliment by saying that she was a 'stunning vision of beauty.' Unfortunately, she was such a stunning vision of beauty that Harry found it very difficult to speak properly. The best compliment that he could voice was: "guh... uhh... muh... err.... wow!" He ended this wonderfully poetic statement with what would be best described as a soft gurgling noise.

Hermione blushed at Harry's attempted compliment and after a moment, became very serious.

"Harry, about Ron..." she began. "I think I should be the one to tell him about... us."

Harry suddenly felt very bad. He hadn't thought about Ron at all in the past two days. He dreaded how Ron would feel when he found out that Harry had gotten together with the girl he fancied. But Ron was his best mate, and in Harry's mind, he should be the one to break the news to Ron.

"No, I'll do it," Harry stated. "He's my best mate..."

"And I was the one dating him," Hermione interrupted. "I thought about this all night, Harry. I've already planned on what to tell him."

"Are you sure?" Harry asked unsure with the plan.

"Yes, I am," Hermione said confidently. "But, could you be with me when I tell him?"

"Yes, anything for you Hermione," Harry said and stroked her arm reassuringly.

A gentle cough drew the two teens' attention to Remus who was standing a few feet away from them. He had his ever-present kind and patient look in his eyes, while Tonks, who was standing arm in arm with Remus, still had that unsettling devilish look in her eyes. Harry shivered at that look and wondered when Tonks would spring into action by saying something like: "Cor, Harry, you've got some dribble on your chin... oh wait, that's just Hermione's dribble."

"If you two are ready, we'll go to Minerva's office and portkey to the Burrow," stated Remus.

After greeting McGonagall in the Headmistress' office, the group circled around an old tea kettle. McGonagall gently tapped the kettle and said "Portus."

Everyone placed their finger on the portkey and Harry prepared himself for the familiar tug behind his navel. Within seconds, Harry felt the tug of portkey travel. Everyone landed on the grassy knoll behind the Burrow with elegance and style, that is, everyone except Harry. The young wizard landed painfully on a rock; unfortunately for Harry it wasn't a rock. It was a very angry and perturbed Gnome.

"GET IT OFF OF ME!" Harry bellowed as the tiny creature tried to bite and claw at his face.

"Pestis Avolo!" Remus incanted and the pesky Gnome rocketed off of Harry's face. Hermione quickly helped Harry to his feet.

Harry gazed in wonder at the field behind the Burrow. It had been magically transformed into something out of a fairy tale. Beautiful and brightly colored flowers and plants bordered where the guests were to be seated. Scores of chairs, each one different and unique from the other, as if several people conjured them but didn't bother to try to make them look alike, were placed in rows in front of a large dais. The dais, where Harry assumed the ceremony would take place, was decorated with intricate lace curtains draped over ivory colored arches and the same colorful flowers that surrounded the guests.

"Remus? Remus Lupin is that you?" a blonde witch called out. "I haven't seen you since our days at Hogwarts!"

"Chrysanthemum Hamilton, it's been ages," Remus replied. The former Marauder turned to Harry and Hermione and said: "You two find some seats; I want to talk to Chrysanthemum and introduce Tonks."

Harry and Hermione silently took their seats in the back row of the groom's side and both watched as the guests began to trickle in. At first, they didn't recognize anyone who had shown up, most of the early guests appeared to be around Mr. and Mrs. Weasley's age. Harry heard Tonks let out a snort and a chuckle and saw that she and Remus were having a laugh while talking to the witch named Chrysanthemum.

"I'm terrified that Tonks will say something embarrassing about us," Hermione breathed in Harry's ear. "I just know she's waiting for the most opportune time for her to do it. And it'll be the most horrible moment possible for us."

Harry gulped and nodded his head in agreement.

The pair's attention was drawn toward a rather large group of people. Some of this boisterous group were carrying magical cameras while others were being very rude by shouting out questions.

"... How well do you know the bride and groom?" asked a man with a whiney tone as three flashes erupted from different cameras.

"Is it standard procedure now to attend every wedding?" a woman with a shrill voice questioned, and four more flashes went off.

"Please, show some respect!" a booming voice commanded, a voice that Harry recognized as belonging to Rufus Scrimgeour. The crowd of reporters stepped back and revealed the Minister of Magic. "Arthur Weasley has been a loyal employee for the Ministry for many years. I came by to give him and his family my regards on this wonderful day," the Minister stated, a little too mechanically, as if he had been coached to say that exact phrase. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I must go and find my seat."

The pack of reporters sulked off to stand behind the rows of chairs. A short rotund man with a walrus-like mustache pushed his way through the dejected reporters.

"What's that ponce doing here?" Hermione hissed in Harry's ear after seeing the latest arrival.

"Simple, it's a social gathering," explained Harry, sourly, "and Slughorn is nothing more than an attention whore who revels in these situations."

"Sorry about that," Remus stated as he and Tonks took the seats next to Harry. "But I haven't seen Chrysanthemum for ages. She was the

most popular girl in the year ahead of us, and we used to always prank her.”

Soft music started to play and the guest became very quiet. All eyes turned to the back row, towards the Burrow, where the bridal party would be coming out of shortly.

The first of the bride’s maids and groom’s men to exit the house was none other than Ron and Ginny. Normally Harry would’ve thought that the dress looked pretty and that the pale green color suited her. But Harry noticed that the gown had a plunging neckline that revealed her humble cleavage. During the last school year, Harry would have been aroused at such a sight. However after the epiphany where Harry realized that Ginny bore a striking resemblance to his mother, he now found the sight of Ginny’s flesh disturbing.

As the siblings walked up the isle, arm in arm, Ginny spotted Harry straight away and acted cool and aloof; as if seeing him was nothing important, something that she was almost bored with. A ridiculously wide grin stretched across Ron’s face when he saw Hermione.

“Oh, no Ron,” Hermione moaned. “Don’t do anything foolish.”

“What makes you think he’ll do anything like that?” asked Harry.

“Because he’s Ron,” Hermione answered simply.

Whereas Ginny acted cool when she saw Harry, Ron’s reaction was somewhat different; some may even be as bold as to say that his reaction was the complete opposite of cool and aloof. The red-haired wizard hopped up and down waving at the brunette witch.

“Hermione! Hermione! Hi!” Ron called out in a very, very loud stage whisper, as he continued his antics to get her attention. “You look smashing!”

Hermione groaned pitifully as nearly every guest turned their attention toward her and began to whisper and speak amongst themselves.



The next couple to walk out of the Burrow was Fred and an unknown woman, more than likely one of Fleur's friends. They were quickly followed by Charlie and Gabriele, both of whom looked striking.

Harry and Hermione turned their attention toward the bridal stage and saw that Bill had already taken his place with a Vicar standing next to him. Ron escorted Ginny to her spot on the bride's side and then walked to his position on the groom's side. When he took his place, Ron once again waved at Hermione. Harry overheard a witch a few rows ahead of them comment at Ron's wave saying; "That young man up there and the girl behind us must be very much in love."

Harry thought that Hermione looked like she was about to faint, her face was as white as a sheet and her body was completely rigid.

After Bill, Gabriele, Fred, and his partner took their places, the music changed to the wedding march. All eyes (except for three people: Ron, who couldn't take his eyes off of Hermione, Hermione, who was still frozen like she was hit with a Full Body Bind, and Harry, who kept looking worriedly between his two best friends) turned to see Fleur, who was a vision of beauty, exit the house with her father.

The Vicar gave a speech about soul mates and how Bill and Fleur were lucky enough to find such love between each other. Harry noted that Ron had a hopeful look in his eyes as he looked at Hermione while the Vicar spoke of soul mates. Hermione was still as pale and rigid as before, but Harry could actually hear her teeth grinding together. Ron was making her so nervous that Harry no longer feared that his beautiful friend would faint anymore, he was now worried that she would have an aneurism. Evidently, Hermione was very worried about the upcoming "talk" with Ron about their recent developments. That, as well as being obviously quite angry that Ron was embarrassing her, as well as himself, as he continually waved at her from the dais during the ceremony.

Harry felt that he needed to calm her down, for her own good, being so tense could not be good for her. That's when Harry remembered the section in his 'special book' on Pleasure Points. He was certain that his new-found skills could help calm Hermione down.

Harry placed the pad of his right thumb on the back of Hermione's left hand, which, according to his favorite book, was the location of one of the lesser Pleasure Points. Slowly, Harry rubbed her hand in a circular motion. After a moment, Harry started to gently push his magic through Hermione's hand. Almost instantaneously, Harry noticed that Hermione began to relax and loosen up a bit. A small smile appeared on her face that told Harry that she was appreciative of his efforts. But he could tell that Hermione was still very tense. Harry decided that to help Hermione, he needed to tap into his power core for more energy.

"Do you, Bill, take Fleur to be you wife?" asked the Vicar.

Harry found it slightly ironic that it was Hermione who was the one who first told Harry that he was an unusually powerful wizard. Judging how tense Hermione appeared, Harry needed all the help he could get to get through to her.

"I do," responded Bill with pride.

As he continued to massage her hand while pushing his magic into Hermione, Harry started to concentrate on his power core: love. He focused on happy, even loving memories about Hermione and himself. He recalled all the times she has been there for him, all the times she showed genuine concern about him, and compassion for him.

Before the Vicar could ask Fleur the same question, Hermione slumped slightly in her chair. A rosy bloom appeared on her face and exposed skin of her neck and torso. Harry took pride in being able to help Hermione relax, and he decided that it would do her some good to relax even more.

"Do you, Fleur, take Bill to be your husband?" the Vicar asked of the lovely bride.

"I do," Fleur replied with joyful tears in her eyes.

To make Hermione even more relaxed and peaceful, Harry focused his thoughts on the events of the previous morning, when he strove

so hard to give her pleasure. He remembered what she tasted like on his tongue, how wonderful her legs felt wrapped around his head, and how she called out his name when she had an orgasm. That's when Harry realized that he may have gone a little too far tapping into his power core.

The rosy bloom quickly turned into a bright red color as Hermione's breath became labored and she had to bite her lip to stop a moan of pleasure. Tiny beads of sweat blossomed all over her skin. Hermione locked eyes with Harry; the look was a combination of desire, of wishing for this feeling to continue, as well as a questioning look, as if she was asking him how he was doing this with a simple touch? A deceptively simple question, to which Harry had no answer. According to the segments of the book that he read, the Pleasure Points he decided to focus on should've only given her a little pleasure; Harry had specifically chosen the area designed to impart the pleasure equivalent to a simple kiss. But somehow, Hermione was receiving a lot more than just 'a little pleasure.' Harry was in so much shock that he didn't realize that he was still continuing to massage Hermione's hand's Pleasure Points while simultaneously pushing his love-based magic into her.

After the newly married couple had kissed, the Vicar turned to the assembled family and guests. "If you're new to a magical wedding, like some of our Muggle-born guest," he began, "I would like to explain a tradition we have. This tradition is based on the idea of community. At this time, I would like to call on any guest to speak up and give their blessings to the new couple."

Unfortunately, it was at this point that Hermione lost a bit of her self control and roughly kicked the chair in front of her. The old wizard who was occupying that chair stood up in surprise.

"Ah, Mr. Oseran," the Vicar said, indicating the old man who just stood up because Hermione had kicked his chair. "What would you like to say to the bride and groom?"

"Um... err... I... ah..." Mr. Oseran stammered. He obviously didn't have anything to say, but he couldn't just tell that to the Vicar and sit down, now could he? Unfortunately for Mr. Oseran and Mrs. Oseran,

who was mortified by her husband's following statement, the best he could come up with was "Enjoy making sprogs, you two."

Every single person in attendance drew a collective gasp at Mr. Oseran's "blessing." Although Harry was fairly certain that Fred and George found the scene to be hilarious.

"Thank you Mr. Oseran," the Vicar said, a little taken back at the old man's comment. "Would anyone else like to add their blessings?"

It was as if the fates had a personal grudge against Hermione. Because it was at this most inauspicious time that the building ecstasy hit Hermione like a rampaging Blast-Ended Skrewt.

"OH GOD, YES!" Hermione cried out at the top of her lungs.

"My, what an enthusiastic young witch!" the Vicar declared. "Please, my dear, stand up."

Hermione's face was a mask of fear and trepidation; she looked to Harry for support. Her eyes pleaded with Harry, asking him what should she do, what should she say? Harry, being the heroic wizard that he was, got up and helped her stand. Regrettably for Hermione, that's about all the support that he could muster at that time.

"I-I-I-I would like," began Hermione, unsteady in her own words. "I would like to give the couple my blessing....?" She somehow ended the statement as a question.

"Thank you, dear," the Vicar said, oblivious to what Hermione had just been through. "Anyone else?"

As another person stood up, and gave a real blessing this time, Harry and Hermione sat back down. Tonks was having some difficulty breathing; she had stuffed her fist into her mouth in an attempt to stop herself from laughing. Tears streamed down her face as she looked at the two teens. Harry knew with certainty that she would never let them live this down.

“Hermione, are you alright?” Remus asked with genuine concern in his voice. Harry noticed that the concern in his voice didn’t quite reach his eyes, though. His eyes showed something akin to mirth.

“I’m fine, Remus,” Hermione answered, obviously not noticing the mirthful look in his eyes.

After four more people gave their best wishes to Bill and Fleur, one of which was a blubbing Molly Weasley, the Vicar called an end to the ceremony by saying, “If everyone to be as so kind, please head over to the reception area.”

As a group, all the guests walked toward the area indicated and came upon another decorated field. Mind you, the entire time everyone was walking, Ron kept waving and calling out to Hermione, trying to get her attention, which only seemed to further embarrass Hermione. There was another elevated stage, much like the one where the ceremony was performed, but this stage had a long table on it. Harry assumed that the members of the bridal party were to sit there. In front of the stage was a wooden dance floor. And in front of the dance floor, dozens of tables were strewn about on the grassy field. Each of the tables had four settings and each table was beautifully decorated with flowers as their centerpiece. In the middle of the center piece, a tented piece of purple paper stood out.

“We’re over here you two,” Remus called out as he held a chair out for Tonks. Harry followed the older wizard’s example and held out a chair for Hermione. Three tables away, Harry saw Scrimgeour sit down. He wondered what such an important political figure was doing at the Weasley’s wedding.

“Why’s the Minister here, anyway?” asked Hermione, voicing Harry’s question.

“He’s probably trying to bolster public moral,” informed Tonks. “You know the drill, reinforcing the fact that we should continue with our normal lives even though there’s a war going on.”

“Did he bring any extra security?” asked Harry while he scanned the parameter of the field in hopes of finding guards.

"There has to be," stated Hermione as she too joined Harry in his visual search for security. "What if the Death Eaters attack? It would be an opportune time for it. This would be too perfect a target to pass up."

"Well, the Ministry has taken steps if such an attack happens," said Remus as he pointed out the purple flyer that was set at the middle of the center piece. Hermione picked up the flyer and Harry leaned in close so that he could read along with her.

The very official looking flyer stated:

"In case of an attack by He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named and/or his followers (Death Eaters, Werewolves, Giants, Vampires, Inferi), Harry J. Potter (AKA The-Boy-Who-Lived, The-Chosen-One, and Dumbledore's Man Through and Through) will orally stimulate Hermione J. Granger in hopes of a powerful bout of accidental magic wherein the attacking forces will be hit with a series of Hovering Charms and be rendered helpless.

If the bout of accidental magic doesn't occur, then at least our last remaining moments on this planet will be entertaining as we watch Mr. Potter and Ms. Granger in their efforts."

Harry broke out in a cold sweat. He looked at Hermione and saw that the witch was trembling and her eyes were about to pop out of her head.

"Quite ingenious actually, if you think about it" Remus stated. "Voldemort would never expect such a defense."

Remus leaned over to the table next to them and asked the grey haired wizard who was reading his own pamphlet; "What do you think about that?"

"It looks delightful," the man replied as he licked his lips hungrily.

Harry looked around him and saw that nearly every guest was pointing at the pamphlets and talking amongst themselves in jolly

tones. Harry and Hermione shared a mortified look. Without speaking to each other, they both shot out of their chairs. Hermione dashed to the left while Harry ran to the right. Harry snatched the purple parchment from an old witch's hands and quickly read it. He almost fainted when he got to the line "... will orally stimulate Hermione J. Granger..."

Looking up, Harry found a very green faced Hermione reading a copy of the pamphlet on another table. Hermione looked as if she was about to get sick, faint, and cry (maybe not in that order necessarily). With her lip trembling, Hermione looked at Harry pitifully. Harry walked up to Hermione and threw his arms around her in a comforting hug.

"Don't worry, Hermione," he said in what he hoped was a soothing manner. "We'll get through this."

"This will be worst then that time Skeeter wrote those horrible things about me," she cried miserably in his arms.

"Excuse me," the old witch that Harry had taken the pamphlet away from said in an angry tone. "But I would like my menu back!"

The woman pulled the paper from Harry's fingers and marched back to her seat muttering about how rude he was.

"Did... did she say 'menu'?" Hermione asked with her face still buried in Harry's chest.

Harry looked to the table next to them and saw a man raise the pamphlet to his mouth and state, "Roast duck, please." He handed the offending paper to the woman next to him who repeated the process and said, "Trout, please." Within seconds, delicious looking dishes of duck and fish appeared out of thin air in front of the couple.

Harry and Hermione's attention was drawn back to their table as they heard riotous laughter. They saw Tonks doubled over, pounding her fist on the table as she snorted in an as unladylike way as possible. Remus, too, was howling with laughter. For a second, Harry wondered what could make Tonks and Remus laugh during this very

upsetting time for both Harry and Hermione. Their lives were ruined, and the Metamorphmagus and the former Marauder were laughing like...

The former Marauder...

Harry released Hermione and stomped over to Remus growling, "You son of a..."

To be continued.



## Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

### Chapter Five

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions. Also, this is my first smut-ish fic.

Chapter Five Summary: Things get revealed at the reception... along with Harry and Hermione's relationship.

"Harry, what's going on?" Hermione implored while tugging on Harry's arm as he stomped over to the laughing duo of Remus and Tonks. "What did that old witch mean about a menu? And why are those two laughing?"

"Because HE..." Harry hissed and pointed an accusing finger at Lupin, "is a Marauder!"

"He... he..." stammered Hermione while looking between Harry and Remus. "He pranked us?" she asked of Harry. Before he could respond, she turned to Remus and asked, "You pranked us?"

"Guilty as charged," confessed Remus in-between peals of laughter.

"You... You lousy prat!" Hermione shouted, her face twisted with rage. "You nearly gave me a heart attack!"

Harry was about to join Hermione in her tirade when he noticed her features soften. Her rage-filled expression transformed into the same look she had at the beginning of every class they shared. The look clearly showed her desire of learning something new.

"How did you do it?" pleaded Hermione.

“By discretely placing Confundus Charm on the two of you before we sat down,” Remus stated, finally controlling his laughter. Tonks, however, continued to laugh hysterically. In fact, Harry thought that she appeared to be on the edge of soiling herself.

“But a Confundus doesn’t work that way-” Hermione began to interject.

“That’s why I applied Pilliwickle’s Theory to the charm,” informed Remus.

“That can’t be right, either. Pilliwickle’s Theory only relates to Memory Charms...” Hermione began to argue, but trailed off as she suddenly got a look on her face as if she was doing complex long division in her head. After a moment, she announced her understanding with a simple, “Oh, yes, that could work.”

Harry picked up Hermione’s dropped anger, “You still nearly gave us heart attacks!” He was still mad at his former DADA professor for the prank. Harry was also a little mad because he had no idea who Pilliwickle was nor any theory named for him so he felt left out of Hermione and Remus’ discussion which made him a touch bitter. “We thought everyone saw what we saw!”

“It was better than what Tonks had planned for you,” Remus defended himself, and Tonks abruptly stopped her riotous laughter. “She wanted to hook up a magical projector to a Pensieve and show everyone here in attendance just what it was that she saw yesterday morning.”

The two teens gasped at the mental image of a holographic rendition of themselves hovering over the reception party; their naked bodies intertwined for everyone to see. Harry realized that if Tonks had done just that, quite a large contingent of the wedding party would be shocked to say the least. He reckoned that the motherly Mrs. Weasley would faint, Ginny would more than likely sob, and Ron’s face would become red with rage. However, Harry imagined that Fred and George’s reaction would be more along the lines of “Nice form mate,” and “Didn’t you get a crick in you neck doing that?” Both Harry

and Hermione turned their attention to Tonks. The eternally pink-haired Auror recoiled at the visible anger in the two teens' eyes.

Harry and Hermione's verbal assault on Tonks for her loathsome plan was prematurely aborted when a lanky red-head wizard stepped in Harry's way and blithely said, "Hi, Harry!"

Ron, after greeting Harry, turned his attention to Hermione. Ron's face got very red and a hopeful glint shined in his eyes. "Hello there, Hermione," he greeted in what he assumed to be a seductive manner. Harry thought it would've been more seductive if Ron hadn't stammered and even more so if his voice didn't hitch and crack slightly.

Behind him, Harry could hear Hermione make a small "eep" noise out of panic. The bespectacled wizard forgot his anger toward Remus and Tonks as he looked at his two best friends. Ron, his best mate, was obviously very happy, for he was literally hopping in place as he looked at the brunette witch. Hermione, however, looked like she was on the verge of a stroke-inducing panic attack.

Harry remembered that Hermione wanted to be the one who told Ron about their newfound relationship, and that she said that she had an intricate plan on exactly what to say and how to tell him. She probably had even gone as far as to draw diagrams in her daily planner. But the look in Hermione's eyes told Harry that not only did she forget what she had planned to tell Ron, but that she was about four steps beyond nervous, well into terror territory.

Hermione looked between Harry and Ron nervously, once, then twice, but on the third nervous glance, she spotted something in the distance. Harry followed her eyes to a small, furry, purple creature, sitting on a low wall near the house. It took Harry a moment to recognize it as Arnold, Ginny's pet Pygmy Puff. Hermione tore her eyes away from Arnold to stare at Ron. A very long and silent moment later, Hermione looked back at Arnold and with a hint of panic in her voice, announced, "Oooh, look a tribble!" She then promptly scurried away like a frightened mouse toward Arnold, leaving Harry alone with Ron.

“What’s a tribble?” asked Ron, who looked a little perplexed but was still hopping in place like an idiot.

“It’s a Muggle thing,” Harry answered simply as he saw Hermione pet, in an almost frantic way, the brightly colored creature.

“Whatever. Anyway, you owe me, mate,” Ron declared as he playfully thumped Harry on the shoulder. Although the thump was less “playful” and more “painful”; apparently among many things in his life, Ron didn’t know his own strength.

“Owe you for what?” Harry asked as he rubbed his soon to be bruised shoulder.

“You owe me for interrupting a perfect moment,” began Ron. “When you Owled Hermione the other day asking her for help, I was about to ‘dodge the second bludger’, if you know what I mean.” Ron concluded this statement with a saucy wink. At that moment in time, Harry realized that he would be more than content if he never saw Ron give him a “saucy wink” ever again. It was even more disturbing having his best male friend give him a “saucy wink” than it was when McGonagall had given him the “saucy smile.”

“No,” Harry answered trying not to shudder at the inappropriate wink, “I don’t know what you mean. Not in the slightest.”

“You know...” Ron said impishly and made a rather rude hand gesture as if he was cupping a breast, either that or kneading dough - Harry wasn’t too certain.

“Oh,” Harry replied. He was stunned. He and Ron never spoke before about things like fondling boobs, especially Hermione’s boobs. Ron, being Ron and not noticing Harry’s stunned expression, walked over to the table where Tonks and Remus were at and sat down in Hermione’s vacant seat. As Ron picked up the purple pamphlet, he gestured for Harry to sit next to him.

“Beef stew, blood pudding, grilled heron, and spotted dick,” Ron stated clearly to the menu. After four plates with copious amounts of

food piled on them appeared in front of Ron, he handed the pamphlet to Harry. "Eat up, Harry."

Harry looked at the pamphlet once more. Unfortunately all he could see was the same practical joke that Remus had engineered. His eyes involuntarily focused on the phrase: "... will orally stimulate Hermione J. Granger..."

"Ugh, I don't care much for the heron at all," Ron said as he pushed one of the plates away from him. "But I heard the trout's supposed to be pretty good."

"Oh, I know Harry likes red snatch-er, whoops slip of the tongue," Tonks said with far too much emphasis on "snatch" and "tongue" and still had that damned devilish look in her eyes. "I meant to say 'red snapper'."

Harry groaned pitifully at Tonks' crude behavior and Remus deftly changed subjects before Ron caught on. Of course, knowing Ron, the only way the red-haired wizard would catch on is if Harry explained Tonks' statement by saying "Tonks caught me eating out your girlfriend." He tends to be a bit slow you see.

"So Ron, what have you been doing with your holiday?" the not-so-former-Maurader-because-he's-still-pranking asked

"There's not much to say," Ron responded, "except for me and Hermione getting together."

"What?" Remus and Tonks blurted in unison. They looked at Harry questioningly. Apparently, they didn't know that Hermione and Ron had started dating around Dumbledore's funeral (which, Harry thought unflatteringly, as everyone knows, is a great place to pick up birds). Nor did they know that Hermione soon realized that she and Ron had absolutely nothing in common, whereas she and Harry had a great deal in common. With a simple shrug of his shoulders, Harry tried to tell them this all, and more importantly to Harry, just how perfect and special Hermione made him feel.

"Yeah," replied Ron to the two so-called adults' query, oblivious to Harry's non-verbal interchange with Remus and Tonks. "We were getting to know each other in a 'more than friends' way, if you know what I mean. But then Harry had to ruin the moment because he needed Hermione for something."

"Oh," Tonks said aloud, as if it all made sense to her now. Which of course, judging by the confused look she had on her face, it didn't.

"Excuse me, everyone," Charlie announce from the head table, inadvertently putting an end to Ron's awkward conversation. "It is my privilege as Best Man to introduce to you Mr. and Mrs. William Weasley!" The guests all clapped and cheered as Bill and Fleur walked onto the dance floor. "Let's watch the happy couple as they take their first dance as man and wife!"

Screeching music started to play, although Harry wasn't able to determine where it came from. The Bride and Groom began to waltz elegantly around the dance floor.

"I can't wait to dance with Hermione," Ron declared while scanning the crowd, trying to find the witch in question.

"Don't you know you have to dance with Ginny first?" Remus asked, attempting to diffuse the increasingly tense situation.

"Dance with my sister?" Ron retorted scathingly. "We're not Welsh!"

Remus sighed dejectedly before continuing: "The first dance is for the Bride and Groom. Everyone joins the new couple for the second dance. However, the members of the Bridal Party have to dance with their partners first."

"But who'll dance with Hermione while I-" Ron began to weakly argue his case to which Harry responded a bit too quickly and too energetically:

"I'LL DO IT!" he shouted.

“Thanks Harry, I knew I could count on you.” Ron said proudly as he, again, playfully thumped Harry on the shoulder. “Well, I guess I’d better go find Ginny,” Ron continued as he stood up. He turned to Harry and pointed at the shorter wizard and threatened him in a mocking way, “Now, don’t you go and try to steal my girl now!”

“Okay, I won’t...” Harry whimpered pathetically. Giving Harry the “thumbs up” signal, Ron turned and went to find his sister.

Harry looked at Remus and Tonks who both still looked like they were in shock. With a weak shrug towards Remus and Tonks, Harry left the table to find Hermione.

It didn’t take Harry long to find her. He found Hermione by the low wall with Arnold, the Pygmy Puff. She seemed to have her entire focus on Arnold and was still petting him; one could even describe her motions as “pathological petting.”

“Hey, you okay?” Harry cooed as he walked up to her.

“I’m so sorry, Harry,” Hermione began, still petting the useless tribble-like creature. “I had it all planned out: what to say to him and how I’d say it. But when I saw him, I completely froze up.”

“S’okay, I know how that feels,” said Harry. “Would you like for me to tell him?”

“No, I should be the one...” Hermione replied. “I’m just waiting for the proper time to do it. I don’t think it would be good to tell him here. Could you imagine the scene that he would cause?”

“Maybe we’ll tell him tomorrow, then” suggested Harry, to which Hermione replied with a nod. In the distance, Harry heard the song for the first dance end. “Would you care to dance?”

Hermione blushed slightly before responding: “I thought you’d never ask.”

The two quietly made their way to the dance floor. Slow pleasant music filled the air (though to Harry, it was still a little screechy like all

wizarding music). Harry took Hermione in his arms and began to dance. They danced in slow circles around the floor, passing Remus and Tonks who were lost in each others eyes.

"They seem so happy together," Hermione commented while they watched the older couple. "As if they were made for each other."

"Yeah," agreed Harry. "Who saw that coming? I don't even recall them even sharing a conversation last year."

After Harry and Hermione had slowly danced away from Tonks and Remus, Hermione said to Harry in a dulcet tone: "You do realize we'll have to get them back for that prank, don't you?"

"Oh, yeah," replied Harry in an equally sweet manner.

The next couple they saw dancing were Mr. and Mrs. Weasley.

"Oh, Hermione dear," Mrs. Weasley said as they danced closer to Harry and Hermione. "Thank you so very much for that impassioned blessing you gave earlier."

"Err... um... " stammered Hermione, very embarrassed at the memory of her outburst earlier. "You're welcome, Ma'am."

The two teens glided across the floor, away from the Weasleys.

"Speaking of the 'blessing'..." Hermione began. "How did you do that?"

"How'd I do what?" Harry asked as innocently as he could.

Hermione got up on her toes so that she could whisper in his ear; "Make me have a screaming orgasm just by touching my hand?"

"Oh, that," Harry muttered. He was hesitant to tell Hermione about his 'special book' because he knew that Hermione would want to take the book from him so she could read it for herself (she was like that when it came to books). And he was still reading it. So Harry resolved to himself that he would keep the book a secret just a bit longer and



came up with a feeble excuse. "I didn't do anything, it must've been nerves."

"'Nerves'?" she asked disbelievingly. Hermione then added in an alluring way; "Well that's too bad. I was sooo hoping it was something that you did, because then I could repay you in kind. But seeing how it was just 'nerves' on my part..."

"Repay me how?" Harry asked, losing a bit of his resolve due to Hermione's tone.

"Why should I repay you if you did nothing?" she asked rhetorically. Hermione then did something very unexpected. While biting her lip, she pulled away from Harry slightly and tugged the front of her gown down a touch so the top of a very exciting looking black lacy bra, along with a nice expansive view of her cleavage, was revealed. Upon seeing the top edge of the aforementioned bra, let alone the sight of the wondrous flesh, Harry's resolve of secrecy was completely forgotten. As a matter of fact, his resolve wasn't the only thing he forgot; he also happened to forget his own name.

It was at this point that 'Harry, Jr.' woke up and took over those pesky thought processes for Harry. The fifth appendage poked Hermione in the hip as if to inform her that her plan to get Harry to tell her his secret had worked.

"I found a boob... uh boo... book. I um mean I uh found a book in the um restricted section..." Harry rambled in a monotone as a little bit of drool threatened to escape his mouth.

Hermione pushed her bosom against Harry's chest, causing her breasts to push up and almost ('Harry, Jr.' seemed to pray) out of her gown.

"Can I see this book later?" Hermione asked, knowing the answer. She knew the answer already because she playfully ground her hips into 'Harry, Jr.', causing the organ to swell even more. This action assured the proper response.

But before Harry could groan out a primal and heartfelt “yes,” he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned and saw two mops of flaming red hair.

“Mind if we cut in?” Ron asked. Before Harry could respond, Hermione was torn from his grasp and was quickly replaced with the girl who physically resembled his mother!

Harry looked to Hermione for a plan; she was after all the smartest witch in their generation. She could easily formulate a plan to get him out of the predicament of a slow dance with the girl who physically resembled his mother! Alas, Hermione had the same look of desperation in her eyes as well. Hermione quickly disappeared into the crowd with the lumbering red-headed lummo.

Ginny started out by going up on her toes to whisper in Harry’s ear “I hope you don’t mind, but I plan on using this dance to change your mind about us.” Right after she finished her statement, Ginny attempted the same tactic Hermione had tried just moments before. She shoved her chest into Harry’s in an attempt to show off her meager cleavage and shortly there after began to grind her boyish hips into his.

Normally, Harry would have been mortally embarrassed because Ginny would have noticed ‘Harry, Jr.’. She would have noticed because the bugger was, just previously, fully awake and raring to play “hide-and-seek” with Hermione. Luckily for Harry though, when he saw the girl who looked like his mum shove her boobs into his chest, ‘Harry, Jr.’ instantly lost all interest. But to say that the organ simply “lost interest” was a bit of an understatement. It would be more to the point to say that ‘Harry, Jr.’ lost so much interest that he grabbed his luggage and went on a little holiday to visit one of his relatives up north, the spleen.

“C’mon Harry,” Ginny implored in a throaty tone as her hand slid down his back, inching her way to his bum. “You know I could make you a very, very happy man...”

“Um, Ginny...” squeaked Harry. “I really don’t think...” The young wizard broke out in a cold sweat and tried to force himself to tell the girl who looked like his mother that he was no longer (thanks be to

every possible deity) interested in her. He thought that he was doing a fairly decent job at it as well, seeing how he was succeeding in fighting the urge to run away. He was successful that is until Ginny licked her lips ravenously and squeezed his arse.

That's when all of Harry's remaining cool fled from him. With a manly shout of "GAH!", Harry smacked the shiny haired girl's hand away from his posterior and ran like a frightened child. Ginny was left standing dumbfounded in the middle of the dance floor as Harry pushed his way through the crowd. He desperately needed air, he felt like he was suffocating. As he reached the edge of the dance floor, a panting Harry noticed Ron walking up to him.

"You okay, mate?" Ron asked as he took his place besides Harry. "You look like you were attacked by a vicious, bloodthirsty beast."

"Practically," answered Harry, finding Ron's analogy somewhat fitting.

"Well, it looks like we both have to sit the next dance out," Ron continued while Harry tried to catch his breath. "Hermione's mental, I tell you. We were just talking about stuff then she tells me that she wants to talk about us. And I thought that was a great idea and I told her what I'd like to do to her later..." Ron ended his eloquent statement by making the same rude "kneading dough" gesture from before. "Then she sees Arnold again and runs off talking about 'troubles'."

"Tribbles," Harry corrected.

"I'd just like to start off where we left off the other day, is all." Ron whined. "It was great, Harry," Ron stated in an overzealous tone. "We were in my room when we started to snog..."

Harry remembered Hermione's recollections of that day and realized that Ron was embellishing a bit.

"... she then moaned in my ear 'you're so wonderful, Ron'..."

It was this point that Harry realized that his friend wasn't just embellishing a bit, he was utterly delusional! Harry desperately

wanted to tell Ron about his and Hermione's relationship so Ron wouldn't embarrass himself further, but he knew that Hermione wanted to be the one who broke the news to him.

"I know I shouldn't tell you this Harry, seeing how you're single now and you'll get jealous but," Ron beamed with masculine pride. "... I felt her up! It was fantastic! It's like I'm a man now!"

Harry wanted to yell at him: 'Fondling? Big Deal! You didn't even see her even a little naked, I saw her very naked! And tasted her very naked, too, thank you very much!'

"Mind you, I do prefer blondes," Ron said as he stared dumbly at Fleur, who was standing behind Luna Lovegood as the two girls waited to pour themselves their drinks from the bar. "Maybe I could get Hermione to dye her hair?"

"I like her hair the way it is!" Harry protested. "It's a part of who she is!"

"I thought you liked red-heads, like Ginny?" Ron questioned roughly, taken back at Harry's impassioned tone. Harry shuddered at the memory of running his fingers through Ginny's red hair, the same hair color as his mother's!

Harry shook his head in an attempt to rid his mind of those disturbing images and looked up and saw that Hermione had joined the line to get a drink.

"I knew you'd be jealous," Ron stated.

"I'm not jealous..." Harry began to argue when he saw Ginny sneak up behind Hermione as she approached the bar for her own drink. The red haired witch pulled a small glass vial out of her robes and inconspicuously poured its contents into Hermione's cup. Obviously, Hermione didn't see Ginny or notice the younger witch pour the mysterious liquid into her cup, because Hermione filled the tampered cup up with pumpkin juice and started to raise it to her lips. Terror coursed through Harry at the thought of Hermione drinking whatever it was that Ginny had poured into her cup!

Harry reacted purely on instinct. He whipped out his wand and shouted in a clear and very loud voice, "ACCIO HERMIONE'S CUP!"

Now, something strange happened. Harry clearly stated that he wanted to Summon Hermione's cup, but for some odd reason, his magic misunderstood him. Instead of Summoning Hermione's drink cup like he had commanded, Harry's magic Summoned Hermione's B-cups.

With a sound of tearing fabric, Hermione's lacey, black bra flew from her bosom and into Harry's waiting hand. Harry gulped when he saw Hermione's shocked and angry expression. He gulped because he saw her wondrous boobs as well. Hermione quickly recovered and grabbed the fragments of her dress and covered her exposed flesh. Luckily, everyone's attention had been on Harry because he had shouted, and no one saw Hermione's embarrassment. Everyone that is except for Ron.

"Merlin," Ron muttered out in a stunned tone, "I think I saw one of her nipples..."

A small part of Harry's brain internally pondered on what Ron had said and asked, 'Did he see 'Carmella' or 'Natasha'?'

The one positive effect of this disastrous event was that Hermione had dropped her drink that had been spiked by Ginny. Of course the main effect of this disastrous event wasn't positive and it could possibly lead to Harry's death. Or even worse, never seeing Hermione naked again! This negative effect was Hermione's rage, and it was directed at Harry. The raven-haired wizard gulped once more, this time in plain fear, under the icy gaze coming from his definitely more-than-a-friend friend.

Recovering his senses, Harry quickly pointed his wand at Ginny and shouted "ACCIO GINNY'S VIAL!" The small glass container popped out of Ginny's pocket and flew into Harry's waiting hand, the same hand that was still holding Hermione's enticing bra, mind you.

Harry stormed up to Ginny and shoved his left hand in her face while pointing his wand at her with his right. "What is this?" Harry demanded loudly.

"Err... Hermione's bra..." Ginny offered innocently, as if she had done nothing wrong.

"No, not that," Harry spat as he pulled the undergarment out of his hand and discreetly pocketed it (he reckoned that if the "Accio" incident was going to ruin his chances with Hermione, at least he would have a souvenir). He then shoved the glass vial in the red head's face and demanded: "What is this?"

"N- Nothing," Ginny defended, "it's just water."

A large group of people, including Mr. and Mrs. Weasley and Slughorn, had gathered around to see what the commotion was all about.

"Pardon, if I may?" Horace Slughorn offered as he walked up to Harry. The younger, skinnier wizard handed the vial to the older, obese wizard. Slughorn held the vial up to his nose and inhaled deeply. A surprised look appeared on his face. "Oho, this is a Lust Potion... what are you planning on doing my dear?" he asked, turning to Ginny.

"A Lust Potion?" Hermione asked, "Harry, what was she doing?"

"She poured this into your drink," explained Harry and all the color from Hermione's face drained away.

"It was... It was only a joke," stated Ginny.

"My dear, a Lust Potion isn't something to trifle with," Slughorn said gravely. "It causes the person who drinks it to lose all of their inhibitions when it comes to physical passions. It's very similar to Love Potions if only much milder in its duration..."

Harry suddenly recalled the conversation he had with Hermione a few days ago; she had said that she had acted strangely the previous school year, that she "felt compelled" to start dating. Then a question

hit Harry, was the reason Hermione had “felt compelled” to date Ron and her strange behavior during the last year all because Ginny had poisoned her?

“How many times have you poisoned her?” Harry demanded.

“Just this once,” Ginny stated in a very convincing way. “I told you it was just a joke!”

“That’s a very sick idea of a joke, young lady,” Molly chastised her as Hermione looked like she was about to break down and start sobbing. At first, Harry believed Ginny’s statement that she had only done it once and was about to drop his line of questioning when another realization dawned upon him. He remembered two years ago, when he had arrived at Grimmauld Place and saw first-hand how Ginny could lie in a very convincing manner. He recalled that he thought at the time that she would make a good actress because of her ability to lie. ‘She was a good liar!’

Harry suddenly realized that he couldn’t trust Ginny’s word, not when it came to Hermione’s well being. He had to see if Ginny had been poisoning Hermione; he had to do it for Hermione’s sake.

Harry realized that he would have to force the truth out of Ginny somehow and he only knew of two ways of doing that. The first was to use Veritaserum, but that potion was regulated by the Ministry and he doubted that he could get his hands on it. The other way was fairly dangerous, and he had not been trained in it at all; he had only been trained how to defend himself from it. But he had to see if Ginny was lying, he had to do it for Hermione.

Once more, Harry leveled his wand at Ginny and declared, “Legilimens!”

A migraine inducing swarm of images and emotions flooded Harry’s brain. Image after image flew past him, like he was watching some horribly edited film. Harry forced himself to concentrate on Ginny’s thoughts and images relating to Hermione and potions. The first dozen images that rushed by Harry dealt with Hermione tutoring Ginny with her Potion Essays. But then, he saw an image of

Hermione in Muggle clothes at the Burrow and saw Ginny indiscreetly pour contents of a glass vial into Hermione's tea cup. The last image Harry saw before breaking the connection was a repeat performance from just moments before, when both Ginny and Hermione were standing in line, waiting for a drink.

Harry lowered his wand and fell to his knees; his brain felt like it was threatening to pop out of his skull in the most horrific and gruesome way possible. Ginny, by the looks of it, was suffering from a similar headache.

The group that had gathered around was staring at Harry and Ginny in stunned silence.

"When did you give her that first dosage?" Harry asked. A scowl appeared on Ginny's face at Harry's question. Harry asked again: "You gave her the Lust Potion sometime ago. When was it?"

"A few days ago, when you Owled her for help," Ginny replied through gritted teeth.

Harry heard Hermione gasp aloud. He turned to face her and saw that she had tears streaming down her face. "Hermione...." began Harry. Hermione looked at Harry with absolute terror in her eyes. Before Harry could do anything, Hermione dashed toward the Burrow. Tonks and Remus quickly gave chase.

"Hermione, wait!" Harry implored and began to follow her when a small hand grabbed him by his arm.

"Don't you want to know why I did it?" Ginny asked, her face twisted with anger. "I did it so my lummo of a brother and that Know-it-all would finally hook up. Merlin knows he needs all the help he can get. But I did it because I needed to get Hermione out of the way, so we could be together. She's the only girl you've ever talk to," Ginny continued.

"Have you ever asked yourself why that is?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, it tells me that you need to talk to more girls," retorted Ginny.



"No, it should tell you that I'm in love with her!" exclaimed Harry and a collective gasp emanated from the crowd. Along with the gasps, several dozen flashes went off as the photographers who had accompanied the reporters to the wedding took pictures. Many of the reporters were muttering about the scoop of the year while scribbling notes down on bits of parchment. A moment later, a number of these reporters apparated away, obviously to write up articles on The Chosen One's love life. A wave of anxiety washed over Harry as he realized that his outburst would more likely than not end up as front page news.

"You're in what with who?" Ron sputtered.

Harry paused before answering, as he did a bit of soul searching. For the past few days, while he and Hermione spent more time together than ever before (and some of that was 'naked time'), he hadn't really bothered to try and define his feelings for her. Even though the outburst was unintentional; it felt natural; it was something Harry had wanted to say for a long time. It felt right saying it, and it made Harry happy, the happiest he had been in a long time.

"I said that I'm in love with Hermione," repeated Harry.

"But you can't be in love with Hermione," argued Ron. "You love Ginny"

"No, I don't," Harry responded.

"Of course you do. It's the way it's supposed to be."

"Ron, look at her," Harry stated while pointing at Ginny. "She looks like my mother!"

"So, what does that...?" Ron began to debate but then stopped and looked at his sister. Slowly, his eyes started to bulge as the realization that his best mate appeared to have had an Oedipus Complex sunk in Ron's mind. "Eww, that's just wrong..."

"Tell me about it," agreed Harry as he unsuccessfully tried to repress a shudder.

"Hey, I'm standing right here!" Ginny shouted.

"But that doesn't matter," Ron continued, obviously getting over his shock of finally noticing that Harry and Ginny's relationship was sick and twistedly wrong. "Hermione's still my girl!"

"How can that be Ron?" asked Harry. "You find her boring and a nag. She finds you lazy and pig-headed. She loves to learn and read; the last thing you read that wasn't assigned to read for a class was a Quidditch Playbook. Even then you didn't really read it, you merely looked at the pictures. The only thing you two have in common is your constant bickering!"

"But isn't squabbling a sign of a good relationship?" Ron asked.

"Yes," replied Harry, dripping in scorn. "In poorly written Muggle comedic films... not in real life! In real life, at best it's a sign of an impending break-up. At worst, it's nothing more than emotional abuse. Because of the arguments you both have, it's obvious you two don't respect each other. Damn it, respect is the best foundation for a good relationship, not fighting! Hermione and I respect each other. We also have more in common than you ever did with her."

"But that isn't fair," Ron continued. "You get everything, Harry! Fame, fortune, and now you want the girl, too?"

"Wait a tic," interrupted Harry, his anger growing. "Do I have to point out to you that the only reason I have 'fame and fortune' is because a very mean man murdered my family simply because he was trying to kill me?"

"Oh, well, yeah, but..." Ron answered dumbly. "You've got me there..."

"And do I also have to point out that because of that 'killing my family' thing I grew up in an abusive household? And because of that 'mean

man trying to kill me' thing, I've been pursued and attacked by every bad guy in the British Isles?"

"But that doesn't mean you can get the girl..."

"Yes, it does!" Harry yelled. "After all the pain and crap I've gone through, I deserve a little happiness! Besides, I'm the hero... that entitles me to the girl!"

"What does that make me then?" Ron spat. "The side kick?"

"Um..." Harry hesitated before answering, "...well, yeah, kind of."

Ron bellowed out a curse and he stormed off toward the row of trees behind the Burrow.

"If you're the 'hero' and Ron's the 'side kick'," Ginny seethed, her anger flowing off of her skin. "What does that make me?"

"I don't know, Ginny," stated Harry. "Right now, based on your actions, I'd have to say you're nothing more than a crazed stalker!"

Ginny huffed angrily and promptly followed Ron to the trees.

"Harry," Mr. Weasley calmly said trying to diffuse the sticky situation. "I think it's best if you leave for now. Just let them calm down for a while."

Harry knew he was right; this was not the time to try to mend his friendship with Ron. Hopefully, he would be able to do it later.

Dejectedly, Harry headed to the Burrow where he found Tonks and Lupin waiting for him.

"Do you know where Hermione went?" asked Harry.

"She was a bit... distraught when she came in here," Tonks stated.

"So we made her a Portkey to take her back to the Gryffindor Common Room," Remus concluded.

Harry paused lost in his thoughts. He was torn between either running to Hermione to see if she was okay or leaving her alone for a bit so that she could think this through. He really didn't know what to do; he had never been in a situation like this before. He knew Hermione was hurting, but he didn't know if or how he could help her. He then thought of Remus, surely he had been through something like this. Maybe he could give Harry some advice on what to do. Harry turned to Remus, but before he could ask the older wizard for advice, Remus spoke up.

"And we happened to make a similar Portkey for you as well," Remus said while pointing to an old shoe lying on the table next to Harry.

"Thank you," Harry said and shook Remus' hand.

"Good luck, Harry," said Tonks.

Harry touched the Portkey and a second later, he crashed onto the floor of the Gryffindor Common Room. Brushing himself off as he stood up, Harry looked around the room in a fruitless attempt to find Hermione.

"Hermione!" he called out but no one answered. He then tried again, "HERMIONE!"

After a moment or two, Harry finally heard a muffled response coming from the girls' dormitory. "Go away, Harry. I want to be left alone."

Somehow, Harry knew that even though she had said she had wanted to be alone, she wanted desperately to be held by him. But he couldn't go up the stairs leading to her room because of that pesky "No boys allowed" rule that the founders placed on the stairs. He knew from experience that the moment he placed a foot on the stairs, they would magically change into a slide and an alarm would sound, making it impossible for him to climb them. So the only way Harry could get up to Hermione is if he flew.

Luckily, it only took Harry a mere three minutes to remember that he had his broom up in his room (this realization came after he had tried

to unsuccessfully Transfigure himself into a bird twice). He rushed to his room and pulled his Firebolt out of his trunk. After hopping on the broom, Harry rocketed out of his room, down the stairs, through the Common Room, and over the stairs leading to the girls' rooms. Of course he didn't know which room was Hermione's because he had never been there before. So Harry listened for the muffled cries of Hermione. He heard her sobs coming from the third door on the right. Harry softly knocked on the door before entering.

He found her curled up on her bed. Hermione slowly looked up and into Harry's face. Tears had stained her cheeks, but she had a determined look in her eyes.

"H-Harry, I don't think we should be together any more..." Hermione forced herself to say.

"What? Why?" Harry stammered, shocked at Hermione's revelation.

"Because I'm afraid what we... have, it isn't real," explained Hermione. "Ginny spiked my tea before I came to visit you the other day and I practically molested you because of it."

"So what?" Harry retorted.

"So, the Lust Potion obviously affected me and my actions..."

"How long would the effects last?" asked Harry.

"It depends," answered Hermione, falling back into her safe routine of being the one with the answers. "Usually only a few hours..."

"So you were under the influence of the Potion when you..." Harry began and paused slightly at the memory of Hermione giving 'Harry, Jr.' a hand shake. "When you jumped me?"

"Yes," replied Hermione.

"What about later that night when we were in the library?"

"Probably not, but there is still a chance I was still under its effects."

“Even if you were, what about later? Were you still affected by the potion when you gave me my... err... birthday present? That was two days after you got the potion.”

“That isn’t the point, Harry!” Hermione exclaimed.

“Why not?”

“Because, I wouldn’t have done that thing the first time without being under the effects of the potion,” she said and looked guiltily at her hand. “And even though the Lust Potion was out of my system after that, I don’t think I would’ve done those... things with you if I hadn’t... molested you first.”

“So what you’re saying is that Ginny unintentionally got us together.” Harry surmised.

“Yes... what... no?” responded Hermione, obviously confused with Harry’s train of thought.

“Listen,” Harry began and he walked over to where Hermione was still laying. “Ginny gave you that potion so you’d relax your inhibitions and get together with Ron. But before the effects of the dosing kicked in, I had Owled you for help. You came over to help me, so the effects of the potion kicked in when you and I were talking.”

“Yes, that’s my point!” Hermione announced.

“Let me ask you a question,” Harry continued. “If I hadn’t Owled you and you ended up doing... things with Ron, would you have continued to be intimate with him after the potion wore off?”

“It’s impossible to say now,” answered Hermione. “I can’t tell you what I would’ve done if the situation was different.”

“Yes, you can,” Harry interrupted. “Do you honestly believe that you would’ve stayed with Ron, bearing in mind that you two argue constantly and have absolutely nothing in common?”

"No, probably not," Hermione replied honestly.

"And yet you've stayed with me," Harry continued. "Why is that?"

Hermione hesitated as she looked deep into Harry's eyes, obviously afraid to answer.

"Let me tell you why," Harry stated. "It's because you and I have something special, something that goes beyond lust. Remember, according to Slughorn, the potion only lowered your inhibitions. It would not have made you do anything that you weren't already wanting, at least subconsciously. If you had felt nothing for me, there's no way Ginny's Lust Potion would have created these feelings. The end result is just that you acted on your impulses rather than trying to make up reasons why you shouldn't have done anything. And I thank God that you did make the move; I have to tell you I was too afraid of scaring you away. I wouldn't be the same person if you weren't there for me. And I don't think I ever want to try not having you with me."

Taking her hands in his, Harry gently guided Hermione off the bed so that she was standing in front of her. Harry let go of her hands and softly cupped her face in his hands.

"I can honestly say Hermione..." Harry began and leaned in close to her so that his mouth hovered over her delicate lips. "that I am deeply and sincerely in love with you."

Harry let Hermione gasp in surprise before sealing his lips over hers. He poured all of his love, all of his being, into the kiss. He had hoped it was the type of kiss that would make Hermione's toes curl. Apparently, Harry's tactic had worked because Hermione moaned into his mouth and she threw her arms around his neck. His hands slid from her face, his left arm wrapped around her body, pulling her closer to him. He ran his right hand through her hair so that he could cradle her head.

After what seemed like hours, the two pulled away from each others' mouths and rested their foreheads against one another.

“Oh, Harry,” Hermione said softly. “How could I have doubted what we have?”

“Just don’t let it happen again, love.” Harry said, attempting at injecting a touch of humor.

“I love you too Harry,” breathed Hermione. “And I love your hands on my bottom,” Hermione giggled. She said the word “bottom” like it was a dirty naughty thing that deserved to be spanked. Harry thought it was a request for him to squeeze her bum, but before he could comply, he was stopped when Hermione literarily purred and said, “Do it again, Harry.”

‘Again?’ This puzzled the young wizard, since his hands were nowhere near her bum. In fact, his left arm was still wrapped around her body and his right was somewhat tangled in her bushy hair. Harry look down at Hermione’s backside (something that he discovered that he liked to do) and saw that an old, wrinkly, and somewhat transparent hand was firmly attached to his girlfriend’s bum Harry’s eyes slowly followed up the transparent arm and into the smiling face of Godric Gryffindor.

“What Cheer, Harry?” the ghost greeted Harry and promptly gave another squeeze to Hermione’s pert bottom. “Thought you needed a hand.”

To be continued!



## Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

### Chapter Six

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Six Summary: The Scavenger Hunt... err... the search for the Horcruxes begins! In order to locate the Horcruxes, Harry and Hermione use their inner-eye, that and Hermione gets something in her eye.

An ungodly scream erupted from Hermione as she discovered that it was Godric Gryffindor who was fondling her arse. In a combination of disgust and panic, Hermione tried to flee from the ancient and lecherous ghost. Unfortunately for Hermione's impromptu escape plan, Harry's right hand was still tangled in her bushy hair which forced her to unwillingly attempt to drag him along with her. More unfortunately though, Harry was much heavier than she was. With a resounding crash, Harry and Hermione crumpled to the floor. The couple landed in an unnatural and uncomfortable pile, with Harry on top. Thankfully though, this led to Harry's hand becoming untangled from Hermione's hair.

"Ooh," Gryffindor exclaimed. "That had to hurt."

Groaning, Hermione tried to wriggle free from Harry's body and tangled limbs. But, she did a little too good of a job wriggling. You see, because of their awkward positions and that pesky thing called gravity, Harry's crotch was firmly pressed against Hermione's shapely bottom. And Hermione's squirming caused 'Harry, Jr.' to wake up, and very quickly as well. Hermione obviously felt Harry poking her in the bum for she growled, "Not now, Harry!"

Harry didn't care about the uncomfortable position they were in or the fact that Gryffindor was watching. All Harry wanted was for Hermione to wriggle her bum against 'Harry, Jr.' some more.

"Harry!" barked Hermione.

Harry begrudgingly obliged and untangled himself from Hermione's body. Realizing that he needed to get back on Hermione's good side, he gallantly assisted her in regaining her feet. The now-erect.... um, upright couple glared at the ghost. Hermione took a deep breath and was about to verbally attack Gryffindor when the ghost pointed at Harry's groin and declared, "You are a true Gryffindor... you 'dress right,' just like me!"

"Why are you here?" Hermione demanded, ignoring Gryffindor's comment on Harry's state.

"I was checking up on your search for Voldemort's Horcruxes," explained the ghost. "So, how's it going?"

"If you must know, we haven't begun yet," said Hermione.

"Why not?" questioned Godric.

"We were working on a plan for when Harry faces Voldemort," Hermione answered. "Voldemort has decades of experience more than Harry and he has gone through power-boosting rituals as well. Harry has to train, to learn more skills and somehow become more powerful, otherwise he won't stand a chance. It won't matter if Harry has destroyed all of the Horcruxes if he can't defeat Voldemort."

"You think too much," retorted Gryffindor.

"Oh, what would you suggest we do then?" Harry asked, finally joining the argument.

"It's not really difficult. You sneak up behind him and stab him with the sword," exclaimed Godric.

"Oh," said Harry, a bit taken back at the simplicity of the plan.

"It's not that easy," argued Hermione. "How would Harry get past all of Voldemort's Death Eaters and any defensive wards he may have around him, and still sneak up and stab him?"

"Easy," replied the ghost. "You flash 'em your titties." The ghost then lowered his head so that his eyes were level with 'Carmella' and 'Natasha' and said, "Alright, whip 'em out and lets see if they are 'distraction' worthy."

"You disgusting..." Hermione seethed, as she defensively crossed her arms over her chest..

"Alright, I can tell I've upset you," Gryffindor apologized. "So I reckon you'll only have to show me one of your boobs then. Alright, let's see the... right one."

"Get out!" Hermione commanded, pointing to the door. With a disappointed huff, the specter marched to the door.

"Fine, but you two better get cracking," began Gryffindor and he stepped out into the hall. "People are getting hurt out there... and according to the prophesy, Harry's the only one who can defeat Voldemort."

"He's right you know," sighed Hermione.

Harry was stunned, she agreed with Gryffindor's plan? Harry imagined Hermione standing on a hill in front of Voldemort with her blouse open and jiggling her lovely boobs at the snake-like villain. Now, Harry rather liked Hermione's boobs and he could easily get distracted by them himself, but he doubted that Voldemort would have the same problem. After all, there weren't all than many female Death Eaters, were there? Which might lead some people to question Voldemort's "orientation"? He did exclusively hang around Wormtail for a year, and people do have needs.

"People are getting hurt," Hermione concluded.

“Oh, that” Harry said aloud. A part of him was upset that she wasn’t talking about her boobs.

“We still need advanced training, but we can search for the Horcruxes at the same time,” Hermione announced. And then she abruptly changed subjects by ordering: “Now give me the book.”

“Um... Book? What book do you mean?” asked Harry, attempted to play ignorant, even though he knew she was referring to his ‘special book.’

“I assume it’s in your room,” stated Hermione, not falling for Harry’s weak ploy.

Harry gave up and nodded his head. Hopping on his Firebolt, Harry hovered next to Hermione as they left her room and headed to his. After arriving in his room, Harry retrieved the book from his trunk and reluctantly handed it to Hermione.

“The Magic of Making Love: By Thos Antric,” Hermione read aloud. “Is this a joke? ‘Thomas Antric?’” she asked rhetorically. “A man named ‘T. Antric’ wrote a book on Tantric Magic?”

“What’s the big deal? I don’t get it,” Harry responded to Hermione’s question, not realizing it was rhetorical.

“Tantric Magic is magic through sex; this book is about magic and sex. The author’s name is obviously meant to be a pseudonym.”

“Oh,” Harry replied, feeling a little silly for not knowing.

Hermione opened the book and started to thumb through the pages. She paused on one particular page and scrutinized it before asking, “Is that her foot by her own ear or is it his?”

“I was wondering about that myself,” replied Harry.

“So, Harry, can I assume that you learned how to perform cunnilingus from this text?” she asked, leaving the quandary of ‘whose foot is that?’ for later.

"Yeah," replied Harry. "Um... it's on page three hundred and forty two."

Hermione turned the pages until she got to the section entitled: "The Hidden Benefits of Being a Parselmouth; Cunnilingus and You!" It only took Hermione a few minutes to read the entire chapter twice. She closed the book, looked at Harry and asked "Let me guess, you skipped over the theories and benefits when you read this?"

"Well you know how much theory bores me," explained Harry. "And as to the benefits, all I really cared to know was that it would be something that would make you happy."

"Thank you Harry," Hermione said with a bloom in her cheeks. "You really did make me... happy."

"But I think that it's an important point that you skipped the segments on benefits," she continued. "You see, you unknowingly performed a power boosting ritual."

"I un-what-ingly what a what what?" stammered Harry, a little shocked at Hermione's revelation.

"This chapter in the book was written so Parselmouths, like yourself, could use their unique ability to gain a temporary boost in their magical power," Hermione explained. "That would explain how you set the Common Room on fire yesterday and why you 'accidentally' Summoned my bra earlier. You see, you're not used to having such power and it's taking you a little time to adjust."

"Wow," Harry muttered, still a little stunned. "You said that it was temporary; how long until the boost is gone?"

"Hmm... it says about six to seven months," informed Hermione after she checked the text once more. "So we won't have to do the ritual again for a few months."

A wicked grin appeared on Harry's face as he asked "So can we do it again?"

"No, that would be pointless," Hermione answered, her eyes focused on the text. "The book clearly states that the power boost can only be gained every six to seven months. The tactic doesn't allow for a continual growth in your core through repeated attempts."

"So can we do it again?" repeated Harry, this time putting more emphases on the word "it".

"Harry, the only reason to do it again would be to..." Hermione began and paused as she finally noticed Harry's wicked grin. The witch blushed while Harry wriggled his eyebrows. "Oh... well there would be that... reason, wouldn't there?"

Harry walked over to Hermione and leaned in close to her so that his mouth was very close to her ear. He closed his eyes and focused on the image of a snake in his mind before saying in Parseltongue: "C'mon Hermione, I want to taste you again."

Hermione shuddered with desire as she obviously recalled the event from the last time Harry used his snake-language on her.

"Harry, we have more important things..." Hermione began to argue.

"It'll be fun," Harry said in Parseltongue. He kissed the tender spot behind Hermione's earlobe while gently pushing his Parselmouth magic into her.

"Oh dear," muttered Hermione, her resolve failing. "H-Harry we have to look for the..." Harry placed another one of his magical kisses on the nape of her neck. "My goodness.... T-there's this book to...re... read..." With a deft flick of his fingers, Harry pushed the top of her gown down, exposing her marvelous breasts. Before she could object, Harry's lips enveloped "Carmella" and continued to push his Parseltongue magic into Hermione. "H-H-Harryyyy..." Hermione began, her breath was escaping her lungs in short and rapid bursts. "We're wasting.... v-valuable t-t-time..." Harry silenced her momentarily by switching to "Natasha" and continuing the same tactic. "Good god, that feels so good.... But we can't, we need..."

Harry pulled himself away from Hermione's nipple and offered in English, "How about you read the book while I go down on you?"

"Okay!" Hermione gleefully shouted and flopped down on the bed as she held the open book in the air and started to read aloud. "Welcome to the wonderful world of Love Magic!" Harry wasted no time and pulled her gown all the way off. "My name is Thomas Antric and I'll be your guide..."

Harry gently removed Hermione's already moist knickers and marveled once more at her flower.

"Many people have misconceptions about Love Magic. Too many people believe it is just about..."

Concentrating on a snake again, Harry began to work his magic on Hermione's lower lips. Hermione immediately started to randomly read certain portions of the text louder and faster.

"...SSSSSEX! But that isn't the case. It just so happ... happens TO BE a p-p-pleasant SSSSIDE effect..."

Her body glistened with sweat and her honey flowed out of her body. Harry lapped it up like a starving man. Harry twirled his magical tongue in this way and that around Hermione's bud and nether lips for a good amount of time while Hermione continued to read page after page.

"...the theory behind THIS is SIMPLE..."

After several minutes, Harry decided to change tactics slightly. He decided to add his love based magic to his Parselmouth magic. He started to concentrate on just how much he felt for Hermione and how deeply. Harry's new approach had an instantaneous effect on Hermione; she locked her legs around his head and began to scream out the text.

"... THE MORE P-P-P-PLEASURE THE COUPLE FEEEEEEELS, THE MORE POWER ISSSS PUT INTO THE RIT-RITUAL..."

Hermione didn't last long after Harry's love magic poured through her body. She dropped Harry's 'special book' to her side and started to thrash wildly on the bed as an orgasm unlike any Harry had seen her have before rocked her body. She cried out in pleasure as wave after wave of ecstasy hit her. Harry clung to her, riding her flailing body so that he could continue to gobble up her juices.

Harry watched his more-than-a-friend, no, Harry realized, his girlfriend laying on his bed. Hermione was breathing heavily and her luscious body dripping with sweat. Harry was about to congratulate himself when he noticed that 'Harry, Jr.' was trying to get his attention. The organ was painfully erect and was apparently saddened because he wasn't allowed to play; 'Harry, Jr.' seemed to be crying.

"Looks like you've got a problem there Harry," said Hermione, noticing Harry's aroused state from her prone position. She added in a lusty and husky tone: "I think we need to perform an experiment. I should do to you what I did when I was under the effects of Ginny's Lust Potion. Just to prove once and for all that it wasn't just the potion making me do it, mind you."

"Huh?" Harry muttered, a little taken back at Hermione's tone.

"I think I should do a repeat performance," She continued. Hermione pointed at Harry's aroused state and said: "Let me give you a hand with that." For the second time ever that Harry had known her, Hermione worked up a large amount of saliva in her mouth before licking her palm. Harry shuddered with desire at the memory of Hermione's hand wrapped around 'Harry, Jr.'. "Now strip!" commanded Hermione.

A smile appeared on Harry's face as he tore off his clothing. Harry stood completely starkers in front of Hermione.

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to sit next to me," stated Hermione as she propped herself up on her elbows. "My knees are really shaky from that last one. I've never felt an orgasm like that before," Hermione added and Harry beamed with pride. "What did you do differently? I mean the first time you went down on me was spectacular, but this time... wow!"



“Oh, I just tapped into my love based magic, that’s all,” Harry offered while eagerly awaiting Hermione’s touch.

“You tapped into your love magic?” asked Hermione, an inquisitive look appeared on her face. “But why - ?”

“Questions later,” Harry interrupted. He usually didn’t like to be rude to Hermione but ‘Harry, Jr.’ desperately wanted to play and then take a nap. “Handjob now!”

“Aren’t we impatient?” Hermione jokingly chided. She sat up and started to move the ‘special book’ off of the bed when her eyes caught something on the page that had flopped open when she dropped it during her massive orgasm. By the looks of it, the book had opened to a section near the end, a section that Harry hadn’t read yet. Hermione’s eyes bulged as she scanned the page. “Harry, get me your potion supplies!” she commanded. “I found a ritual which will lead us to the Horcruxes!”

“Bu... but... but...” Harry stammered pathetically. Hermione had promised a handjob, and now she was talking about a ritual. This, Harry thought, was totally unfair.

“It’s a ritual designed to locate missing or hidden items!” Hermione cheered, oblivious to Harry’s predicament. “Hopefully we can use it to find where the Horcruxes are.”

“Bu... but... but...” Harry stammered even more pathetically. This time Hermione looked up into Harry’s dejected face.

“Harry, don’t worry. The ritual requires me to use my hands to stimulate you,” Hermione explained.

“Huh?” asked Harry, he hated it when she used big words, especially when he was focused on the lost opportunity of another handjob.

“Handjob, Harry,” Hermione clarified, knowing that her use of ‘big words’ threw Harry for a loop, specifically when he was already distracted. “Now go get your potion supplies.”

Harry gleefully hopped into the air and scampered to retrieve his supplies like a boy on Christmas morning going to fetch his presents. Within seconds Harry had returned with his arms full. He was so happy about Hermione's promise of a ritual that would have her use her hands to stimulate him that he had forgotten what Hermione had actually requested. He remembered that she had wanted his potion supplies, but he was afraid that she would need something else. So to be on the safe side, Harry not only brought Hermione his potion supplies and cauldron, he also brought along his Herbology supplies, his telescope... and for some odd reason, a pair of his dirty socks.

While muttering "not this, or this," Hermione discarded Harry's telescope and herbology supplies. But when Hermione was about to fling the socks away, she paused and rechecked the ingredient list in the book. "That's strange," she said to no one in particular. "I do need these." She then unceremoniously tossed the socks into the cauldron along with several other liquids and powders from Harry's potion supplies. After stirring the concoction clockwise four times and twirling it twice, Hermione commanded: "Sit on the bed, Harry."

Harry complied and sat next to Hermione. 'Harry, Jr.' was happily looking up at the ceiling, eagerly waiting for playtime to commence. Hermione slid off of the bed and knelt in-between Harry's legs. She dipped her hands into the cauldron and began to explain the ritual to Harry.

"While I'm stimulating you, we both have to focus on the object or objects we are searching for," she explained clinically. Hermione promptly noticed the dazed and stunned expression on Harry's face and decided to repeat what she had just said so that Harry could understand. "While I'm giving you a handjob, we have to think about the Horcruxes."

"Oh. Yeah, I knew that," Harry tried to reply nonchalantly.

"Also we each have to chant an incantation throughout the ritual," continued Hermione. "Yours is It's 'Ructo Vermis' while I have to chant 'Praefoco Pullus'."

“Ructo Vermis ,” Harry repeated.

Hermione took her hands, which were now completely coated with a clear oily liquid, out of the cauldron and began to gently coat Harry’s organ. The liquid was warm and, along with Hermione’s hands working it into Harry’s member, made ‘Harry, Jr.’ cry just a little more, but this time Harry would have said that they were definitely tears of joy. Hermione started to use both of her hands to stroke Harry’s shaft (mind you, Harry wasn’t ‘hung like a hippogriff,’ it’s just that Hermione had tiny hands), and placed her mouth so that her lips were hovering over the crown.

“Praefoco Pullus ,” Hermione began to chant her portion of the spell, her warm breath danced across his crown and Harry closed his eyes and started to chant in counterpoint to her. “Ructo Vermis, Ructo Vermis..”

After Harry repeated his half of the incantation for the third time, he felt the magic pour over his body and he started to feel light-headed. Hermione’s hands started to pump in cadence with her chanting.

“Praefoco Pullus, Praefoco Pullus.”

“Ructo Vermis, Ructo Vermis..”

Then something strange happened; Harry felt as if he had left his body. He could still feel himself chanting while being pleased, but he also felt as if he was floating. He opened his eyes and noticed that he seemed to be hovering near the ceiling of the room. Harry looked down and saw himself lying on the bed with Hermione jacking him off while they were both chanting.

“This feels weird,” Harry said as he witnessed his corporeal body.

“I know what you mean,” Hermione replied. Harry looked to his left and saw a ghost-like Hermione hovering next to him. Harry marveled at how nice astral-Hermione’s boobs looked. “Harry, are you looking at my breasts?”

“Yes,” Harry replied while not taking his eyes off of her luscious mounds. “Yes I am.”

“Harry stop look at my tits,” Hermione commanded. “We have to find the Horcruxes!”

“But I like looking at your titties,” Harry complained. “They’re really nice.”

“Thank you Harry,” said Hermione. Harry couldn’t tell for certain, but he swore that astral-Hermione was blushing at his compliment. “You can thoroughly examine them later.”

“Promise?” asked Harry.

“Yes, I promise,” she answered. “Let’s try and find the Horcruxes.”

Both Harry and Hermione plummeted toward the floor; actually their astral projections plummeted while their bodies remained where they were. They rapidly fell past floor after floor of the castle. Harry recognized the dungeons and the kitchen before they felt like they were slowing down. Their descent had paused, but where they ended up, Harry couldn’t tell. The couple was in total darkness and was unable to discern where they were.

“What’s going on?” Hermione’s voice asked.

“I don’t know,” Harry responded. He heard the sounds of dripping water coming from somewhere nearby. It felt oddly familiar to Harry, and it also felt as if something important was there in the darkness. “Did the ritual work?”

“I hope so,” Hermione replied.

Another second passed in the darkness and suddenly, Harry felt as if they were flying. At first, it felt as if he were passing through the dark and dank air, but then it felt as if he was hurtling through solid rock. After a few seconds of flying through rock, Harry’s spirit began to fly through the early night sky. He could still feel Hermione’s hand on him as he looked behind himself and saw the shrinking castle of

Hogwarts as they rocketed away from it. For a full minute, Harry and Hermione flew through the darkening sky when they started to approach a cluster of lights. They dove at the cluster of lights and Harry quickly recognized it as Diagon Alley. Before either one could guess what they were doing there, Harry and Hermione's spirits passed Diagon Alley and its assorted shops and flew into the infamous Knockturn Alley.

The pair slowed as they neared Borgin & Burkes. Their spirits passed through the shop's door and saw that Mr. Borgin was speaking to an old and crumpled looking wizard.

"You won't find a nicer piece anywhere else, I assure you," Borgin announced as he handed the unknown wizard a simple locket. It was obvious that the two older wizards had no idea that they were being spied upon by Harry and Hermione. For some indiscernible reason, Harry's attention was drawn to the locket, and it felt like something was telling him that this was one of the items he and Hermione were looking for.

"That's one of the Horcruxes!" Hermione declared triumphantly.

"Wait," Harry said as he examined the locket and recognized it from one of the Pensieve memories that Dumbledore had shared with him. "That's Salazar Slytherin's locket, the one R. A. B. stole from the cave before we could retrieve it."

Harry and Hermione watched as the unknown wizard paid Borgin and left the shop with the locket.

"So this R. A. B. bloke nicked Voldemort's Horcrux and sold it to Borgin?" Harry asked.

"That doesn't make sense, why would he sell it to Borgin," answered Hermione. "According to the note he left in the fake locket, he intended to destroy it. He or she probably died before he or she got the chance to do it and the Horcrux somehow ended up here."

Before they could continue their discussion, Harry and Hermione flew off into the night again. The couple flew for a brief amount of time

before descending into London. They rapidly approached a building that Harry recognized; it was the orphanage where Tom Riddle grew up. Harry and Hermione passed through the brick wall of the building and promptly started to go down through the floor. After a second or two of falling through darkness, they ended up in a dimly lit chamber. There was an object that was covered with a black sheet in the middle of the room. It was this object that Harry's attention was drawn to.

"So, which founder do you think this, whatever it might be, belong to?" Harry asked.

"With the locket and the ring being Slytherin's, I would have to guess that all the other Horcruxes would be from the other founders; either Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, or Gryffindor," replied Hermione.

A moment later, the pair was off again. Their spirits soared across the sky for some time before they once again descended toward the ground. However this time, both Harry and Hermione recognized the building they were headed to. It was the family home of the "Noble and Most Ancient House of Black," number twelve, Grimmauld Place.

"Why are we here?" asked Harry as they flew through the dark walls and entered the dusty house.

"I don't know..." began Hermione.

The pair entered the kitchen and stopped when they reached a grimy pile of rags that Kreacher had called his bed before Harry had ordered him to go to Hogwarts. Placed on top of the pile was a golden cup with a badger engraved on one side.

"That must've been Hufflepuff's," stated Harry. "But why would R. A. B. hide it here...?"

"I am so dense!" Hermione announced. "R. A. B. must have been Regulus Black, Sirius' brother!"

"Huh?" asked Harry.

“Yes, remember when we were here and had to clean up the place? We found a locket that we couldn’t open. That must’ve been Slytherin’s locket,” Hermione explained. “Regulus must have taken the Horcruxes that he managed to steal and simply hid them here until he could find a way to destroy them. But he was murdered before he could finish the job.”

“And then after Sirius died, Fletcher stole a load of stuff from the house, including one Horcrux, and sold it to Borgin,” Harry concluded, finally catching on to Hermione’s line of thought. “Boy, this Horcrux Hunt is gonna be a lot easier than I thought.”

With that, the couple soared out of Grimmauld Place and into the sky once more. This time, Harry was unable to keep track of where they were heading because the ground below them had turned pitch black, as if there were no towns or homes to give off lights. Soon, they approached an eerie looking keep. They quickly passed through the moldy rocks that made up the walls and entered a dark and clammy throne room. Sitting on an ornately decorated throne was none other than Voldemort. Kneeling in front of the villain was the kidnapped ice-cream maker extraordinaire, Florean Fortescue. The confection creator was trembling in fear as Voldemort sampled a bright orange scoop of ice cream. As Voldemort worked the frozen treat in his mouth, Hermione stated, “And finally, the last Horcrux, Voldemort himself.”

“Ah, very good, Fortescue,” Voldemort announced. “You get to live for another night. Tomorrow, I want ‘Rocky Road,’ but with no fucking marshmallows! I loath marshmallows! Heaven help you if I see one single marshmallow in my ice-cream!”

“But what about Nagini?” asked Harry, trying his best to ignore the villain gorging himself on ice-cream. “Shouldn’t she be one of the Horcruxes?”

“Why?” Hermione asked, her voice sounding a bit perplexed.

“Dumbledore reckoned that the reason Voldemort was able to control her so well was because he had made the snake into one of his Horcruxes,” Harry explained.

"But Voldemort is a Parselmouth, which means he can order the snake around," Hermione countered. "And when you witnessed Nagini's attack on Mr. Weasley, Voldemort was actually possessing her at the time. That is why Voldemort has such good control over her.

"Voldemort is obsessed with becoming immortal," Hermione continued to explain. "He placed fragments of his soul into different items, thereby creating the Horcruxes. This would assure his immortality. We know that when a Horcrux is destroyed, like the diary and ring, that fragment of his soul was destroyed along with it. So why would Voldemort risk putting a piece of his soul in a mortal creature? When the creature dies, so does the fragment of Voldemort's soul."

"What if Nagini is like a Basilisk?" Harry retorted. "What if she could live for centuries?"

"She could still get sick and die. A rock could fall on her head and kill her. A larger predator could eat her. Nagini could even starve to death," Hermione listed. "Dozens of things could happen that could cause a creature's death. That's why all the Horcruxes are inanimate objects; things that cannot die. Voldemort would never risk his immortality by creating a Horcrux in a living creature. There are too many unpredictable things that could happen."

"Oh," Harry replied simply when he suddenly felt a familiar tug, much like the tug associated with Portkey travel. However, the tugging sensation wasn't located behind his navel, like Portkey travel, Harry felt the tug come from 'Harry, Jr.' and his luggage.

In the blink of an eye, Harry had returned to his body which was still lying on his bed. The young wizard was breathing heavily and his loins felt as if they had just spent themselves. It was odd, he didn't feel his orgasm, but he definitely felt as if he did have one. He was about to ask Hermione about it when he saw her face and paused. Harry didn't need to ask Hermione if he had climaxed, he could see it on her face. The whitish goop was slowly dripping down her forehead and in-between her eyes. It looked as if Hermione was deep in thought and she had not yet noticed Harry's juice upon her face.



“Um, Hermione...” began Harry. He wanted to warn her about the mess on her face, but was trying to find a delicate way of telling her about it. He couldn’t just say ‘Sorry Hermione, but it looks like I just came on your face’ now could he? However, Harry’s attention was diverted from Hermione’s predicament when another voice coming from the corner of the room spoke up.

“You know, for beginners, you’re doing pretty well,” the ghost of Gryffindor commented. He was sitting on Neville’s bed and he appeared to be jotting down notes on a spare piece of parchment. “First off, Harry did a bang up job, the way Hermione was thrashing, cheers mate. I tell you if Salazar knew he could do that with his haughty ‘I can talk to snakes’ thing, he would’ve gotten more birds. Maybe then he wouldn’t have been so bitter.” Gryffindor continued. Both Harry and Hermione were so much in shock that neither one even attempted to cover their naked forms. As a matter of fact, Hermione was so shocked by the ghost’s presence, that she still had her hands around ‘Harry, Jr.’. “As for you, Hermione, you did fairly well. But there is room for improvement.”

It was this point that Gryffindor showed the two naked and sweaty teens the parchment. The page was full of crude drawings. The drawings were crude both in style (stick figures with overly large circles for boobs and something that looked like a huge cigar for ‘Harry, Jr.’) and subject matter.

“Hey, that’s a one way exit on me, mister!” Harry shouted upon finally recognizing one particular drawing which showed what he assumed was Hermione’s index finger going into a notorious orifice in Harry’s body.

“C’mon Harry,” Gryffindor argued. “Think of it as a ‘how’d you do’.”

“THAT IS IT!” Hermione shouted. The naked witch shot up and Harry could tell that every muscle in her body was tense with rage. “GET THE HELL OUT!”

"A-ha!" exclaimed Gryffindor as he wagged a finger at Hermione's face and the goop that was silently dripping down it. "Next time turn your head, love."

"What are you talking - ?" Hermione began to demand before she started to violently tear at her right eye. "OH SWEET BABY MAVE! IT BURNS! IT BURNS!"

Obviously Harry's ejaculate had finally seeped into one of Hermione's eyes. She continued to howl as she started to frantically look around the room with one eye open. Harry realized she must've been looking for something to wash the seminal fluid out of her eye. That is when Harry decided to help her out.

He snatched his wand off of the bedside table and performed a simple water jet charm at Hermione. It was supposed to be a simple charm that caused a gentle stream of water to flow from the tip of the caster's wand. Unfortunately, in the heat of the moment, Harry had forgotten about his power boost. Instead of a gentle stream of water flowing from Harry's wand tip, a rather large wave exploded out of it. The wave was at least two feet taller than Harry and not only did it knock Hermione to the floor, it also flooded the room.

"Oh, boy, this isn't good," Gryffindor declared and scurried out of the room, obviously afraid of Hermione's impending wrath. "I'm out of here."

Hermione slowly pulled herself off of the water covered floor and to her feet. Not only was she completely soaked, but her right eye was puffy and red. She took a calming breath before addressing Harry.

"I think it would be best..." she said slowly, as if she was having difficulty controlling her anger, "... if you leave this room, right now."

"But this is my room, Hermione," Harry said stupidly. It was stupid because Hermione felt compelled to repeat her order in a very loud voice.

"LEAVE THIS ROOM, RIGHT NOW!" she snapped.

His senses finally returning to him, Harry ran like a bat out of hell out of his room. Harry didn't stop running until he reached the safety of the Common Room. He reckoned that it would be for the best if he were to just sleep on the couch in front of the fire. It was then that he realized that he didn't have a sheet to cover himself with, nor did he have any clothes on. He thought about conjuring some items, like some clothes, but he was afraid that because he was still unaccustomed to his power boost, he would end up conjuring a lacy and frilly sleeping gown instead of a pair of boxers. Harry sighed and spoke aloud to no one in particular: "I need some help."

Soft popping noises alerted Harry to the presence of two house-elves, Kreacher and Dobby. Before Harry could cover his bits, the two elves commented on his nakedness.

"Master Harry Brat is more wrinkly in areas than Kreacher is," the ancient elf cackled.

"I'm not wrinkly!" Harry defended himself against Kreacher's statement.

"Harry Potter is the Greatest Wizard ever!" Dobby declared as he genuflected. "Far greater than all the Malfoys combined! Dobby had the bad fortune of dressing former masters, so's Dobby knows what Dobby is talking about"

"I'm greater than Lucius and Draco, combined?" asked Harry to which Dobby replied by energetically nodding his head. He knew he wasn't small, but he never thought of himself as being huge either. Harry had the decency to cover himself up with both hands before continuing. "Well, that's good to know," he took a great amount of masculine pride in the fact that he was more endowed than the entire male portion of the Malfoy family.

"Then again, Master Draccy was only twelve the last times Dobby dressed him and even Dobby is greater than Master Luscius," Dobby added. Harry's masculine pride was suddenly shattered in a thousand pieces, Harry couldn't imagine that Dobby was well endowed and every twelve year old is under developed. So the fact that Harry was 'greater than all the Malfoys combined' wasn't such high praise after

all. The guilt ridden House-elf punched himself in the head for insulting his former master before continuing. "Former master never made former mistress happy. Dobby always had to help finish former mistress off when former master fell asleep -"

"Okay stop right there," Harry blurted out and he held out both of his hands in front of him as if they would shield him from the nasty image of Dobby being... intimate with Narcissa. This action, of course, exposed his bits again.

"Much more wrinkly," Kreacher added as Dobby bowed once more to 'Harry, Jr.'.

"Damnit," Harry cursed as he dropped his hands to his sides. It was pointless to try and cover himself now. "Listen, my magic's gone all wonky and I can't conjure anything. Could you two make me some pajamas and a bed to sleep in, please?"

Kreacher grumbled and snapped his fingers. A humble and somewhat lumpy bed appeared in front of Harry. With Dobby's snapping fingers, Harry was clothed in a fine set of silk pajamas. Of course the words "World Greatest Wizard" were embroidered on the front of his shirt with an arrow underneath pointing to Harry's crotch.

"Will you be needing anything else, Harry Potter sir?" Dobby asked.

"No you two can leave," said Harry. With two pops, the House elves disappeared. Exhausted from this long and adventurous day, Harry fell asleep the moment his head touched his pillow.

"Harry, it's time to wake up," Hermione's soft voice drew Harry out of his dreamless slumber. He was stunned to see that her right eye was still red and puffy-looking.

"Morning, Hermione," Harry greeted her as he sat up. "I'm sorry about your eye."

"It was just an accident," Hermione began to say. She abruptly stopped speaking when she saw what was written on his shirt. "My, aren't we confident?"

"Um, err..." Harry stammered, totally embarrassed by his shirt and hurt by Hermione's statement. Her comment made Harry think that she believed that 'Harry, Jr.' was unworthy of such praise.

"Well, I happen to think you are the greatest," Hermione cooed as she slipped her petite hand down Harry's pants and gave a good morning squeeze to 'Harry, Jr.' "Especially down here."

"Thanks," Harry said sheepishly and he felt a blush creep into his cheeks.

"We can play later," Hermione stated and she pulled her hand away from Harry's organ.

"Hey!" protested Harry. "You can't just squeeze a bloke's thing and then stop."

"We have something to discuss," she said gravely.

"Is it about the Horcruxes?" asked Harry.

"No, something else. Remember when you performed oral sex on me yesterday?" Hermione asked. "I told you it felt different, more intense than the first time you did it. You told me you added your love based power to your Parseltongue magic. That got me thinking and I read the segments in 'The Magic of Making Love' concerning the two acts you performed on me, using your Parselmouth abilities and 'Pleasure Pressure Points.' Well according to the book, the pressure point technique you used on me during the wedding should have only made me feel a little pleasure, not a mind blowing orgasm. I can assume you tapped into your love magic yesterday during the wedding?"

"Yes, I thought you needed to relax a bit," Harry responded.

"I would like to run a little experiment concerning your love based power," Hermione said.

Harry's heart leapt up as well as 'Harry, Jr.' at the notion of Hermione's experiment.

“Not that type of experiment,” chuckled Hermione noticing Harry’s reaction. “I want you to perform a simple Cheering Charm on me.”

“That’s it? A Cheering Charm?” asked Harry, a little put out. He was hoping for a little romp with Hermione. “Can we do this experiment nude at least?” he asked hopefully.

“No,” Hermione said and stood up. “I want you to perform the Charm like you would normally. But don’t tap into your love core. With your power boost, there should be a fairly powerful reaction on my part.”

Harry got out of the elf-conjured bed and pointed his wand at Hermione.

“Now, wave your wand at me in a half-crescent motion, like the mouth on a smiley face and say ‘Exhilaro Hilaro.’ Remember to put emphasize on the ‘Roh’ sound at the end.” Hermione lectured.

Harry followed her instructions and said in a loud and clear voice “Exhilaro Hilaro!”

Harry felt the charm spring from his wand and fly silently at Hermione. A bright and goofy grin appeared on Hermione’s face instantaneously as she stood in front of Harry.

“Good job, Harry!” Hermione announced. She tapped herself on the head with her own wand and said “Finite” and the goofy grin was gone. “Now try it again, but focus on your core, focus on loving thoughts.”

It was easy for Harry to do that, he simply recalled how he felt when he blurted out that he loved Hermione at the reception; warm, happy, and complete. He pointed his wand at Hermione once more and said “Exhilaro Hilaro!”

With a loud bang, Hermione was thrown over the couch and out of sight.

“Whoops,” Harry nervously exclaimed. “Hermione?”

To be continued.

## Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

### Chapter Seven

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Seven Summary: Brainy birds are naughty!

Harry cursed at himself for his own stupidity as he dashed behind the couch where Hermione had landed. Hermione had simply wanted to see how his love based magic affected his power and Harry had complied. He concentrated on his love based magic and yet, somehow he bollixed it all up. He meant to cast a simple Cheering Charm on Hermione but instead he must have hit her with a Banishing Charm. Harry blew her off of her feet and she ended up falling behind the couch. As Harry rounded the corner of the couch in question, he expected to see the woman he loved crumpled in a heap on the floor. Bafflingly, he found nothing but the floor of the Common Room. 'Where could she have gone?' he thought.

Before Harry could continue his search, he heard a soft "whoosh" sound and felt a draft on 'Harry, Jr.' Looking down, Harry saw that his pajama top was still on, but his pajama bottoms had mysteriously dropped down around his ankles, leaving his lower half naked and exposed.

Harry quickly bent over to re-cover himself, and to recover whatever was left of his dignity, when he felt, rather than heard, Hermione run toward him from behind. Apparently, Harry's naked bum was too good of a target for Hermione to pass up. The wizard yelped as Hermione roughly, painfully, and quite unexpectedly smacked his left arse cheek. Before Harry could regain his wits enough to stop Hermione, she had disappeared again. He was busy rubbing his red bum when Hermione dashed out of nowhere and laid an equally



painful thwack to his unprotected right cheek. Harry jumped up in pain at Hermione's strike. Unfortunately, this jump, added with the fact that his pajama bottoms were still around his ankles, caused Harry to fall to the ground in a very unflattering position: his face was on the ground while his naked posterior was sticking up in the air. This became another opportunity that was too good for Hermione to pass up.

Harry cried out in pain as Hermione delivered powerful smacks to each of his cheeks at the same time. He finally had the common sense to roll over so that he was sitting on his now welt-covered backside. He looked up and saw Hermione swinging from the chandelier like some sort of crazed trapeze performer. How she got up there was a mystery to Harry, but the bigger mystery was how he was going to get her down. Hopefully, he could perform a levitation charm on her.

Standing holding his wand in one hand while hoisting up his bottoms, Harry was very surprised to see that Hermione had disappeared once again. He was staring at the swinging chandelier when he felt a new draft on his bits. Harry looked down to see that his pants were around his ankles again. Having learned his lesson previously, Harry decided not to tempt Hermione to spank his bottom by bending over and giving her a target. He figured it be safer to use his magic to lift up his trousers. Harry had only barely pointed his wand at the fabric when he heard Hermione rushing toward him.

"Oh, shite," Harry was able to groan out before Hermione physically tackled him by throwing her body at his back. Harry ended up on the floor in the same embarrassing position he had just gotten out of: his naked (but now red) arse sticking up in the air. This time however, Hermione was sitting on the back of his head. She was evidently pretending his backside was a set of bongos because she began to slap, smack, and spank his arse very rapidly and with increasing force.

"OW! OW! OW!" Harry cried in unison with the slaps as Hermione began to sing.

"Baba-loo!"

“OW! OW! OW!”

After several dozen paddles Hermione finally stood and commented on her work. “Wow, look at how red that is! I think it’s actually throwing off light! That is sooo cool!”

As soon as Hermione had gotten off of him, Harry once again rolled over so that he was sitting on his red and throbbing bum. Wincing slightly from the pain in his rear, Harry looked up and saw a very flushed Hermione standing in front of him. Although her eye was still red and irritated from the accidental “ejaculate in the eye” situation, she had a face splitting grin.

“That was fun!” Hermione declared. Harry noticed that she had very, very erect nipples; they looked as if they were going to poke holes through her blouse. “Okay, my turn!” Hermione then promptly shoved her bottom in Harry’s face and ordered “Go on, give it a good whack!”

“Hermione, I don’t -” Harry began to whine.

“Smack my arse, Potter!” Hermione commanded.

“Fine,” Harry complied and placed a gentle slap to her bottom.

“What the hell was that? Did a fly land on my bum?” Hermione mockingly asked. She lowered her slacks to reveal her milky white flesh and thin white cotton knickers to Harry. The white cotton knickers, which Harry noted, were fairly damp around Hermione’s flower. At first, Harry thought that it was just sweat, after all the witch had been running around the room. But he could have sworn he smelt the musky odor of her arousal. “When I say ‘smack my arse’ I mean it. Now spank me!”

“Hermione I don’t want to hurt you,” objected Harry.

“SPANK MY BOTTOM NOW!” Hermione demanded.

Spurred on by her command – and a little fearful of her wrath if he didn’t comply – Harry smacked her tender flesh with a resounding

slap, his fear combined with his own sore bottom making him use a great deal more force than he intended.

“Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes,” Hermione chanted through gritted teeth (but still grinning like a madwoman) as she hopped around Harry. “That felt sooo good!” She paused in front of Harry to lower her knickers so that her bottom was completely exposed, a sight that Harry marveled in. Right before his eyes, a hand shaped red welt rapidly developed on her naked bum. “That’s a good one, isn’t it? Now kiss it and make it better.”

Rather than argue, Harry leaned forward and placed a gentle kiss on her red flesh. Her skin felt incredibly hot under his lips.

“Now rub it,” Hermione ordered.

But before Harry could happily fulfill Hermione’s wish, a soft “ahem” from the entrance to the Common Room drew their attention. Minerva McGonagall stood patiently by the entrance while pretending that nothing unusual was happening and she was busying herself by examining something in the corner away from Harry and Hermione.

As quickly as he could, Harry stood and pulled up his pants, covering ‘Harry, Jr.’. Harry turned, assuming that Hermione had done the same seeing how her bum was hanging out of her slacks. But Hermione hadn’t. In fact she wasn’t anywhere near Harry. Instead she was doing pirouettes in a circle around McGonagall like a ballerina on a sugar high. A ballerina on a sugar high who happened to have her very pretty, and very bare, arse hanging out of her slacks, mind you.

“Hermione, what are you doing?” McGonagall asked sternly as Hermione, while giggling non-stop, continued to pirouette around the Headmistress. The Headmistress scrutinized Hermione’s puffy red eye as the younger witch spun around her. “Is something wrong with your eye? Were you hit with a Conjunctivitis Curse?”

Hermione paused momentarily from her incessant spinning to answer McGonagall’s question. “Kind of, it was Harry’s own special Cum-junctivits Curse.” She then frantically pantomimed the cause, pointing

between her eye and Harry's crotch as if McGonagall needed a visual reference to her crude joke. Thankfully, Harry thought, judging by McGonagall's skeptical expression, the prim Headmistress didn't get it. At McGonagall's questioning look, Hermione felt the need to explain her joke further. "He came in my-" Harry dashed forward and clamped his hand down on her mouth, hoping to muffle the word "eye."

"What the hell are you two doing?" McGonagall demanded, as a grinning Hermione wrenched herself away from Harry.

"Um... we... we're... uh experimenting..." answered Harry, ending up speaking very loudly. He had to answer loudly because the still bare-arsed Hermione was now standing on the window seat singing "I'm a Little Teapot" at the top of her lungs.

"I'M A LITTLE TEAPOT, SHORT AND STOUT."

"I would suggest that you should stop your 'experiment' sometime soon," stated McGonagall over Hermione's caterwauling.

"HERE IS MY HANDLE, HERE IS MY SPOUT!"

"What was that, ma'am?" asked Harry pretending as if Hermione singing a children's song at the top of her lungs was an everyday occurrence.

"WHEN I GET ALL STEAMED UP, HEAR ME SHOUT:"

"I would suggest that you should stop your 'experiment' sometime soon," McGonagall repeated, trying her best to tune out Hermione's less than dulcet song.

It was at this point that Hermione had decided to veer away from the traditional lyrics of "I'm a Little Teapot" by improvising some of her own.

"JUST PUSH ME ON THE BED AND EAT ME OUT!" Hermione also added something akin to a dance move as well; when she "sung" the words "... and eat me out!" she thrust her hips lewdly at Harry.

Both Harry and McGonagall stared at Hermione with stunned expressions. Ignoring the stares, Hermione hopped off of the seat and began to do wind sprints around the Room. McGonagall and Harry turned to each other and shared a look that clearly stated that neither one would ever mention Hermione's song. Ever.

"Ron Weasley has requested to stop by in an hour or so," McGonagall continued, speaking as if one of her favorite students was not behaving in anything less than a most responsible manner. Only her pale face, due to Hermione's song, gave away any sort of clue as to her current mindset.

"Ron's stopping by?" Harry asked disbelievingly.

"Yes, he said you wanted to talk to the two of you," concluded McGonagall.

Knowing Ron, his idea of a "talk" would include him yelling and perhaps even screaming. The "talk" would also include him accusing Harry of being a glory hound and/or stealing his girl, then making Hermione cry, and then storming off.

Hermione stomped up to McGonagall, threw up her arms and cried out in an overly joyous manner, "I'm so depressed!"

Harry finally decided that it was time to lift the super-powered Cheering Charm off of Hermione. He pointed his wand at her and quickly cast a simple: "Finite!"

Much to both Harry and McGonagall's surprise, Hermione's 'jolly' mood did not dissipate. Instead she attempted to do a cartwheel away from the Headmistress. Her attempt failed and the brunette witch crashed to the ground. The rational part of Harry's mind felt embarrassed for his girlfriend at her crash. However, the naughty part of Harry's mind (the part of the brain that has control over most thought processes in most males) liked the way Hermione naked bum jiggled when it hit the floor.

Regaining his composure after being enticed by Hermione's naked bottom, Harry looked at his wand disbelievingly as Hermione stood up, laughing. Again, he pointed his wand and said, "Finite!"

Apparently, the second cancellation spell worked as well as the first, seeing that Hermione still continued to laugh.

"Why isn't it working?" McGonagall asked.

Before Harry could speculate as to the reasons, Hermione dashed at him and shouted, "Maybe because he's using the wrong wand!" She then promptly yanked Harry's trousers down and before he could cover himself up, she grabbed 'Harry, Jr.' and suggested, "Here, use this wand and see if it works!"

"Good grief!" McGonagall exclaimed as she tried to shield her eyes.

"Hermione," Harry whined as he tried to push her hands away from his bits so that he could cover them.

"Fine, have it your way spoil sport," Hermione said as she gave up and let 'Harry, Jr.' go. This of course freed up her hands to do other things, like spank Harry's naked bottom.

Harry cried out in pain as his bum was spanked once more. He recoiled away from Hermione's hand but this led to him thrusting his bits in McGonagall's direction. Thankfully, Harry thought, the Headmistress still had her hand over her eyes.

Hiking up his clothing once more, Harry told McGonagall it was okay to look again. But just as the elder witch lowered her hand away from her eyes, Hermione decided to lower Harry's bottoms again.

"Oh, for pity's sake!" McGonagall shouted.

It was at this point that Hermione decided to give the Headmistress a special puppet show, with 'Harry, Jr.' being the puppet. She knelt in front of Harry and grabbed his organ once again.

“Hello, Professor McGonagall,” Hermione said in a gruff voice as she held ‘Harry, Jr.’ and made him bow in a greeting to the older witch. She was squeezing the crown of the appendage so that his urethra was opening and closing as she pretended that the slit was a mouth and it was talking. “I’m Harry’s Penis. How are you today?”

Harry tried to push Hermione off of him, but Hermione held fast to his member. Because of the slight tugging going on, ‘Harry, Jr.’ started to wake up to see what the commotion was all about.

“Gee, Hermione, can I come out to play?” she ‘asked’ in her gruff voice as she continued to squeeze and tug at ‘Harry, Jr.’ “I’ve been lonely for a while. Lonely and bored. Can you help?”

“I don’t know Mr. Harry’s Penis,” she replied in her normal voice. “Your friend Harry is being a bit of a spoil sport right now...”

One can hardly blame Harry for what happened; because of all the spanking –yes it hurt, but in a good kind of way – the fact that Hermione bum was completely exposed and naked, and the fact that his girlfriend was literally and figuratively playing with his bits; Harry was starting to get aroused. This of course was mortifying because McGonagall was in the same room as he and Hermione. Harry reckoned that if the Headmistress wasn’t there, he’d let Hermione use ‘Harry, Jr.’ as a puppet all day long. But the unfortunate fact that McGonagall was there was disturbing.

“Oh, it looks like Harry has decided to let you play after all, Mr. Harry’s Penis!” Hermione exclaimed as the organ began to swell and grow in her hand. “Would you like to play ‘tonsil boxing’ with me, or perhaps ‘all hands on dick’?”

“Ms. Granger,” McGonagall howled with her hand over her eyes. “I insist you stop this foolishness right now!”

Harry groaned as Hermione stimulated him with her hands – that and the fact that she had just used the word “dick,” apparently he discovered that something about Hermione talking dirty made him randy. A bit of clear pre-cum seeped out of ‘Harry, Jr.’

“Oh, no. You poor thing. You’re crying! Why are you so sad Mr. Harry’s Penis?” asked Hermione in an overly sweetly concerned voice. “Did Professor McGonagall make you upset? Maybe you need a kiss.”

Hermione leaned in and was about to give ‘Harry, Jr.’ a kiss when Professor McGonagall announced, “This has to stop!”

She whipped out her wand and leveled it at the kneeling witch.

“Finite!” the Headmistress shouted.

Hermione paused, mere centimeters away from Harry’s crown. She looked up at Harry and declared with a wink, “We’ll finish the puppet show later!” She then jumped up and ran around the room while holding her arms out to the side and making airplane noises.

Harry and McGonagall stared at the young witch as she appeared to pretend to be a plane while running around the room. After a bit, they both shared a concerned look. Then McGonagall happened to look down.

“For heaven’s sake, Potter!” she shouted as she covered her eyes yet again. “Cover yourself up!”

Harry looked down and saw that his aroused state was still very much exposed. He quickly hiked up his pajama bottoms, completely embarrassed.

“Sorry about that Professor,” said Harry, indicating that he was now decent.

McGonagall lowered her hand and gave Harry a stern look. She proceeded to say in an austere tone “Cover yourself a little more, Potter!”

Once again, he looked down at himself in shock. He was still fairly erect and was pointing in McGonagall’s direction. It was if ‘Harry, Jr.’ was pointing at the Headmistress in an accusatory way and was



saying “YOU! It’s your fault! I can’t play with my Hermione because you made her stop! YOU BITCH!”

As quickly as he could, Harry snatched a pillow from the nearby couch and held the fluffy accessory like a shield in front of his crotch.

“Well, at least I know you’re a true Gryffindor,” McGonagall muttered. “You ‘dress right’.”

Hermione had finally stopped pretending to be a plan and was now tumbling head over heels across the floor chanting “Hoop-ah!”

“What in the hell did you do to her?” demanded McGonagall as Hermione’s tumbling knocked over a small table, breaking it. Hermione muttered an “oops” and quickly performed a Repair Charm on the broken table.

“I... I just used a Cheering Charm on her,” admitted Harry.

Hermione giggled as she transfigured the table into a dozen tiny, miniscule red elephants.

“How many Cheering Charms did you use on her?” McGonagall asked incredulously.

Unable to answer McGonagall, Harry pointed his wand at Hermione, who was frantically chasing the tiny red elephants around the room.

“Finite!” Harry commanded.

Hermione slowed her frantic chase to a trot, but was still giggling like a school-girl.

“Finite!” he shouted again.

It was at this point that Hermione seemed to lose interest with the pack of puny pachyderms and started to hop like a bunny toward McGonagall, a bunny with her beautiful bare bum hanging out of her pants.

“Finite!”

The hop changed into a skip.

“Finite!”

The skip was replaced by a saunter, a saunter with a bounce to it, mind you.

“Finite!”

Her bouncy saunter disappeared as Hermione finally reached McGonagall. Harry could tell by the glow in Hermione’s cheeks (both sets, he thought wickedly) and the goofy grin on her face that she was still under the effects of his super-charged Cheering Charm, but he reckoned that it would be close enough.

“I’m sorry Professor,” Hermione said with a chuckle as she hiked up her slacks, covering her bum. This made Harry a tad disappointed. He rather liked seeing her bottom.

“It’s quite alright, Hermione,” replied McGonagall. “I was young and in love once, too.”

It was at this point that McGonagall focused on Harry and the message on his pajamas. She then gave Harry the same saucy smile she had given him the other day. It was like someone had dumped a very large bucket of ice water on his head.

“And speaking of love,” McGonagall said to Hermione, oblivious to Harry’s discomfort, “I thought it would be best if you had a look at today’s Prophet.”

The Headmistress pulled a rolled up copy of the newspaper out of her robes and handed it to Hermione.

“Is there anything wrong, Professor?” Harry asked as Hermione took the Prophet from the Headmistress. Harry noted that when she took the paper from McGonagall, Hermione was guffawing softly and he

swore he heard her mutter a word that Hermione would never say. But he could have sworn he heard her mutter the word "gimmie."

"Oh, not at all. The Prophet is merely reporting Harry's declaration he made during the reception yesterday," McGonagall answered. "I'll leave you two alone," with that, McGonagall left the Common Room.

Harry gasped in fear. He had totally forgotten to warn Hermione about his outburst. And now, she was going to hear about it from the Daily Prophet!

"What declaration?" Hermione asked as she started to read the front page.

"I'm sorry Hermione," Harry rapidly spoke. "I kind of told Ron -- and everyone else -- that I'm in love with --"

"Draco," Hermione interrupted.

"Yes - What? – NO!" Harry sputtered, stunned.

Hermione started to read the article that adorned the front page of the Daily Prophet. Of course, since she was still under the effect of the super-charged Cheering Charm, she read it in a silly voice. "The Chosen One announces his forbidden love!"

"During the Delacour/Weasley wedding yesterday, Harry Potter (The Boy Who Lived, The Chosen One, and Dumbledore's Man, Through and Through) announced his undying love for novice Death Eater and all-around bad-boy, Draco Malfoy."

"WHAT?" Harry screamed. He could swear that he could hear McGonagall laughing in the hall.

"Stunned guests witnessed as Potter proudly stated that he was in love with the wizard who helped Death Eaters invade Hogwarts." Hermione continued to read in her giddy voice. "Potter shouted 'I don't care who knows anymore, I'm in love with Draco!'"

“Bu... bu... bu... but I’m not gay!” Harry defended himself. “Even if I were, I could never be attracted to Draco. I don’t know where anyone would get that notion. I hate the little ferret.”

“Well, it looks like they’ve got an explanation for that,” Hermione said while trying to fight a fit of laughter. “Fred and George Weasley (brothers of the groom) who attended Hogwarts with Potter gave us some insight to Potter and Malfoy’s relationship: “Every time we played a Quidditch match against Slytherin, Draco and Harry would always go for each other’s throats...” Fred told us’

““Yeah, everyone could tell their aggressiveness towards each other was just unresolved sexual tension,” George concluded.””

“I-am-going-to-kill-them!” Harry hissed.

““Another classmate of Potter, Dean Thomas, informed, “I swear I saw the two of them snogging in the halls last year.””

“Right after I kill him,” Harry hissed again.

“Alas, does this mean we’re over Harry,” Hermione asked with overly-dramatic and obviously fake sadness and dropped the Prophet on the table. “I don’t think I could share you with another man!”

“Oh, shut it!” Harry moaned dejectedly and flopped on the couch. “How’d this happen?”

“Well, you know how this newspaper never gets anything right,” Hermione attempted to console him. Her attempt to comfort him was difficult however seeing that she was still chuckling.

“I know that,” Harry stated and Hermione sat down next to him. “But why would my friends say that about me?”

“That’s simple. As to Fred and George, they did it as a joke,” Hermione explained and then added under her breath “a bloody good one at that.” She then said “And Dean, well he probably did it because you did steal his girlfriend last year.”

“Oh, yeah. I guess I deserved that last bit,” Harry said.

“The girlfriend who happened to look like your mum,” Hermione added. Harry groaned pitifully and Hermione muttered “sicko.”

Hermione pecked Harry’s cheek and announced, “We have an hour or so before Ron gets here and I have something we can do in the mean time. A deviously clever idea struck me while I was under your Cheering Charm.”

“An idea about what?” asked Harry.

“Revenge,” heralded Hermione. She then stood and declared in a very dramatic way: “Revenge against Remus and Tonks!”

Hermione spent the next twenty minutes gathering potion supplies and explaining her plan to Harry.

“I was inspired by Remus’ prank where he used a theory for one spell but used it on a different spell, causing a completely unheard of effect for the latter,” Hermione spoke very rapidly as she threw several ingredients in the simmering cauldron. “I asked myself ‘why don’t we do the same thing? Combine two different things and hit those two with it?’ So, I decided to mix two different potions, a mild Lust Potion and an Infelix Infaustus potion. The Infelix Infaustus potion does the exact opposite of the Felix Felicis, instead of giving the drinker good luck, they’re plagued with bad luck. My theory is that when we combine the Lust and Bad Luck potions, the victims –Remus and Tonks – will have bouts of lowered inhibitions at inappropriate times and places.”

“You lost me at ‘I was inspired...’” Harry admitted as he watched his girlfriend stir the contents of the cauldron.

“Remus and Tonks will be molesting each other, much like I did to you when I was under the influence of Ginny’s Lust Potion,” Hermione explained in simpler terms. “But they will be doing it at the most inappropriate times and places. Imagine the next Order of the Phoenix meeting; Molly will be going over the minutes from the last meeting and Tonks will mount Remus right then and there!”

“They’ll be mortified!” exclaimed Harry.

“They’ll never live it down!” proclaimed Hermione.

“They’ll never be able to show their faces in public again!” added Harry.

“Excellent!” both teens gloriously cried out.

Hermione cackled and put in the final ingredient. She carefully poured the contents of the cauldron into a glass vial. “Now all we have to do is sprinkle this over something they’ll eat or into their drinks.”

“How about we sprinkle it over their tea supply?” offered Harry.

“Wonderful! That way they’ll have to deal with the effects whenever they have tea! They will be pranked continually, and not know how!”

The sound of the portrait of the Fat Lady opening drew their attention to the entrance to the Common Room. A silent and sullen Ron Weasley walked in.

“Um, hi Ron,” Harry nervously greeted his hopefully still best mate.

“Hiya Harry... Hermione,” he responded in a quiet and apprehensive way. Hermione weakly waved at her former “we’re together” friend. And those four words, well four words and an “Um” sound, were the only things said for a very long minute. During that minute, the trio busied themselves in various ways; Hermione seemed to be fascinated by a strand of her own hair and inspected it closely. Ron appeared to be counting the dust specks on the chandelier above their heads (which was still swinging slightly due to Hermione impromptu impersonation of Tarzan) while Harry was literarily twiddling his thumbs trying his best not to look at anyone or anything in particular.

“Ooh, this is maddening!” announced Hermione, finally breaking the awkward silence. “I never meant to hurt you Ron, it just that...”

"I know, I know," Ron said. "I did a lot of thinking about what Harry said, and it made sense. In the long run, I don't think it would've worked out. It still hurts a little, but I think that it would've hurt a lot more if we had been together longer and then realize that we wouldn't work out. You know what I mean?"

"Yes, I do," replied Hermione, taken back at Ron's surprising amount of insight.

"And I reckon that it will hurt a little seeing the two of you together for a bit, but if it makes you two happy then I'm happy." Ron concluded.

"Thanks mate, that means a lot," Harry said, his heart feeling a little lighter.

"Besides I should've seen this coming, the two of you hooking up. I mean, look at all the stuff you two have done together," Ron stated. "You both went into the Forbidden Forest in our first year while I was stuck in the Hospital Ward. Then there was the Time Turner Adventure you had in our third year where you saved Sirius and rode Buckbeak. And in our fifth, you two went into the Forest twice together and then when we split up in the Department of Mysteries, you two were still a team."

A genuine smile appeared on both Ron and Harry's faces as they shook hands, renewing their friendship. Hermione then hugged their tall friend. As she pulled away from him, Ron looked at her red eye and asked "Were you hit with a Conjunctivitis Curse?"

Hermione snorted in a very un-lady-like fashion and Harry's heart sunk as he realized the awkward situation of the talk with Ron had forced Hermione to suppress the urges she was feeling from the super-charged Cheering Charm. Apparently, since the awkwardness of the talk had passed, the effects of the super-charged Cheering Charm kicked in once again.

"My eye is red because Harry came in it," informed Hermione with a chuckle.

Harry gaped with his mouth open in shock at Ron. Hermione had just blurted out how far their relationship had progressed and Harry was fearful of Ron's reaction. You see, Ron was prone to bouts of jealousy and anger. And Harry worried that Ron would react badly because Ron was basically just told that Hermione had given Harry a hand-job. But thankfully, Ron was also prone to bouts of denseness.

"What do you mean?" Ron asked, dumbfounded. "How can someone come into your eye?"

Before Harry could defuse the situation, Hermione answered Ron's question, "Not 'into', in. And it's quite simple: Bad aim, that's how."

Ron stared at his two best friends in bewilderment for a moment. Then slowly, understanding dawned in his eyes.

"SHE NEVER DID THAT WITH ME!"

"Pfft," Hermione countered – if one could call a "pfft" noise a counterpoint. "I never did anything with you."

Hermione then proceeded to attempt to once more lower Harry's pants. Luckily, Harry seized hold of his trousers before Hermione could tug them down.

"What the hell is wrong with her?" Ron asked Harry.

"I hit her with a super-charged Cheering Charm," Harry tried to inform his friend while wrestling for control of his pants with Hermione.

"You hit her with a super-charged Cheering Charm by cumming in her eye?" demanded Ron.

"No, no, no," Harry stammered. He was beginning to lose the battle over his pants and he was quite worried that Ron was about to formally meet 'Harry, Jr.' "No, we performed a ritual to find the Horcruxes..."

Harry paused as he started to feel the fabric of his pants slip away.



“And you performed this ritual by cumming in her eye?” Ron asked, still trying to follow the chain of events.

“No,” Hermione answered and thankfully gave up in her quest to expose ‘Harry, Jr.’ and walked over to stand in front of Ron. “I found a ritual in a dirty little book Harry was trying to hide from me.” Of course, Hermione was speaking very rapidly. “The ritual required me to wank his willy,” Hermione paused momentarily to make a rude hand gesture to Ron, as if she needed to give the red-haired wizard a visual reference to what she was talking about. “Well, then we had an out of body experience where we found the location of all of Voldemort’s Horcruxes, but the ritual ended when Harry came. Unfortunately, he cummed in my eye, duh!” She accentuated this point by leaning very close to Ron so that he could inspect the eye in question.

“And as to the reason I’m acting so strangely,” Hermione continued after she believed that Ron had inspected her red-eye enough. “Harry informed me that there was more to the prophecy concerning he and Voldemort than just ‘me against him’ and it dealt with a power Harry has that Voldemort doesn’t even know about. And apparently that power is love and so I decided to see how much his love affected simple charms and spells. So we did a little experiment with a Cheering Charm and ‘lo and behold you have a very hyper-active Hermione. Harry has tried to cancel out the charm, but what he doesn’t realized is that he had so much power in the charm that he’ll have to tap into his love-core again to cancel it completely. That or hit me with a dozen or so more ‘Finities’”

“Oh, okay. So when are we going to Godric’s Hollow and start looking for the Horcruxes?” Ron asked, abruptly changing subjects, obviously pretending that not only had he understood what Hermione had said, but that she was acting completely normal.

“How about now?” asked Harry, equally trying to pretend that Hermione’s actions were normal.

“Why not?” Ron agreed.

“Fine, but let’s stop by Remus and Tonks’ place first,” Hermione said with a knowing look in her eye – well her one good eye that is. “Just to let them know we’re going on a trip.”

“Alright, before we leave let’s go to the kitchen and get some food,” Harry said. “I’m famished.”

“Wait. First, I have some ‘forgive me I was such a berk’ presents to give you two,” Ron said as he started to reach in his robes.

“Ron that’s not necessary,” Hermione said gently.

“It’s something I feel I need to do, is all,” stated Ron and he pulled out a single yellow rose and handed it to Hermione. “I hope we can still be friends.”

“Of course we are,” Hermione said with tears of happiness in her eyes and she hugged Ron again. After they broke apart, Ron pulled a box out of his robes and handed it to Harry.

“Here you go Harry,” Ron said as Harry took the box. “I had it made for you this morning. I hope it fits.”

Harry opened the box to find a bright pink pullover with the words “Draco’s Little Princess” embroidered on it.

“I think Draco would like that,” Hermione said with a chuckle as she examined the shirt over Harry’s shoulder. Harry groaned and looked at Ron who appeared to be on the verge of laughter.

“Ha, ha, let it out you two,” Harry said mirthlessly.

“Do you think that Harry would be the Keeper or the Chaser?” Ron asked. “I think he’d be the Keeper in the relationship.”

“Oh, yes, I can totally see that,” Hermione answered. “Draco is very aggressive, so that would make him the dominant of the pair.”

This playful ribbing continued as the trio went to the kitchens and grabbed some food. Dobby made it a point to say goodbye to Harry

and if they needed anything that they shouldn't hesitate to call on the little House-Elf. As Harry left the kitchen, he absently noted that Kreacher was no where to be seen.

After they left the castle grounds, Hermione turned to Harry and demanded "Lift this Charm off of me this instant! I refuse to go any further until I am normal. It's taking too much effort to restrain myself right now. And I'm afraid that I'll lose my concentration in the middle of a large crowd of people."

"Okay, Finite." Harry said after he pointed his wand at her.

"No Harry!" Hermione exclaimed gleefully. "I told you earlier you will have to hit me with a dozen more Finites or one loved powered Finite!"

"You did?" he asked.

"Yes, remember when I was explaining our situation to Ron?"

"Um, no, not really," Harry responded honestly. In Harry's defense, she had been speaking rather rapidly earlier.

"Well, tap into your love-core so I can be normal again," demanded Hermione.

Harry paused and focused on how he felt for his girlfriend and muttered "Finite."

With a sigh, Hermione acknowledged that she had finally returned to normal.

The trio signaled for the Knight Bus. With a loud BANG, the triple decked bus appeared in front of them. Harry, Hermione, and Ron got on and took the Knight Bus to Remus' cottage.

"Wothcher, kids," Tonks greeted them as she answered the door. "Come inside."

Tonks led the group to the small front room where Remus was reading The Quibbler.

“Hello, you three,” Remus greeted. “What brings you here?”

“Oh, just wanted to stop by before we head off to Godric’s Hollow,” informed Harry.

Remus and Tonks shared a concerned look.

“Pardon me, but may I use the bathroom?” Hermione interjected.

“Of course you can, Hermione.” Tonks answered.

Hermione winked at Harry before disappearing around the corner. Harry had some difficulty controlling his joy at the thought of Remus and Tonks embarrassing themselves due to Hermione’s ingenious plan of revenge.

“Now Harry, I want to warn you about what you’ll find at Godric’s Hollow,” said Remus, the concern in his voice was obvious to anyone who was paying attention. However, Harry wasn’t paying attention. His mind was filled with images of the humiliated pair of Tonks and Remus.

“Joseph Middwood was the man Lily and James hired to be the house’s caretaker,” Remus continued and Harry nodded his head as if he understood what the older wizard had said. “And he has done... some questionable things since your parents died...”

Harry almost laughed out loud as a mental image of Remus and Tonks sitting at the dinner table at the Burrow entered his mind. He imagined Molly setting the main course in front of Remus. The werewolf then looked up at Molly and thanked her before shoving his hand down Tonks’ blouse to squeeze her tit. In Harry’s mind, Molly then gasped as Tonks whipped out Remus’ willy and started to wank him off.

“... and apparently, he thought he deserved more money...” Remus continued to speak. And Harry continued to ignore him.

Harry gleefully imagined another mortifying predicament caused by Hermione's Bad Lust potion. In his mind's eye, Harry saw Remus stop by the Ministry of Magic to drop off some lunch for Tonks. He imagined them talking for a bit about inconsequential things, but the moment that Tonks' supervisor happened to stop by, all hell would break loose. Harry fought the urge to chuckle at the imagined shocked expression on Tonks' boss's face when Remus put his willy in-between the pink haired witch's boobs and began to whack himself off with her mounds.

Another image suddenly popped in Harry's mind driving the current scenario from his imagination. Instead of Remus giving Tonks a good old fashion titty-fuck, Harry saw himself in the same position, but with Hermione and her wondrous breasts being the stars. He wondered momentarily if Hermione would ever agree to such an activity. He didn't think that she would agree to such a thing just for the pleasure of it; but remembering his sore bottom and how moist and musky her knickers were from earlier, Harry realized that his girlfriend was a touch kinky. He even considered momentarily using his super-charged Cheering Charm just to bring that naughty girl out once more, but quickly put that thought aside. He could never use Hermione. He loved her and would never intentionally force her to lower her inhibitions for his pleasure. Hopefully, he thought, a ritual would be in the 'special book' which would require him putting 'Harry, Jr.' between Hermione's beautiful boobs. He felt 'Harry, Jr.' began to stir at the thought of getting the opportunity to frolic with 'Carmella' and 'Natasha'.

"... I've tried talking with Joseph." Remus sighed dejectedly before continuing. "But he won't listen to reason."

The magnificent image of Harry giving Hermione his own special pearl necklace was sadly replaced by another vision of a "Bad Lust" attack. The image this time focused on Tonks taking Remus to visit her folks. Remus gave Mrs. Tonks a kiss as a greeting and shook Mr. Tonks' hand like a gentleman before Remus began humping their daughter's leg like a rabid dog – or in Remus' case -- a wolf. Granted, Harry found this image humorous, but he found the image of a naked Hermione underneath him much more preferable.

“... I’m sorry I didn’t tell you before now,” concluded Remus. “I just wanted to prepare you for what you’ll find there.”

“Oh, thanks Remus,” Harry responded, absentmindedly. “I’ll keep it in mind.”

What he’ll keep in mind was a total mystery to Harry since he hadn’t heard a word that Remus had said.

“Sorry about that,” Hermione began as she reentered the room. “Did I miss anything?”

“Nothing important,” replied Harry. Hermione gave him a look that clearly told him that the mission was accomplished. Soon, very soon, Tonks would be jumping Remus’ bones and their revenge will be complete!

“All right then, I guess we should be going,” Hermione announced.

“Okay, see you three later,” Remus bid them farewell. But before Harry could turn and leave, Remus said to Tonks: “Tonks, love.”

“Yes, sweetie,” she replied.

“Remind me to throw away the tea,” Remus said as he picked up The Quibbler and started to read it once more. “Hermione spiked it while pretending to use the loo.”

“Yes dear,” Tonks replied nonchalantly as if their tea supply was often spiked and she was rather bored with the chore of throwing it away.

“Why would she spike your tea?” Ron asked.

Harry could feel his eye twitch. His dream of revenge was destroyed before it even started. Remus just killed his dream. Harry looked at Hermione and saw that her eye was twitching as well.

“Just for a prank,” Remus said to Ron.

“But... but.... But how’d you know?” stammered Hermione.

“I have wards up all over the house, and they alert me if something gets disturbed.” Remus answered. “You two will have to come up with better ideas if you want to pull a practical joke on me. Remember, I am a Marauder after all.”

“DAMN IT!” Harry cursed and stomped out of the cottage. Hermione followed, grumbling under her breath. Ron silently followed, not realizing all the trouble his friends had been through.

“Oi, Hermione,” Tonks called out from the house to the trio as Harry signaled for the Knight Bus. “Next time, turn your head. That way you avoid getting it in your eye!” Hermione shot Tonks a dirty look with her one good eye as the pink haired witch continued to taunt; “Oh, and Harry, don’t forget to give Draco a kiss for me!”

The purple bus appeared with a bang and Harry gloomily walked on.

“Godric’s Hollow,” Harry told the driver. Harry sat on a chair in the back after paying the driver and Hermione and Ron soon joined him.

“Why were you trying to prank Remus,” Ron asked.

“He pranked us first,” Harry blurted out not realizing that he would have to describe the prank to Ron. Even though Ron was being a sport concerning Harry and Hermione’s relationship, Harry didn’t want to aggravate Ron by telling him the whole “Tonks caught me eating out Hermione while you thought you two were still a couple and then Remus pranked us by making us believe the Ministry made flyers describing the scene Tonks saw” ordeal. So, as quickly as he could, Harry made up a prank that wouldn’t possibly rile Ron. “Remus called me a poopie head.”

Hermione slapped her head in annoyance at Harry’s poor cover-up.

“Really? A ‘poopie-head’?” Ron asked; thankfully Ron wasn’t the brightest person in the world. “You’d think a Marauder would come up with a better prank than that.”

Hermione slapped her head again; this time in annoyance to Ron's stupidity.

"I mean 'poopie-head' isn't even funny," Ron continued, unmindful of Hermione's vexation. "I thought the Marauders were supposed to be the best pranksters to ever attend Hogwarts. But 'poopie-head'?" Ron concluded by shaking his head in a disappointed way. "Fred and George would be so disappointed."

Harry began to grow concerned. Not only was his friend digging into the very unlikely excuse, but worse, Ron appeared to believe it. Harry truly wondered how Ron could be that gullible and trusting.

"But there's something I don't understand," Ron said. "Why would you want to prank Remus back if he called you a 'poopie-head'? I mean, why bother? You could just call him a 'berk' and be done with it."

Worrying that his friend might finally deduce that the "poopie-head" story was just a cover-up for the "I got caught eating out Hermione," Harry decided to divert Ron's attention.

"Hey, we found where the Horcruxes are hidden!" announced Harry.

"That's right!" Ron responded. "Where are they?"

"Harry!" hissed Hermione. With a tilt of her head, she indicated a group of four wizards sitting near the front of the Bus. "Do you want them to hear this conversation?"

Harry doubted that they had heard him mention the horcruxes, but he knew that Hermione was right. Discreetly pulling out his wand, Harry pointed it at the group of wizards and muttered: "Muffliato!"

The Muffliato Charm was designed to fill the ears of the people who were hit with it to have their hearing filled with unidentifiable buzzing sounds. It was a simple charm that would allow Harry and his friends to talk without being overheard. It was also a charm that wouldn't harm anyone. Harry hated to admit it, but Snape did make some useful spells.



The Muffliato Charm wouldn't harm anyone unless the caster had gone and unwittingly performed a power boosting ritual, much like Harry had.

"OH SWEET MERLIN!" the first wizard shouted while frantically looking around him. "ARE WE UNDER ATTACK FROM MONSTROUSLY HUGE BEES?"

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?" the second wizard screamed at the first.

"THE AGONY OF TINNIUS!" the third hollered while clutching his ears.

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?" the fourth wizard yelled.

Both Ron and Hermione shot looks at Harry as the four wizards continued to frantically scream and shout. Ron's look told Harry that the red head was confused and didn't understand why such a simple and harmless charm had created such havoc. However, Hermione's look was different; it clearly told Harry that she was very upset with him.

"What's going on?" Ron hollered as the first wizard continued to warn everyone around him at the top of his lung about the impending bee attack. "Why are they acting like that? The Muffliato shouldn't cause that type of reaction!"

"Because Harry forgot he performed a power-boosting ritual!" yelled Hermione.

"What?" shouted Ron over the cries of the four unknown wizards.

"Harry performed a power-boosting ritual!" she yelled louder.

"WHAT?"

"HE PERFORMED A POWER-BOOSTING RITUAL!" screamed Hermione, her face had turned a bright red as she shouted at the top of her lungs.

“Oh, how’d you do it?” Ron asked Harry rather loudly.

Sharing a concerned look with Harry, Hermione began to sputter: “We... um... he... err... well...”

Harry noticed that Ron was trying his best to hear what Hermione was muttering but he could tell that Ron couldn’t hear anything she was saying over the shouts and screams of the four wizards. Harry shouted to Ron “NEVER MIND, IT ISN’T IMPORTANT.”

“ALRIGHT!” Ron shouted and asked “WHERE ARE THE HORCRUXES?”

Hermione must have realized that it would’ve been very difficult to tell Ron the locations of the Horcruxes over the four wizards’ screams so she pulled some parchment out of her robes along with a quill and scratched out some notes. After a moment, she showed Harry the note and shouted in his ear so that he could hear what she was asking: “Does this look right to you?”

Harry quickly read the parchment.

“Slytherin’s locket was at Borgin & Burkes, but was sold to an unknown wizard.

An unknown item is hidden under the orphanage where Riddle was raised.

Hufflepuff’s cup is at number twelve, Grimmauld Place. (R. A. B. was Regulus Black, Sirius’ brother)

Voldemort, the final Horcrux.”

Harry silently nodded his head in approval and handed Hermione’s note to Ron. After reading the note once (which took an abnormally long amount of time), Ron reread it again, this time, it appeared that he was counting off the Horcruxes. With a perplexed and somewhat pained look (Harry couldn’t tell if the pained expression on his face was due to the fact that he just had to read something that wasn’t homework or Quidditch related or not), Ron attempted to ask Harry

and Hermione a question. Unfortunately, Harry couldn't hear what he was saying over the four wizards who were now panicking.

"To hell with this," Harry muttered and pointed his wand at the wizards. "Finite"

"Thank heaven," the first wizard exclaimed as he sat back down. "The monstrously huge bees have called off their attack"

"I've been cured!" the third wizard cried out.

The other two wizards sat down and appeared to be pretending as if nothing unusual had just happened.

"What was that Ron?" asked Hermione.

"There's only four," Ron answered.

"So?" asked Harry.

"Well including the diary that you destroyed in second year and the ring that Dumbledore destroyed last year; that only makes six." Ron explained. "I thought there was supposed to be seven of them?"

Harry and Hermione were taken back for two reasons; firstly, Ron was correct in the fact that they were one Horcrux short. And the second and more shocking reason; Ron was correct.

"Maybe we did the ritual wrong," speculated Hermione. "Perhaps we should do it again."

Harry's heart leapt up at the thought of Hermione's small hands wrapped around 'Harry, Jr.' and a goofy grin stretched across his face.

"Maybe I could do it too?" Ron asked hopefully.

The goofy grin quickly disappeared from Harry's face and he glowered at his friend. 'What the hell is he implying?' Harry thought.

"Just what are you implying, Ron?" Hermione demanded, scandalized.

“What? Wait?” Ron sputtered, noticing the shocked looks of his friends. “What’s wrong with me wanting to help? Why can’t I do the ritual?”

“Ron, weren’t you listening to me back in the Common Room? Hermione asked. “I told you: Harry and I performed a... sex based ritual. That’s why ‘not you!’”

“Oh god, no, Hermione,” Ron replied quickly. “Um... No, what I mean is that no I didn’t really pay atten... that is understand you back there. But why can’t I do the ritual? Not with you Hermione. I was thinking about giving Lav-Lav another go.”

“What? Lavender Brown?” Hermione screeched, obviously upset with Ron and his choice of witches. Harry was just glad he wasn’t propositioning Hermione. He loved Ron like a brother, but he had no intention of sharing Hermione with him. “She is a bubble-headed, silly girl,” Hermione continued. “You will not date her again.”

“Why not?” asked Ron.

“Because the only thing you two had in common was over-active hormones!”

“And that’s a bad thing?”

“Yes!” Hermione called out. “You cannot have a relationship built strictly on lust, you have to have a relationship, a truly deep and meaningful connection. Like Harry and I do.”

Harry tuned out his friends’ argument; ‘if you’ve hear them argue once, you’ve heard them enough’ he rationalized. His mind drifted back to Godric’s Hollow, the place where he and his family once lived. His heart was filled with anticipation and trepidation at the thought of visiting the house where he was born and where his parents were killed.

“The only way that I will allow you to even contemplate participating in any ritual,” Hermione stated with authority, “will be after Harry and I find you a proper girl you can date.

“And that is final!” Hermione concluded, ending the argument.

The Bus suddenly stopped and a witch with four young children climbed on board. “Godric’s Hollow, please,” she said to the driver.

Harry was a little more than taken back; she wanted to go to Godric’s Hollow like he did. Ever since he had first heard of Godric’s Hollow, Harry had assumed that it was the name of the house he and his parents had lived in. Harry looked over to Hermione, who appeared to be having the same quandary as he. Ron however, was still concentrating over Hermione’s dictate.

“I don’t see why I can’t have a say in who I’m allowed to date,” Ron muttered sullenly. “At least let me have some input, please Hermione?” he pleaded.

“Perhaps, if you behave yourself,” Hermione conceded, simply to stop the discussion.

Maybe, Harry thought, Godric’s Hollow was the name of the village where his parents had lived. This seemed very possible because the Bus stopped again and the people who got on also wanted to go to Godric’s Hollow. It seemed very feasible until Ron spoke up and said: “I haven’t been here since I was a kid. I know it’s kind of lame now that I’ve grown, but it’s still cool.” He then added very excitedly; “I can’t wait to ride the stairway again!”

Before Harry or Hermione could ask Ron what he had meant, the Bus came to a screeching halt and the driver announced, “Godric’s Hollow.” Harry was the first of the trio to exit the Bus, and what he saw made him almost faint.

Harry stood in front of a large grey warehouse. There were a number of wizards and witches with their children that had formed a queue waiting to get into the building. This wasn’t all that shocking, but the

flashing sign hanging above the entrance to the warehouse was the thing that made Harry almost faint. The sign stated:

“Welcome to Godric’s Hollow; Home of Harry Potter, the Boy Who Lived! Watch Mr. and Mrs. Potter as they bravely try to fight off He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named! Marvel at the miracle of You-Know-Who’s downfall!

Ticket Prices:

Adults: 3 knuts

Children (11 and under) 2 knuts

Seniors (80 and older) 2 knuts.”

“Excuse me, but either join the queue or get out of the way please,” a witch with three children said to Harry as she pushed her way past him. The witch then stepped in the back of a line that went from the street where Harry had stepped off of the Bus to the entrance.

From inside the warehouse, Harry could hear shouts of excitement, cries of fear, and various explosions.

“What the bloody hell is this?” Hermione asked, giving voice to Harry’s internal question.

“It’s just a tourist ride,” Ron explained, ignorant to the shock Harry was experiencing.

Harry wanted to hurt somebody. Hurt them very, very badly. He didn’t care who that somebody was; he needed someone to hurt, very, very badly. Then Ron had the misfortune to offer “Hey I know, since I didn’t get you a birthday present, how ‘bout I buy you a glowing ‘baby Harry’?”

And the somebody that Harry needed to hurt very, very badly was going to be Ron.

To be continued.

## Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

### Chapter Eight

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Eight Summary: Harry goes on the ride of his life!

Harry slowly turned to face Ron. The rage and anger Harry was feeling was about to be unloaded upon his taller friend. But before he could unleash his fury, one of the witches who had gotten off of the Knight Bus spoke up.

"Would you lot budge up or get out of the queue," the witch demanded. "My kids have been waiting for this for months."

Harry was quite surprised to find that he, Hermione, and Ron had somehow wandered into the line of customers waiting to enter Godric's Hollow. He was even more surprised to see that Ron was already at the ticket window.

"Excuse me, my friend over there is Harry Potter," Ron said to the wizard behind the counter. "So what kind of discount do we get?"

"Let me check with my supervisor, governor," the old wizard replied in an obviously bored tone. He leaned back in his chair and without taking his bleary eyes off of Ron and shouted over his shoulder to someone behind him. "Oi, Brian, we've got another one claimin' to be 'The Boy Who Lived' and wanting a discount."

"What's the count up to today, Curt?" a disembodied voice echoed from behind the wizard in the ticket window.

“Eighth one today,” Curt, the ticket salesman responded. “That’s four up from yesterday.”

“If this keeps up, we’ll break the record for most ‘Harry Potter Sightings’ in one day,” Brian commented.

“But this really is Harry Potter!” argued Ron. “Look at his scar!”

Harry felt the desire to physically harm Ron as Curt leaned out of his booth and examined Harry’s infamous scar.

“Bit small innit?” remarked Curt. “The last “Harry Potter” had a much bigger one. And it flashed a green light every now and then. That was impressive!”

“Would you just pay for the tickets so the rest of us can move along!” the witch with three children demanded. “We don’t have all day!”

“Fine then, how much for three?” Ron asked grumpily as he dug into his pockets.

“Nine knuts,” Curt replied mirthlessly.

“Excuse me, who runs this... this place,” Hermione demanded as she gestured to the warehouse.

“Mr. Joseph Middwood,” Curt answered. The name struck a cord with Harry, but he couldn’t place it. Harry hoped that Remus would know who this Middwood was and could tell him something about the man.

“I demand to speak with him this instant,” commanded Hermione.

“That’s fine miss,” Curt replied. “He’s up in the gift shop.”

“How do we get there?” asked Hermione.

“The only way to the gift shop is through the ride.”

“You must be joking!” Hermione stated shrilly.



“Nope,” Curt said with a smile. “You’ll still have to pay for the ride.”

“Here,” grumbled Ron as he gave Curt nine knuts, a sweet wrapper, a bit of string, and some pocket lint. Apparently, Ron was so upset over not getting a discount that he had just grabbed whatever happened to be in his pocket. Luckily it was the exact amount needed for three adult tickets – plus a sweet wrapper, a bit of string, and some pocket lint.

Ron grumbled some more as he sulked through the entranceway and Harry and Hermione silently followed.

“C’mon you two,” Ron hollered from down the hall, “the ride’s this way!”

The trio began to walk down a brightly lit hallway adorned with multiple magical posters.

“I don’t see why you’re so excited about this ride, Ron,” said Hermione.

The first poster that caught Harry’s eye was that of a young baby, maybe a year or so old. It took him a moment to realize that it was actually a photo of himself. He was slightly embarrassed at the fact that baby Harry was blowing spit bubbles at the person who had taken the picture. A title scrolled across the bottom of the poster that stated “The Boy Who Lived!”

A poster to his left showed the handsome visage of his father, James. James was smiling and winking in the poster while words scrolled at the bottom of the picture announced, “James Potter; father of The Boy Who Lived”.

“Why not?” replied Ron to Hermione’s question. “I know it’s a little lame, but it’s still fun!”

Another poster showed Lily, Harry’s mother, smiling sweetly with the scrolling words: “Lily Potter, mother of The Boy Who Lived”. Harry felt his eyes begin to well up.

“FUN!” barked Hermione. “These people are making a mockery of Harry’s pain and you think its ‘fun’?”

“What d’you mean a mockery -?” Ron asked and stopped as he finally noticed the tears in Harry’s eyes. Ron looked nervously between Harry and a nearby poster that show a jubilant James and Lily looking at a black-haired baby attempting to walk on his own. “Oh, crap Harry,” Ron mumbled in a guilty way. “I didn’t realize...”

“Let’s just get this over with,” Harry said softly with a mixture of sadness and anger in his voice.

The next poster that caught Harry’s eye was that of a menacing figure completely shrouded within a black robe as the phrase “The most feared Dark Lord in our time!” scrolled across the bottom.

Harry shook his head in disbelief and passed through a doorway and entered a large room with a number of wooden carts on several tracks. The tracks all led out of the room through a large set of double doors. A wizard wearing a pointy hat with the words “Ride the Hollow!” embroidered on it ushered Harry, Hermione, and Ron into the front of one of the carts. A family of three took up the row behind them.

A disembodied booming male voice emanated from somewhere above the cart.

“Join us as we use the magical Time Turner to travel back to that fateful day...”

An obviously phony Time Turner attached to the front of the cart started spinning before their eyes.

“That’s not a real Time Turner, ya know,” informed Ron like it wasn’t obvious and he needed to point it out.

The cart lurched forward as the double doors slowly opened and the cart moved into the blackness. After a moment in the darkness, the cart and its passengers emerged into a bright and sunny field.

“Watch as the Potter family goes about their daily routine,” the booming male voice stated as the cart approached a group of people outside the house.

Harry could see two adult figures, a man and a woman, standing in the garden in front of that house. One could tell that these people were magical representations by the way they moved. The way they moved their legs and arms were too jerky and unnatural. They were clearly poorly animated mannequins. As the cart got closer, the woman stiltedly bent down and picked up a small child.

“Let me have him, love,” the man said and the woman carefully handed him the child. “Does Harry want to play with his daddy?”

“Do be careful James,” the woman chastised.

Harry felt as if he was hit hard in the stomach and all the wind was knocked out of him.

It was his mother and father.

The fake James tossed the fake Harry up into the air and the baby giggled uproariously.

Even though he could tell that the way the mannequins’ were fakes by their stuttering movement, whoever had created this charade had gotten his parents’ voices and likenesses down perfectly. Seeing and hearing these reproductions cut through Harry like a knife.

The fake baby reached its chubby little arms out to its fake mother and Harry’s eyes blurred. He failed in his attempt to swallow the large lump that had grown in his throat as the tears spilled from his eyes.

Hermione let out a soft sob as the fake Lilly took her fake baby into her arms and playfully placed tiny kisses over its face. Harry cradled Hermione to his chest as tears ran down his own face. He could tell without looking that Ron was hanging his head in regret at the thought of ever enjoying such a travesty of his friend’s life.

The fake Potter family strolled into the house and the announcer's voice sounded again.

"But the Potters' did not know of the terrible fate that awaited them..." the disembodied voice warned.

The sunny sky over Harry's head quickly darkened. Lightning flashed and thunder boomed as the cart entered the garden.

"You too shall share their fates this night!" The booming voice cackled.

The little girl sitting behind Harry turned to her father and said something that must have been terribly important to her.

"I love you, Daddy," the girl whispered in fear, as if she was positive she was doomed and she wanted to make sure her father knew how much she cared for him before she died.

With a flash of lightning, an ominous figure appeared in front of the cart. The family behind Harry let out a terrified scream as the figure revealed his deeply tanned face to them. Harry could tell from their screams that the girl and her brother were truly terrified, but the father was just playing along.

"IT'S HIM!" the girl screeched.

Harry was surprised when a scoffing noise escaped his lips upon the sight of "He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named". Harry bitterly realized that while whoever had created this atrocity had numerous photos of James, Lily, and baby Harry to base their mannequins off of, but they hadn't even a vague notion of what Voldemort looked like. The effect was comical to Harry; this Voldemort was just a standard male mannequin that would have normally adorn a shop window. The only modification that Harry could see was that the mannequin had red eyes.

"Do you mind?" the father stated, taking offence at Harry's scoff.

The fake Voldemort made his way to the front door of the house and the cart followed him. The mannequin pointed his wand at the door.

"They've got the wand wrong," Harry bitterly muttered. "Along with how he looks as well."

"And how would you know?" the father asked.

Harry turned in his seat and looked at the man while holding up his fringe to expose his famous scar.

"Oooo," the father said with insincere awe. "It's the bloke who wanted a free ticket because he's 'Harry Potter'. Just because you had to pay like the rest of us 'cuz your scam didn't work doesn't mean you have to ruin it for everybody."

Harry was about to put the wizard in his place when the Voldemort-mannequin shouted "REDUCTO!"

Red sparks erupted from his wand just as that door and a portion of the wall surrounding it were "blown" to bits. Of course the hole in the wall had just happened to be wide enough for the cart to pass through.

The cart followed the Voldemort-mannequin into the house.

"Lilly, get Harry out of here!" the fake James shouted and he fired off a number of brightly colored sparks out of his wand. The family behind Harry let out a surprised yelp as one of the sparks soared over their heads and exploded against the wall.

The Lily-mannequin dashed up the stairs with the fake child in her arms. James continued to fire off sparks as he too made his way to the stairs.

"This is futile, Potter," the mannequin Voldemort hissed. Harry noted another mistake that the ride makers had made, this Voldemort's voice was low and rumbling instead of high and cold. "Accept your fate and surrender."

The fake James slowly walked backwards up the stairs with his wand held in front of him defensively. Voldemort-mannequin cackled while walking up the stairs after his prey and the cart followed him.

Sparks continued to shoot out of the fake-James' wand and continued to completely miss the Voldemort-mannequin. Blue, red, yellow, and purple sparks rocked overhead and the family behind the trio let out another scream.

"Boy, that James bloke couldn't aim worth a darn could he, kids?" the father asked rhetorically as another barrage of sparks flew past Voldemort and over the cart.

"This ends now, Blood-Traitor!" Voldemort said mirthlessly and then shouted "AVADA KEDAVRA!"

The magical copy of James slumped to the floor and the fake-Voldemort stepped over his body. As the cart passed "the body," the wizard sitting behind Harry said jokingly to his children "I guess he should've ducked, huh?"

Harry was suddenly enraged. Not only did this ride make a mockery of his parents, it led other people to openly treat them with contempt as well.

"REDUCTO!" the fake-Voldemort shout again once he had reached the top of the stairs. Another cart sized hole was blown into the wall and the fake-Voldemort walked over the rubble to enter the nursery.

"I'll make you pay for that, you fiend!" the mannequin Lilly screamed and shot off a series of Stunners at the fake-Voldemort who nonchalantly blocked them.

"This is pointless, woman," the fake-Voldemort said in a bored tone.

"I won't let you hurt my baby!" Lily said defiantly as she stood in front of the crib.

'This isn't how it happened!' Harry thought piercingly. Then again, the only two people alive who were there, he and Voldemort, didn't have much say in how the ride was made.

"And how will you stop me?" chuckled Voldemort. "AVADA KEDAVRA!"

With a flash of green light, the mannequin of Lily crumpled to the floor. Silently, Voldemort stalked over to the crib and pointed his wand at the baby inside. Once more, Voldemort shouted "AVADA KEDAVRA!"

The fake Voldemort recoiled from the crib as a bright white light emanated from it.

"What is this?" he demanded as the fake baby Harry began to levitate out of the crib. The toddler was throwing off the bright light that had made Voldemort flinch. Then suddenly, an even brighter light – almost blinding light – flashed out of the baby's head like a lightning bolt and struck Voldemort. The villain screamed in pain and vanished in a puff of smoke.

The family behind Harry cheered triumphantly as the cart move toward the wall next to the crib and the hovering baby Harry (who was still glowing). A large double door suddenly appeared and opened in the wall and the cart passed through.

The cart and its passengers entered a crowded gift shop. Harry's eyes were drawn to the back wall which was covered with various pullovers with different slogans printed on them, including "James couldn't hit the broadside of an Acromantula", "I rode shotgun with You Know Who", and "I think glowing Harry is adorable". Another wall housed numerous books with titles like, "The Riddle of Harry and the Dark Lord, by Jim Lillian", "Lily and Her Acceptance of Fate, by A. R. YaLing" and "Aiming Tips or How not to miss like James Potter by Gregory Youdle."

But the thing that shocked Harry the most was a large barrel located next to the checkout. The barrel was overflowing with small figurines of glowing babies. Glowing baby Harry's that is.

“Daddydaddydaddy” the older child behind Harry squealed. “Can I have another glowing baby Harry?”

“You already have dozens love,” the father said as he stood up and began to walk out of the cart. Harry and his friends however, were still sitting in the cart in various stages of shock and embarrassment.

“Please daddy,” the boy whined, “just one more.”

“All right, just one more,” the father said while making his way toward the books.

“Sorry folks,” a pimply faced wizard said breaking Harry out of his stupor. “But you’ll need to exit the magical transport now.” He stressed the phrase “magical transport” as if he was trained to do so and that if he didn’t refer to the cart as such, he would face disciplinary action.

Gloomily, the trio exited the cart.

“Excuse me, where may I find Mr. Middwood?” Hermione asked the pimply wizard.

“Oh, he’s over there by the books,” informed the wizard.

Harry saw the wizard who had been seated behind them on the cart approach the identified manager, a grey haired wizard in expensive looking silk robes.

“Mr. Middwood, smashing to see you again,” greeted the father.

“Ah, Mr. Cummings, my favorite customer,” heralded Middwood as he took the other man’s hand in greeting. “What’s this, your fourth time on the ride this year?”

“Fifth, actually, but it’s the first for my youngest here” corrected Mr. Cummings. “She’d been dreaming of the day she was finally tall enough for the ride. Personally, I can’t wait ‘til you add the graveyard scene for You Know Who’s resurrection.”



“Oh, yes,” Middwood replied proudly. “I have to tell you that the Death Eaters look quite frightening.”

Unconsciously, Harry stomped over to the two men. Harry was going to vent all of his anger upon Middwood. Behind him he could hear an explosion coming from the ride. Apparently, the ride had restarted and the next cart was making its way through the house. Judging by his ride, Harry believed that the fake Voldemort must've just blown up the front door of the house.

“I can't wait to see that!” exclaimed Mr. Cummings.

“It will be quite exciting,” Middwood declared.

“Are you Joseph Middwood?” Harry asked after he reached the two men.

Without turning around, Muddwood replied “Yes, I am.”

“What have you done to my parents' house?” demanded Harry.

“Not another one,” Middwood muttered. Mr. Cummings rolled his eyes in annoyance as Middwood turned to face Harry. “Listen here, I'm not gonna share my profits with some bloke who claims to be Harry Po-” Middwood froze as he locked eyes with Harry. “Oh bloody hell...”

“What have you done with my parents' house?” repeated Harry.

“I... um...err...” Middwood stammered opening and closing his mouth like a fish. “H-hel-h-hello Harry, I-long time no see,” he finished nervously.

“What have you done with my parents' house?” repeated Harry, anger apparent on his face. Another explosion erupted from somewhere in the ride, apparently, Voldemort had just entered the nursery.

“Well, it blew up... and I decided to rebuild it...” explained Middwood desperately hoping to calm the young wizard.

"Wait. Are you saying that this is actually Harry Potter?" asked Mr. Cummings in disbelief.

"Stuff it, ponce," Ron stated, joining the group.

"When I was in the process of rebuilding Godric's Hollow... some people started to stop by... they wanted a tour... they offered me money... I couldn't pass it up," Middwood continued.

Another blast emanated from the ride as Harry clenched his fists in rage.

"And you decided to make the death of Harry's parents a tourist attraction?" demanded Hermione.

"Well, not originally. But one thing led to another..." replied Middwood meekly.

With a boom, Harry heard the double doors leading into the gift shop open and smoke billowed into the room.

"That's odd, I don't remember any smoke," Hermione said to herself.

"Wow, you're right; those Death Eaters you made for the addition are scary," Mr. Cummings murmured while looking past Harry.

"Wha...? They're not completed yet," Middwood stated. As a group, Harry, Hermione and Ron turned toward the double doors leading from the nursery and saw a number of Death Eaters standing there. Harry was impressed, whereas there had been a large number of mistakes with Middwood's rendition of Voldemort, he was spot on with these Death Eaters.

Middwood pushed past Harry and walked up the group of mannequin Death Eaters. He quickly inspected the group before his eyes were drawn to the nursery, which was now in flames.

"What the hell happened to my ride?" Middwood exclaimed.

The Death Eater in the front turned its attention to upset wizard and asked in a cold and feminine voice: "So this atrocity is your doing?" She then raised her wand and pointed it at Middwood and shouted "CRUCIO!"

Middwood collapsed to the floor screaming. Before Harry could react, four more Death Eaters shouted "CRUCIO!" and four people in the shop, including Ron, fell to the floor screaming in agony. Harry froze temporarily as he saw his best friend writhe on the ground.

"Does wee-baby Potter not like seeing people get hurt?" the Death Eater in the front asked in an all too familiar sickly childish voice.

"Bellatrix," muttered Harry. He tried to quickly count how many Death Eaters – because these Death Eaters appeared to be real and not mannequins -he was up against but lost count after he had gotten to twenty.

However, Hermione – being the studious witch she was – hadn't lost count and announced to Harry: "There are thirty-eight of them."

The screaming stopped suddenly when Bellatrix signaled to her brethren.

"I felt compelled to destroy that thing you had made!" Bellatrix said to the convulsing Middwood at her feet. "You should consider yourself lucky that the Dark Lord didn't know this was here. If he did know of this place... well... you would be begging for a quick death."

Bellatrix raised her attention to Harry and Hermione. "I heard something truly fascinating a few hours ago..." she began and paused as she noticed Ron who was trying to stand back up. "Ah... I recognize this one. He's one of your little friends who stopped us from retrieving the prophecy for our master."

The evil witch whipped her wand at Ron and shouted "CRUCIO!" once more. Ron screamed and crashed back to the floor.

"Stop it you bitch!" Harry shouted.

Lifting the curse, Bellatrix said “Such sweet words, flattery will get you nothing though.”

Kneeling next to Ron, Hermione checked on his still form. “He’s unconscious,” she informed.

“Back to what I was saying,” Bellatrix continued. “My master heard that wee-baby Potter’s power has gone all ‘wonky’. And he decided to end this once and for all.”

Slowly, all thirty-eight Death Eaters pointed their wands at Harry. (Some of the Death Eaters in the back had on to stand on their toes and did their best to aim in Harry’s general direction, while some of the shorter ones were complaining that they couldn’t see where he was. But you get the point.)

From her kneeling position, Hermione reached up and held Harry’s left hand. Harry locked eyes with his girlfriend and Hermione mouthed the words “I love you” to him. With a sense of love and affection filling Harry’s heart, he whipped out his wand and shouted “STUPEFY!”

Harry could see Bellatrix’s eyes bulge as a huge red crescent-shaped arch erupted from Harry’s wand and flew in her direction. Unfortunately for Harry, Bellatrix, along with seven of her fellow Death Eaters, had the common sense to duck as the super-charged Stunner came flying at them. A few of the others actually had quick enough reflexes to cast a Shield Charm, though it didn’t do them any good.

The glowing red arch sliced through the remaining Death Eaters like a hot knife through butter. The few Death Eaters who had cast a Shield Charm seemed quite surprised when their Shields were shattered; that is they seemed to be quite surprised right before they were knocked unconscious.

It was at this point that the innocent – and not so innocent concerning Joseph Middwood – bystanders decided to leave the gift shop. Of course they weren’t leaving in a calm and orderly fashion. No, they were running in every direction which caused some problems. Some of them thought it would be best to head straight to the exit while others thought it would be speedier to actually run through a solid

wall. Still others believed that it was in everyone's best interest to run directly into another person attempting to flee while screaming "My God, my God, we're all going to die!"

"I thought he was supposed to be powerless," one of the Death Eaters complained as he dodged a pack of panicky bystanders.

"I'm going to kill that filthy elf!" Bellatrix shouted right before Mr. Cummings crashed into her, sending both of them to the floor.

There were too many people around for Harry to launch another Stunner; he was afraid his super-charged charm may actually harm an innocent. Either by causing them to fall, thereby injuring themselves, or by Stunning them with so much power that they could possibly suffer dire consequences, much like how McGonagall nearly died during his fifth year.

The Death Eaters had no such limitation. Six of the conscious Death Eaters began firing off various hexes and curses in Harry's general direction. Fortunately for Harry, none of the spells hit him; instead, many of the witches and wizards who were running around in a panic were struck. A dull grey bolt hit a witch who was running to the door causing her hair to catch fire. One wizard was struck with an orange flame and was flung painfully into a nearby wall.

Harry realized that even if he didn't try to stop the Death Eaters for fear of harming innocents, those same innocents were being harmed. He focused on his loving memories of Hermione and quickly knelt down and waved his wand a few inches over the floor before shouting the incantation for the Trip Jinx: "Lapso Accido!"

It was if everyone in the room - save for Harry and his friends - were tenpins and had been hit by some giant invisible bowling ball. They were all, Death Eaters and bystanders alike, flipped up into the air; the flipping action causing all of the various robes to fall around their shoulders and thereby exposing their undergarments. Harry's vision was assaulted by the sight of brightly colored bloomers and dull grey boxers as the airborne victims of his super-Tripping Jinx crashed back to the floor. Unfortunately, one Death Eater had apparently decided to go "commando" so to speak and not wear any

unmentionables. And to Harry's horror, that Death Eater was Bellatrix Lestrange. Harry normally wouldn't be horrified at seeing a woman's naked groin, but besides going "commando", Bellatrix also apparently favored an extreme look as well. "Au natural" didn't begin to cover it. The evil witch was unusually, nay ridiculously hairy and the sight made the bespectacled wizard gag.

The frightening scene reminded Harry of Sirius' disheveled and unkempt appearance the first time he saw godfather. Sirius' stay in Azkaban had left him in a state unfit for civilized society. But even a long (and extremely justified) internment in the hellish wizarding prison could not explain Bellatrix's excessively hairy state. There was just so much hair, it couldn't be natural! It hung in long, matted tangles from her groin and it crept down her legs as if it was consuming her flesh.

Harry's terror filled mind scrambled trying to find an explanation for Bellatrix's shaggy muff. One potential explanation was that she was the victim of a very powerful Hair Growing Hex of some kind. Another, more terrifying reason that came to Harry's mind was that it was actually an overly furry creature that had attached itself to Bellatrix's bits in some sort of sickening symbiotic relationship.

This second possibility was given more credence in Harry's eyes when he saw one of the tangled locks that hung from her crotch begin to move. The hairy appendage seemed to undulate in a different and unique way; totally alien when compared to its fuzzy counterparts. The unique tangled... thing was moving as if it had a will of its own and was acting accordingly.

"I'm going to be ill," Hermione muttered as she too saw Bellatrix's overly shaggy bits. "A pack of flobberworms could nest in there it's so matted."

It was at this unfortunate time that Ron regained consciousness. "That's just not right," the red head groaned upon seeing Bellatrix's nakedness. "You could braid that mess, couldn't you?"

"My god," Hermione continued, the raw fear in her voice evident to everyone. "Are... are those bits of hay and straw sticking out?"

“More than likely,” explained Harry, desperately trying not to acknowledge the image being forced into his nightmares. “I think... I think its hungry...”

Forcing the terrifying image of Bellatrix’s “Forbidden Forest” out of his mind, Harry knew he could now take care of the disorganized Death Eaters, but he had to make sure that no innocents got back up and into the line of fire again. So, in his best booming voice, Harry commanded: “EVERYBODY STAY DOWN!”

“Does that mean us, too?” Harry heard a Death Eater ask.

“NO, IT DOESN’T!” screamed Bellatrix while she stood and – thankfully – covered herself. “Kill Potter!”

Ron rolled onto his side and launched a Stunner at the Death Eater to Bellatrix’s right and the masked fiend fell to the floor. With a swish of her wand, Hermione conjured a thick robe that wound itself around another villain. Taking his girlfriend’s lead, Harry tapped into his love based magic again and attempted to conjure a thick rope that would bind another Death Eater. But Harry didn’t conjure a rope that wrapped itself around a bad guy; instead he conjured a chain and it wrapped itself around three Death Eaters. It wasn’t a simple chain by any means either; it appeared to be the type of chain that is attached to an anchor for a cruise ship. Each link looked like it weighed as much as two men.

“Ooff,” one of the bound Death Eaters moaned pitifully under Harry’s chain. “This is really heavy...”

“Reducto!” screamed Bellatrix and the ground in front of Ron exploded. The blast sent Ron, Harry and Hermione into the air. Ron crashed into the wall and fell to the floor in a heap, Hermione landed behind the counter supporting the cash till, and Harry hit the wall of tasteless and tacky pullovers. When his body hit the wall, a majority of the novelty shirts were knocked off of their pegs and ended up burying him.

As Harry tried to dig himself out of the mountain of pullovers, he heard Bellatrix command her fellow Death Eaters to revive their fallen comrades. "Wake them up!" she barked.

The two Death Eaters quickly performed several Re-enervate Charms. As Harry poked his head out of the mountain of novelty shirts, he saw the Death Eater that Ron had Stunned stand up. He also saw Ron was unconscious, slumped against the far wall with blood seeping out of a gash on his forehead. Harry then saw that Hermione was using the check-out counter as a shield.

"Bellatrix, we can't Re-enervate the ones Potter Stunned," one of the Death Eaters informed their leader as another busied himself by banishing the ropes Hermione had conjured. Harry noted that they couldn't banish the chains that he had created.

"Damn that house-elf!" cursed Bellatrix. "He told us Potter was powerless!"

Harry wondered what she was talking about for a moment before the realization hit him. She had to be referring to Kreacher. Harry had told both Doby and Kreacher that his power had gone "all wonky" and that he couldn't conjure anything properly. 'But how would the little shite have been able to communicate to...' Harry thought, only to have his memory supply the answer. 'I told them to leave. Kreacher must've decided that the order meant for him to leave the castle. And of course the bastard would've immediately scurried off to his more favored masters and promptly told them that I was powerless.'

"I was going to give him his wish and chop off his head and mount it," Bellatrix continued to complain. "But for now, I'll make his life a living hell until I get what's rightfully mine; the Most Noble House of Black's ancestral home."

"Didn't you know that's my house now?" Harry shouted still half hidden under the pile of pullovers. He saw Bellatrix look around frantically trying to find him; apparently she hadn't seen where he landed. "Does it bother you that number twelve is now owned by a half-blood?" Harry continued to taunt. He could see the rage build up in Bellatrix's face. "Maybe I should live there."



“Yes, and does it bother you that the halfblood will be shagging his mudblood girlfriend there as well!” added Hermione. A well of hope and a touch of lust sprung up in Harry’s heart at Hermione’s statement. Even though she was taunting Bellatrix, Hermione had mentioned having sex with Harry! She had used rather crude language but as Harry had discovered earlier, he found “Dirty - Talking Hermione” a bit of a turn on.

“His girlfriend?” Harry heard of the masked Death Eater asked. “But I thought he was a poof and that he fancied Draco?”

Resolving to deal with the aftereffects of both that damned Daily Prophet article and the traitorous house-elf later, Harry jumped out of the pile of pullovers and launched a super-Stunner at the five remaining Death Eaters. Regrettably for Harry, Bellatrix and the same two Death Eaters who had ducked his Stunner before ducked again. The recently revived and the recently unbound Death Eaters both muttered “oh, bugger,” an instant before the red arch struck them in the chest, sending them both off to slumber-land.

“Disarm him now!” barked Bellatrix before Harry could launch another Stunner.

“Expelliarmus!” shouted Bellatrix and the two remaining Death Eaters in unison. Harry felt as if a bludger had hit his hand. Not only did his wand go flying out of his grasp, he also felt one of his fingers break as he was struck with three powerful Disarming Spells.

“Stupefy!” Hermione shouted and one of the Death Eaters collapsed to the floor. She dodged back behind the counter before Bellatrix and her remaining thug could counterattack.

“Don’t bother with Walker,” commanded Bellatrix, indicating the fallen Death Eater. “Kill the girl; I’ll take care of Potter!”

While cradling his injured hand, Harry looked around desperately for his wand. He was of no help to anyone without it.

As the unknown Death Eater stalked toward the counter, Bellatrix pointed her wand at Harry and shouted: "Locomotor Mortis!"

Harry's legs locked together and he started to fall. He tried to lessen the fall by bracing his hands in front of him, but this only led to further injuring his broken finger. Harry suppressed a groan as he saw his twisted digit which was already turning a nasty blue color.

"I'm going to enjoy watching wee baby Potter cry for his mama," Bellatrix taunted in her sickly baby voice. Harry looked past his tormentor and saw that the Death Eater was very close to where Hermione was hiding.

Hermione whipped herself from behind the counter and pushed the large barrel that contained hundreds of "glowing baby Harry" figurines over, spilling its contents on the ground. Before the Death Eater could react, Hermione rapidly cast a series of Banishing Charms on the figurines, sending them at her attacker. The Death Eater cried out as dozens of "glowing baby Harry" figurines pelted his face and body.

"OW! OW! OW!" he cried as his white mask was shattered.

"Stop your whining and kill her!" Bellatrix ordered in an annoyed tone.

"But it hurts!" the Death Eater complained. He turned his head away from the onslaught of flying figurines and Harry saw that one of his eyes was already black and blood was dripping from his nose. The Death Eater cried out in agony and whipped his body around. Harry was quite taken back to see a figurine had been thoroughly shoved into the villain's ear. He desperately tried to pull the little plastic toy out of his ear canal as Hermione continued to send the figurines pelting into his back. Suddenly, the Death Eater screamed in utter pain, and began to hop around while clutching his backside. "OW! OW! OW!"

"What is the matter now?" demanded Bellatrix.

"It's in the ouchy area!" the Death Eater cried out while pointing frantically toward his bum. "GET IT OUT! GET IT OUT! GET IT OUT!"

Thankfully for the Death Eater, the pain of having a small plastic toy forcibly shoved up his bum was replaced with the sweet oblivion that came to one when a large wooden barrel was smashed into his head. Apparently, Hermione had run out of “glowing baby Harry”s so she decided to use the barrel that housed them as a projectile and Banished it at her attacker’s head. As the Death Eater crumpled to the ground, Harry noticed that a good deal of his robes seemed to be wedged firmly in his arse.

Hermione quickly leveled her wand at Bellatrix but it was too late. “Expelliarmus!” shouted Bellatrix and Hermione’s wand flew from her grasp. Hermione gasped as Bellatrix began to walk toward her. “I think I will play with you while wee baby Potter watches.”

Harry frantically dragged himself across the floor. The villainess stood in front of Hermione and raised her wand so that it was pointing at the younger witch’s heart. Harry tore at the ground, causing his broken finger to twist more, as he propelled himself at Bellatrix. He realized that without his wand he was powerless because he didn’t know any wandless magic. And because of his injured hand and the fact that his legs were rendered useless due to the Leg Locker Hex all that he could do was paw at Bellatrix’s back.

“You’re going to suffer, mudblood,” sneered Bellatrix, pointing her wand at Hermione. Harry had finally caught up with Bellatrix and with his one good hand, tried to pull the witch away from Hermione. “And your worthless half-blood boyfriend can do nothing to stop me besides fondling my back...”

Then a sudden thought hit Harry: he did know wandless magic!

“... Why are you doing that? It’s really annoying!” commented Bellatrix off-handedly to Harry, as he continued to paw at her back. Harry was oblivious to her comments; he was lost in his own thoughts as he tried to force himself to tap into his core. It was extremely hard to access anything love based when dealing with Bellatrix. He had to fight to prevent his memory from calling up the image of Bellatrix without her robe. It’s hard to do wandless magic when one is on the verge of vomiting.

Harry decided to focus his memory on the techniques described in the section from his 'special book' concerning 'Pleasure Pressure Points'.

"... You do realize that I'm a married woman, don't you?"

Harry remembered that one of the more potent points was located on the small of the back. It would actually produce an orgasm in the witch if performed properly.

"... Even if I wasn't, you're far too young a boy for my taste..."

But Harry realized that just a simple orgasm wouldn't be enough to stop Bellatrix from harming Hermione. He had to give her such an orgasm that it would knock her out.

"... Is this how he treats you?" Bellatrix asked Hermione. "Because if it is, I truly pity you... he couldn't pleasure a three-Sickle whore..."

Pushing aside his fear, Harry focused on Hermione and how much he loved her. It help when the memory of a naked, moist, and very satisfied Hermione spread out in front of him entered his mind.

"Oh, well, back to the task at hand," stated Bellatrix nonchalantly. "This will hurt you more than it does me... CRUCI-"

Bellatrix froze in mid-incantation as Harry forced his powerful love-based magic into her body through one of the more powerful pleasure points.

"Oh!" Bellatrix muttered as she dropped her wand. Harry could feel the muscles in her back tense up before she said once more "Oh!"

She arched her back almost painfully and shouted "OH!" at the top of her lungs before falling backwards – onto Harry mind you. Once she crashed onto Harry's back, she began to thrash and buck on top of him. Her arms and legs flayed this way and that. Needless to say, all the thrashing and limb flaying, Harry got thoroughly pummeled.

“OH! OH! OH! OH! OH!” Bellatrix continued to scream as she unknowingly beat the hell out of Harry. The young wizard attempted to move her off of him, but somehow, all he managed to do was to roll himself over while Bellatrix stayed on top of him. This made matters worse for Harry, instead of getting his back beaten up, now his front was getting smacked,肘bowed, head butted, and kneed.

“Harry, are you okay?” a concerned Hermione asked as she witnessed the spectacle in front of her.

“OW – Her – OW –mi – OW –o – OW – nee –OW!” cried Harry as the evil witch continued to unintentionally beat him up as she rode her mind melting orgasm on top of him. “OW – get – OW – her – OW – off – OW – of – OW – me!”

Hermione scurried to where her wand had landed and quickly performed a levitation spell on Bellatrix. The evil witch’s body rose gently into the air as she was still being rocked by the orgasm.

“HARRY!” shouted Hermione as she dashed at him. “Oh, goodness, are you alright?”

“OH!” Bellatrix shouted again.

“I’ve been better,” acknowledged Harry. He could actually feel the bruises developing all over his body. In particular, ‘Harry, Jr.’s baggage had taken a particularly nasty blow.

“OH!” Bellatrix shouted again, this time somewhat softer.

“Oh god, your hand!” cried out Hermione as she saw his broken and twisted finger. She gently scooped up his injured hand and cradled it. “You poor baby!”

Bellatrix moaned out a soft, barely audible “Oh!” and bucked her hips again.

“I’ve broken worse,” Harry admitted. Although his digit did hurt like hell, his bits were his main concern. All he wanted to do was to curl up in a corner in the fetal position and cry like a little boy.

Bellatrix thrashed again and began to foam at the mouth.

“Oh, Merlin... it was horrible...” Ron groaned out as he regained consciousness.

A disgusting gurgling noise came from Bellatrix as she bucked again.

“Oh, sweetie, I wish I could make it better,” Hermione cooed to Harry as tears filled her eyes. She gently kissed his broken finger while Bellatrix jerked again and spat out some of the foam from her mouth.

“I thought I was a goner for a minute back there...” Ron muttered as he forced himself to speak. Even though he wasn’t a healer, Harry could tell by the look in Ron’s eyes and the way he was speaking that he must have a bad concussion. “There was so... so much... so much hair! I’ve seen Seamus in the shower and he’s hairier than a Yeti... but he doesn’t have anything on Bellatrix!”

Bellatrix’s eyes rolled up into her head and she let out one final groan before losing consciousness. Harry noted that she had a ridiculously satisfied grin plastered on her face.

“We need to get you two back to the Castle so Madam Pomphrey can heal both of you,” stated Hermione. She helped Harry stand and they hobbled for a bit toward Ron when Harry remembered his wand.

“Hermione, I need my wand,” he moaned, hunched over while cupping his bits with his left hand and holding his injured right in the air.

“Accio Harry’s wand!” commanded Hermione and his wand soared through the air and into her hand. Hermione fumbled for a bit trying to stash Harry’s wand in her robes when Ron groaned:

“Look out, one of them is moving.” Ron weakly pointed at the Death Eater who was slowly rising to his feet. Harry recognized the Death Eater as the one who still had a “glowing baby Harry” wedged firmly in his ear and up his bottom. The pitiful wretch winced in pain as he tried to step toward the exit.

“Stop him,” Harry requested. Hermione attempted to aim her wand at the slowly retreating villain, but couldn’t do it properly seeing how she was holding Harry up. As gently as she could, she lowered Harry to the floor so that he was lying next to Ron.

Apparently, the Death Eater with the impromptu bum-plug realized that he couldn’t run away and had decided to attempt to Apparate away. With a loud pop, the Death Eater disappeared... well mostly disappeared that is to say. It seemed to Harry that having two foreign objects forcibly shoved in several orifices would cause some distraction. And apparently, this distraction led to a major case of splinching. The tormented fellow had accidentally left one of his legs behind as he Apparated away.

“Ow,” Ron murmured as the disembodied limb fell to the floor. “That must hurt.”

“Well, no reason to go after him,” concluded Hermione and she tapped her wand on a pullover that had fallen in front of Ron and muttered “Portus.”

Before the trio left the remnants of the gift shop Harry could hear Ron murmur “the horror... all that hair... the horror...”

To be continued.

## Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

### Chapter Nine: Meow!

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Nine Summary: Hermione proves that Crookshanks isn't the only one with claws!

The trio landed in the Hospital Ward of Hogwarts, and Hermione instantly called for Madam Pomfrey. The matron came bolting out of her office, and upon seeing Ron and Harry's condition, demanded to know what happened.

"We were attacked by Death Eaters," Hermione practically shouted out in panic. "Ron was blown into a wall after being hit with two Cruciatus Curses. I think he may have a concussion."

Pomfrey waved her wand at Harry and Ron, using a Mobilicorpus Charm to float the two toward a pair of hospital beds. Harry groaned pitifully; even though Pomfrey's charm was very gentle, it still jostled him a bit which just seemed to aggravate his numerous bruises, especially the battered 'Harry, Jr.' and his baggage and his mangled finger.

After her two patients came to rest on their respective beds, Pomfrey waved her wand over Ron's body. "You're right, Miss Granger. He has suffered a concussion," the nurse announced.

Ron's eyes fluttered open and he muttered softly "All that hair... she could have knitted some sweaters of something..."

Harry cringed at the mental image of Bellatrix in her nakedness. Hermione looked as if she was going to be physically ill.



"Don't worry dear," Pomfrey said to Hermione after she noticed the younger witch's discomfort from Ron's statement. "It's just the concussion talking. I'm sure it means nothing."

Pomfrey continued to flourish her wand over Ron's body while performing a number of spells as she continued to try and comfort Hermione. "You should've heard the unbelievable things Mr. Potter mumbled in his sleep the last time he was here: a giant black dog that was actually an escaped murderer, a diary that would talk to him, an adventure where he used Polyjuice to sneak into the Slytherin Common Room..."

"I didn't know I talked in my sleep," Harry admitted in a hushed tone to Hermione as Pomfrey continued to list his deeds, adventures, and misdeeds.

"I guess it's a good thing that I find that out now," Hermione breathed into his ear. "Better now than to find out later, when we're sleeping together."

Harry coughed and jerked about slightly on the bed at Hermione's declaration. She clearly announced that she and Harry were going to sleep together! This, added to the taunt she used earlier against Bellatrix, told Harry that their relationship was going to advance, very soon. Of course, Harry hadn't attempted to cough and jerk in celebration; he had tried to jump up and shout, "I'm getting lucky!" but due to his various injuries, all Harry could manage was to cough and jerk about. Though in his defense, it was a rather jubilant cough. Pomfrey turned around and began to perform several diagnostic charms on Harry after she was finished with Ron.

"Hmm....a number of bruises," the healer stated aloud and froze for a moment over 'Harry, Jr.' and his luggage. "Ooooh. Ouch; I bet that smarts."

Harry nodded his head silently and Hermione let out a pitiful whimper in sympathy. Pomfrey patted Harry on the shoulder and said in a comforting tone, "Don't worry, son, it will be up in no time. Err... slip of the tongue, sorry about that."

After informing a grateful Harry that no lasting damage was done to the “Great House of Potter’s Family Jewels,” she added, “But you can’t go playing with it for a while. You had some considerable damage done.”

Before Harry could inquire as to how long ‘Harry, Jr.’ was out of commission, Hermione did it for him. “How long until I can... um...” the poor girl turned such a vibrant shade of red that anyone could tell that she was completely embarrassed. She hemmed and hawed a bit while Pomfrey eyed Hermione suspiciously before concluding weakly “Err... that is, how long until Harry can uh, use it?”

“He’ll have to take a dose of ‘Bruise-Be-Gone’ first,” Pomfrey informed as she stared at Hermione’s still red eye. “Mr. Potter will be ... ready in a few hours.”

The healer leaned toward Hermione and placed her wand in front of the younger witch’s puffy eye. “Now, why don’t you let me fix your eye?”

“Um... it’s not a Conjunctivitis Curse, ma’am,” admitted Hermione. “I don’t think the counter spell will work properly.”

“Miss. Granger, this school is filled with teenagers, all with overactive hormones, who like to experiment...I know exactly what this is,” Pomfrey stated. “And many young men have bad aim like Mr. Potter, here. Amatorius Abdo!”

With a pop, the redness and puffiness in and around Hermione’s eye disappeared. Pomfrey concluded “I’ve had to use that spell more times than I care to count. I just wish you girls would learn to turn your face away in time.” The healer then refocused her attention on Harry and his damaged digit. “Well, the bones will have to come out of that I’m afraid.”

“No, not Skele-Grow again,” complained Harry.

“Oh, hush,” Pomfrey ordered. “You had your whole arm re-grown a few years back. One finger will be nothing compared to that.”

Pomfrey cast the spell and Harry's finger deflated like a balloon as the bones disappeared. Hermione let out a pathetic whimper when she saw Harry's finger dangle like a strip of flesh-colored rubber hanging from his hand.

"Ms Granger, I need you to fetch some of my potions for me," ordered the matron. "First, Mr. Potter will need Bruise-be-Gone; it's a black and blue bottle, and of course the Skele-Grow; I believe you'll remember what that looks like. I will also need Caruthers's Concussion Concoction for Mr. Weasley." Biting her lip, Hermione nodded and dashed off to the Hospital Ward office.

The moment that Hermione disappeared into the office, the doors leading from the hallway into the Hospital Ward flew open and a very nervous looking Tonks barged in, followed by an angry looking Professor McGonagall. "Nymphadora, I demand to know what's going on! You come barreling out of the Floo in my office and without a word come running down-"

The Headmistress stopped her tirade of Tonks when she saw two of her students in bed. Harry waved at the two witches. Of course he did this with his bad hand which just caused his bone-less finger to flap this way and that.

"WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?" screeched McGonagall.

"We were attacked," Hermione answered simply as she stepped out of the office with her arms full of potion bottles and walked past McGonagall and Tonks.

"I got a fire-call from one of my supervisors. He told me that a number of Death Eaters attacked Godric's Hollow," explained Tonks. "I apparated there as fast as I could, but it was all over when I got there. There were about three dozen unconscious Death Eaters plus my evil bitch of an aunt. She was unconscious as well, but she was foaming at the mouth. Oddly enough, she had the happiest smile I've ever seen on a person."

"I'll give this one to Mr. Weasley," Pomfrey said to Hermione and she took one of the three bottles. "Give a dose of each of those two to Mr. Potter."

"But what made you come here and why are those two hurt...?" McGonagall stopped herself while indicating Ron and Harry.

"I knew that these three were going to Godric's Hollow," Tonks continued. "When I got there, I feared the worst when I couldn't find them. But one of the witnesses said that they saw three teenagers Portkey away. So I figured they'd head here."

"One of the Death Eaters escaped as well," Hermione announced as she poured some of the foul tasting potion down Harry's throat. "Well, mostly escaped; he splinched himself trying to get away."

"That would explain the spare leg we found," concluded Tonks. "But what it doesn't explain is how we can't seem to revive the Death Eaters. Except for my vicious Aunt, they all show the symptoms of being stunned. But when we tried a rennervate, nothing happened."

"Oh that," stated Hermione who was doing her best to ignore the gagging sounds coming from Harry who was fighting desperately not to throw up the god-awful potions. "You'll have to hit them with a few dozen Rennervate Charms. Harry... um... well we discovered that Harry can be fairly powerful when he puts his mind to it."

"Poppy, what's your diagnosis?" asked McGonagall.

"Potter is fairly beaten up, including a severely broken finger and some deep bruising, but it's nothing a good night's rest and a potion or two won't fix. Weasley, however, has one hell of a concussion. I want to keep him here overnight for observation."

"Does that mean Harry can leave?" asked Hermione.

"I don't see why not," replied Pomfrey. "It's just a couple of bruises and a finger that needs the bones re-grown. He's suffered worse."

"I'll go back and tell our healers how to awaken the thugs," Tonks said as she started to walk out of the ward. "I mean we can't just chuck them into Azkaban if they're permanently stunned."

As gently as she could, Hermione helped her bruised and battered boyfriend to his feet.

"Don't worry about Mr. Weasley, I'll take good care of him," Pomfrey informed the couple as they made their way slowly out of the Ward. "And remember, no funny business for the next few hours."

"That means no experimentation with Cheering Charms," added McGonagall. Harry groaned as the Headmistress gave him another one of her disturbing saucy smiles.

After what seemed like an eternity of jostling 'Harry, Jr.'s baggage by walking up various stairs, the couple finally made it back to the Gryffindor Common Room. Harry groaned once more as he noticed that Hermione was steering him toward the stairs that led to his dorm room. At that point, those stairs weren't just another set of stairs that Harry had to climb. To him it was an evil torture device that was designed solely for the purpose to cause even more pain to his battered bits.

"Can't I just stay here and sleep on the couch?" whined Harry.

"No," Hermione stated firmly. "You'll rest better in your own bed."

"Bu-bu-bu but the stairs.... They hurt," complained Harry.

"Just a few more and I promise you can lie down."

Hermione led Harry up the thirteen steps with each one causing Harry to wince. When the couple walked into Harry's dorm room, he was nearly doubled over in pain due to his bruised bits. That and the fact that the Skele-Grow had just started to kick in. It felt as if dozens of needles were being shoved through his damaged hand.

"Just lay down," Hermione said as she helped Harry lower himself on his bed. "I'll get some food. We haven't eaten since breakfast."

The brunette witch stood up and called out "Dobby!" An instant later, the neurotic house-elf appeared with a crack.

"Yes, Miss Harry Potter's Hermy, you called for Dobby?" he asked nervously.

"Yes, I did Dobby. Harry and I need food. Would you please go get something for us to eat?" Hermione asked politely.

"Dobby would love to!" the little creature squealed.

"But, Harry's going on a special diet," added Hermione.

"I am?" asked Harry. This was a new revelation for him, leaving him more than a little surprised. He was curious as to why Hermione would make him go on a "special diet" without even talking to him about it.

"Yes, you are," Hermione replied to Harry. But before he could ask why, she turned back to Dobby. "We'll need some protein. Perhaps a simple steak, but he's going to need vegetables. This is the most important part though, no eggs or dairy."

"But I like dairy," complained Harry. He didn't know what was on the diet she had concocted for him, but he was hurting from the beating and grumpy from the ride that made a mockery of his parents. The last thing he wanted to do was not eat the things he liked. He thought of a way to convince Hermione into allowing him some cheese. Indicating his limp digit, Harry argued "And I probably need calcium to help my bones grow. So I should get some cheese."

"No dairy. It's very important to your diet." she said firmly.

"What diet?"

"But I do see the point of calcium," she continued, ignoring his question. "Even though the Skele-Grow will do all the work, calcium is very important. Some dark green vegetables have loads of calcium."

"Miss Harry Potter's Hermy mean like asparagus?" offered Dobby.

Before Harry could protest, Hermione shouted, "Good God no! All my research states that would be very bad! Very bad indeed! Very foul."

"What research?" demanded Harry, which Hermione once again ignored.

"Some vegetables like broccoli, chicory greens, and cabbage will do," Hermione counted off. "And definitely celery. But make the majority of the meal out of fruits like kiwi, watermelon, and pineapple"

"Dobby will be back shortly!" the house elf announced and disappeared with a crack.

"What diet?" implored Harry.

"It's a surprise," Hermione answered and she walked over to the side of the bed. "I'll have to get you into your pajamas," she added, effectively changing the subject. With a flick of her wand, all of Harry's clothes disappeared from his body leaving him stretched out on his bed completely naked. He found it odd that he wasn't embarrassed in the slightest as Hermione examined his naked form. "Oh, my poor baby," Hermione pouted as she saw all the purple bruises on his flesh. "Oh no!" she moaned as her eyes took in 'Harry, Jr.'

"Is it bad?" asked Harry, fearful to check for himself. In his panicked mind, he imagined 'Harry, Jr.' all sorts of funny colors and twisted this way and that.

"It looks bad," admitted Hermione, which didn't help calm Harry's worries about 'Harry, Jr.' being all twisted. "But Madam Pomfrey said that it should be back to normal in a few hours, thanks to the potion. Now I'll conjure some bottoms for you."

Another swish of her wand and Harry felt a pair of silk pajamas cover himself.

"Thanks," Harry said.

Then Hermione waved her wand again and this time, much to Harry's enjoyment, her clothes disappeared with a soft pop. She stood unabashedly in front of Harry in nothing more than her white cotton knickers.

"B-b-bu-but Pomfrey said we couldn't fool around," Harry stammered while looking in her eyes (As everybody knows, when a man is faced with a topless beauty and he says that he is looking in the aforementioned beauty's eyes what he actually means is that he is staring directly into the beauty's nipples).

"Harry, my eyes are up here," Hermione said while gesturing with her hands to look up. "Harry. Baby. My eyes... they're up here..."

Harry really did try to take his eyes off of 'Carmella' and 'Natasha' but he failed. It was like his eyes were hit with a Permanent Sticking Charm and they were magically attached to her nipples. He did notice that Hermione's flesh turn a little red and he also saw that her lovely nipples started to get erect.

"Do you really like looking at my breasts?" Hermione asked nervously.

"Oh, yes," Harry nodded while keeping his eyes on her pertness. "I can do this all day and not get bored."

Hermione's flesh blushed even more (Harry couldn't tell if any other part of her body had blushed because of the whole "Permanent Sticking Charm" thing).

"I do appreciate it," admitted Hermione as she unconsciously thrust her breasts up. Harry took this opportunity to examine them even more. Doing her breast – I mean best to ignore the cooing noises that Harry was making while looking at her, Hermione forged on. "But I believe we need to discuss something."

"Discuss away," replied Harry who had now taken on the appearance of a deer caught in headlights; Hermione's headlights that is.



“Harry why did...” began Hermione but then paused and attempted to start again. “Earlier today, Bellatrix...” she huffed and began to lecture her boyfriend who was only half-listening because he had most of his attention on her wonderful boobs. “Harry, I really do like the fact that you find me attractive, but I can’t talk to you when you aren’t looking at me!”

“I am looking at you,” said Harry, which he technically was.

Hermione cursed under her breath and walked over to Harry’s trunk. Harry was a tad disappointed when Hermione turned her back on him thereby removing ‘Carmella’ and ‘Natasha’ from his sight. His disappointment was soon replaced by joy when the brunette witch bent over at the hips as she began rooting around looking for something in his trunk. This action gave Harry a very clear view of Hermione’s wonderful bum, which he enjoyed looking at as much as he enjoyed viewing her boobs. Harry rationalized that her bum was very similar to her boobs: both were made up of two wondrous mounds, both were often hidden cruelly from his eyes by thin pieces of fabric, both had cleavage in one way or another, and he thoroughly enjoyed fondling both sets.

Harry was pulled out of his musing about the similarities of Hermione’s boobs and arse when the witch stood up after finding whatever she had been searching for. The item turned out to be a ratty old pullover that Harry wore whenever he would practice Quidditch. He grunted a sound of objection as Hermione pulled the worn and tattered shirt on; obscuring his view of ‘Carmella’ and ‘Natasha’. The shirt used to be Dudley’s when the fat arse was in primary, and even though Harry had grown considerably, it was still very large on him. But on Hermione, it was a nightgown. It did a very effective job of covering all of Hermione’s nakedness... and her bum... and her knees. It almost covered her ankles for pity’s sake! ‘Damn that pullover, damn it all to hell!’ Harry grumbled in his mind.

“We need to talk about something very important and I don’t need you distracted,” announced Hermione as she tied up her hair in a loose bun.

"If you didn't want me distracted, why did you get all naked?" argued Harry.

"You don't expect me to sleep with you with all my clothes on do you?" countered Hermione.

"Well, no but..." Harry began to debate when his brain caught up. She had said "sleep with you." The bespectacled wizard became very, one might even say incredibly, light-headed. "S-s-s-sleep with me?" he squeaked.

"Yes, you've had a very traumatic day," she explained. "I'm not letting you spend the night alone after that bloody ride and that beating you received."

Harry glanced apprehensively between 'Harry, Jr.' and Hermione a grand total of six times before saying "But... but... but Pomfrey said I couldn't fool around for a few hours...."

"Harry, I said sleep with you; as in your bed!" scolded Hermione which just made Harry more confused. They obviously weren't talking about the same thing. "Just because I said I wanted to sleep with you doesn't mean I want to have sex tonight!"

"Yes it does!" exclaimed Harry. "It's against the law to tell a bloke that you'll sleep with him but it doesn't include sex!"

"What law Harry?" Hermione asked incredulously.

"My law!"

"Budge over," Hermione requested of a pouting Harry. The wizard complied and crossed his arms over his chest. Hermione sat on the bed and spoke softly. "One of the side effects of the 'Bruise-be-Gone' potion is temporary impotence." Harry let out a panicked groan as Hermione continued to explain. "Temporary impotence Harry; a few hours at the most. I read the side effects on the bottle before I gave it to you."

"Oh," Harry said as relief washed over him.

“And as to sex,” Hermione continued and a smile reappeared on her face, “I do want you to be my first. But I want it to be special.”

Harry’s relief was quickly replaced by guilt. The entire time he had been thinking of only himself, not what Hermione had wanted or deserved. Hermione obviously noticed his discomfort because she leaned over and kissed him gently on the lips.

“I’m sorry, Hermione,” Harry apologized. “I wasn’t thinking...”

“It’s alright, Harry,” cooed Hermione. “After the day you had, I expect that you feel pretty rotten.”

“I’m okay,” replied Harry.

“And that’s what I wanted to discuss with you about,” stated Hermione. “Today, Bellatrix said that she was told your powers weren’t working right. How did she know that?”

“Kreacher must have told her.”

“What? Are you certain?” Hermione asked.

“Pretty much. Bellatrix said something about a House-Elf and granting his wish of chopping his head off.”

“That does seem to indicate Kreacher,” Hermione allowed. “But how, I mean when could he have told her? Didn’t you order him to stay at Hogwarts?”

“Remember last night, after Gryffindor caught us-” Harry began.

“Yes!” Hermione interrupted. It was obvious from the way she had said “Yes” that she didn’t want to discuss the “I’m sorry I got cum in your eye while a perverted ghost watched us” incident.

“Well, I was in the Common Room all naked and I, well I kind of called for Dobby and Kreacher,” Harry continued.

“How did you accidentally call for a house elf?”

“I think I asked for some help out loud,” explained Harry. “Anyway, those two showed up...”

“While you were naked?”

“Yes,” replied Harry irritably before continuing. “I asked them if they could conjure some pajamas...”

“Because you were naked?” interrupted Hermione.

“Yes!” he shouted. Hermione got an embarrassed look on her face and became silent. After a moment, Harry continued. “After Dobby made me pajamas...”

“Because you were nude,” Hermione interrupted once more. “Did they say anything? I mean House-Elves help some of the older pure-blood families dress, did Dobby or Kreacher make any comparisons? Length or girth perhaps?”

In response, Harry glared at his girlfriend. He was hoping that his glare would be enough to end Hermione’s line of questions.

“Oh, they did!” squealed Hermione. It was obvious that Harry’s glare only encouraged his girlfriend. “How do you rank!”

“Hermione, please! Do you want me to explain or not?” Harry chastised.

“Fine, go ahead,” Hermione pouted.

“I told them I couldn’t do magic because mine had gone all wonky,” explained Harry. “After that I told them they could leave-”

“Oh!” exclaimed Hermione. “And Kreacher must’ve interpreted your order to mean that he could leave the castle-”

“-and tell Voldemort’s boot-lickers that I can’t use magic,” Harry added.

“Which, as we know, isn’t the case,” Hermione completed. “Now what’ll we do with the traitorous elf?”

“I thought you were for House Elf rights?”

“I am,” replied Hermione. “But we can’t have that evil little bugger running around. He’s too dangerous.”

“Agreed.”

“So, two house-elves saw you naked,” chuckled Hermione, bringing up the embarrassing moment again.

“Would you let it drop?” implored Harry. “It could’ve happened to anyone.”

“But it didn’t happen to anyone,” countered Hermione. “It happened to you. Personally, I’d never be able to live it down if a house elf saw me starkers,” Hermione concluded her ribbing with a peck on Harry’s cheek. “Now, if I can talk about something more serious?”

“Please do,” responded Harry.

“... and not House Elves seeing a particular wizard’s bits...”

“Hermione!”

“... all dangly...”

“Hermione!”

“... and wrinkly...”

“I AM NOT WRINKLY!”

“I would like to talk about the attack today,” stated Hermione, her tone becoming serious.

“Oh, yeah, that,” Harry stammered.

"You were fantastic," complimented Hermione.

"Thanks," Harry said awkwardly. "You were pretty good too."

"No, I wasn't. That's what I want to talk to you about," added Hermione. "I had difficulty fighting one Death Eater at a time. And when I did subdue one, one of his compatriots would revive or free him, sending him back into the fight. You, on the other hand, took out dozens with one blow! And they were out for the count!"

"But that isn't a fair comparison," Harry stated. "I've had a power boosting ritual, whereas you haven't."

"That's why I'd like to perform a power boosting ritual for myself. That way, if we run into any other Death Eaters in our search for the Horcruxes, I can be of help to you," Hermione continued. "I found a permanent boosting ritual in the book."

"Really?" This piqued Harry's interest. Actually, anything found in the book piqued his interest. He wondered what type of activity the ritual needed. For his ritual, he performed oral sex on Hermione. Did the ritual require a sex act? 'Duh!' he mentally chastised himself. 'Of course it requires a sex act! It's a book on sex magic.'

"Yes, it requires a sex act," Hermione said as if she could read his mind. "A very substantial sex act," she added apprehensively.

"What do you mean by 'substantial'?" Harry asked with concern. Hermione was obviously nervous about the ritual and he didn't want to pressure her into doing anything that she wasn't ready to do.

"Remember what we were talking about before?"

"Um," Harry began to recall the various subjects they had talked about previously. The only thing that came to mind was the recent ribbing he received about having Dobby and Kreacher see him naked. That and his internal musings about her bum and boobs.

"Sex, Harry," Hermione explained.

“Oh!”

“Yes. I would have to take a special potion, say an incantation, and then our magics, combined with the blood from my hymen, creates a permanent boost for me.”

“Oh,” repeated Harry.

With a loud crack, Dobby reappeared carrying two platters of food. Hermione conjured a small table for Dobby to place the food on and bid the house-elf good-night.

“Getting back to the ritual,” Hermione began as she ate some fruit. “I really do want you to be my first. And I do want to do it soon – not just for the power boost, but because I love you.”

Harry had some difficulty eating his fruit; it wasn't every day where he would talk casually about losing his virginity with the woman he loved. Every time he attempted to pick up a piece of fruit, he discovered his hands were trembling so much that he couldn't hold it properly and just dropped it. Upon noticing his predicament, Hermione held a slice of pumpkin to his lips.

“One of the reasons that I am hesitant is Ron,” Hermione said as Harry ate the pumpkin.

“What about him?” asked Harry.

“I feel guilty about him being alone,” explained Hermione as she held a piece of cantaloupe for Harry to eat as she finished her own slice. “We were a couple and I left him for you.”

“Oh yeah,” agreed Harry.

“I think I'll feel less guilty if we get him a girlfriend,” concluded Hermione. “But it will NOT be Lav-Lav or anyone like her.”

“So Parvati is a no-no, seeing how she and Lavender share the same half of a half-brain.”

"That would make a quarter, love," corrected Hermione. Before Harry could take offence, she added, "And Ron's quick temper would cause a great deal of strife between him and most of the remaining witches from Gryffindor."

"Besides Ginny... but that's just sick and wrong."

"Yeah, that'd be worse than you and Ginny, Mr. Freud."

"Will I ever live that down?"

"No, not really," said Hermione after a moment of consideration.

"Fine. So nobody from Gryffindor and definitely no one from Slytherin," Harry stated. "Ron hates everybody and everything to do with that house."

"So that leaves Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw."

"Wait, why not a Muggle girl?" offered Harry.

"Please! Could you imagine if Ron and the poor Muggle girl actually became a couple?" asked Hermione. "She would bring him home to meet her folks and he would make an arse out of himself because of the scene he would make when he saw all the pictures that didn't move or a toaster that is actually plugged into the wall. And imagine what will happen when Ron sees a telly for the first time?"

"He would probably hit it with a Blasting Hex out of sheer panic."

"Yes, he would," Hermione continued. "Ron cannot function in the Muggle world for one moment. And to ask a Muggle to live strictly in the magical world would be equally as cruel."

"So, that leaves us someone from either Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff, then."

"As I said. Let's see... Hufflepuff House is known to have loyal, hardworking, and patient people..."



“Which is good seeing that to be with Ron, the witch would have to be loyal, hardworking, and patient because of his quick and foul temper and his stubbornness,” Harry completed.

“And Ravenclaw has intelligent and insightful people in that house...” Hermione began.

“Another good thing because the witch would often have to look past the unintentionally mean and crude things Ron can sometimes blurt out.”

“This’ll be harder than I first expected,” mused Hermione. Harry nodded his head in agreement. The couple finished their meal in silence.

After Hermione banished the platters away, she crawled into bed with Harry. He kissed her gently and they said their good-nights. Hermione muttered “Nox” and the dorm room became pitch black. Harry held Hermione close to him in the darkness. His crotch was pressed firmly up against her bum; a position that would normally have ‘Harry, Jr.’ jumping for joy. But because of that damned potion, ‘Harry, Jr.’ was off in slumber land and couldn’t enjoy another romp with Hermione. Then fear hit Harry, what if it wasn’t temporary? What if the Skele-Grow had altered the Bruise-be-Gone potion’s side effect in some unforeseeable way? Yes, he knew that ‘Harry, Jr.’ didn’t have any bones in him, but when most men are dealing with impotency (temporary or not) they tend to panic.

Forcing himself not to think about his flaccid state, Harry turned his thoughts to Ron and the challenge of finding him a girl. ‘Who could the ideal witch for Ron be? I got lucky with Hermione, she understands me so well. But Ron can be such a difficult bloke at times.’

They needed a witch who was patient and insightful; one that could put up with Ron’s temper and his crass behavior. He suddenly recalled a conversation he had with a certain blonde witch at the end of his fifth year. The witch had dealt with her housemates’ cruel actions throughout the entire year and she simply told Harry that they

didn't mean it. She understood that they were kind people who sometimes did bad things.

Could she be the one? She was blonde and as recently as the wedding reception, Ron had stated that he fancied that particular hair color after all.

"Hermione, I think I know who the witch is," Harry said in the darkness.

"Really, who?"

"Luna."

"WHAT?" Hermione screeched. "Luna! You can't be serious?"

"Yes, she's perfect! She very patient and insightful," explained Harry.

After a moment of silence where Harry could actually feel her thinking about the situation, Hermione allowed, "And she does fancy him. Remember that silly 'Weasley is our King' song she kept humming?"

"Or the fact that she apparently refuses to call him 'Ron'?"

"Yes, it's always 'Ronald.' And remember how she would laugh at all of his so-called jokes?"

"See, she's perfect," Harry said triumphantly.

"Well, I wouldn't say 'perfect'; she is a bit out there."

"And Ron isn't?"

"Point taken. Let's plan on heading over to Luna's and see if we can set up a date for the two of them."

"Ron may need some convincing though."

"Don't worry, I have a plan..." she finished menacingly.

With that, the two lovers drifted off to sleep.

Harry was once again having a very peculiar dream. In it, he was on some distant planet that was completely covered in sand. Harry was some sort of religious icon to the people that lived on this planet. And on this desert planet, giant worms existed, each of which was hundreds of feet long. For some reason, the people depended upon them. But something terrible had happened to the worms. For some reason, none of the giant worms were moving. It was as if they were in a coma.

The people turned to Harry to bring these creatures back to life, because apparently that's what religious icons did. He tried several things to revive the worms. First he talked to a giant clam that was nearby. But the clam couldn't offer anything; it kept gibbering on about commitment and respect. He tried again by casting a Rennervate Charm to no avail. He then got the oddest notion to pet the monster.

Tentatively, he patted the worm's side and much to his surprise, the creature moved slightly. He called to a group of women to give him a hand petting the worm. Oddly enough, all the women looked vaguely like Hermione. With the help of the women, Harry was able to pet the worm back to life. The giant creature rose victoriously into the air and the people cheered, "THE SLEEPER HAS AWAKENED!"

Harry slowly awoke from his odd dream. It was still pitch black in the room and he couldn't see his hand in front of his face (that he didn't have his glasses on didn't help the situation, either). But what he could tell was that Hermione's bum was still firmly pressed against his crotch and more, it appeared that 'Harry, Jr.' woke up before Harry himself did. Thankfully, the temporary side effect of impotency had worn off. And it seemed to have worn off with a vengeance. It was so hard that it hurt!

Harry's fifth appendage was roughly poking Hermione's left cheek. The witch purred and she ground her bum into his erection. Even though he was still half-asleep, Harry was not one to turn down an early morning frolic.

He nuzzled the nape of her neck while his hand trailed down her taut and naked tummy. He knew it was naughty, and a bit fast, but he

wanted to show Hermione that his finger had completely healed. With his now- repaired finger, Harry pressed the witch's love button through her knickers. In apparent appreciation, the witch rubbed her bum up against his aroused state even more.

Harry nibbled on her ear and he took in her distinctive flowery smell. Harry paused both in his nibbling and his rubbing of the witch's ear and knickers (both of which were very damp at the time). Even with his sleep addled brain, Harry began to realize something was amiss. Hermione didn't have a flowery scent; her scent reminded him of parchment and old books. Before he could ponder this revelation further, the witch ground her hips into the still erect form of 'Harry, Jr.'

"C'mon Harry, don't stop now," the witch purred. Harry immediately recognized that the voice he was hearing didn't belong to Hermione. But due to his not-quite-awake state, it took Harry a half second to place it.

"GINNY!" he screamed and jumped out of the bed as if it was engulfed in flames. He frantically ran to the door but found it locked. The fact that the door was locked didn't stop Harry from trying to claw his way through the barricade like a wild animal. "W-w-w-where did you come from?"

"Mum got a call from Professor McGonagall about Ron being injured. Knowing that you'd be here, I... volunteered to check up on Ron for Mum," Ginny replied.

"S-s-stay back!" Harry cried in fear as he continued to try to claw through the door.

"What's your problem, Harry?" whined Ginny. Harry could hear her mutter a charm and all the torches in the room lit up, illuminating the room. "I could tell you wanted me; you were as hard as a rock."

In truth he had been very erect; but that was when he thought his bedmate was Hermione. The moment he discovered that he was rubbing (in more ways than one) Ginny, the girl who looked like his mum, 'Harry, Jr.' deflated like a popped balloon. He turned to face his

molester and tell her just that when he saw that she was sitting up in his bed and was very flushed. And very topless!

The half-naked Ginny rose from the bed, and with a sultry saunter to her walk, made her way to Harry, who at the time was trying his damndest to push his body through the solid wooden door to get as far away from Ginny as possible.

"You know you want me," she said huskily as she reached forward and cupped his crotch. Judging by the look on her face, Ginny was very surprised that Harry was no longer aroused. "Hey, what happened here?"

"What did you do with Hermione?" Harry choked out.

"Oh, I saw her leave to go use the loo," she said nonchalantly, while twirling her wand in her hand. "So I decided to make my move. But I couldn't have her pop in and spoil our fun now could I?"

"What did you do?" repeated Harry.

"I just tied her up," she muttered as she eyed his trousers lustfully. "These won't do." With a flick of her wand, Harry's trousers disappeared, leaving him completely nude.

Before he could cover himself, Ginny dove at his naked groin and began to devour his flaccid state with her lips and tongue.

"For the love of all that's holy, what are you doing?" Harry shouted as he tried to push her away.

"C'mon Harry," she pleaded in-between sucking, "you're just being shy."

Both Harry and Ginny were thrown to the floor when the door that Harry was leaning against blew up.

A very angry looking Hermione stood in the ruined doorway. She pointed her wand menacingly at Ginny. "Get – off – of – my – boyfriend!" she commanded.

“Expelliarmus!” Ginny shouted from beneath Harry forcing Hermione’s wand to go flying from her grasp. “I should’ve disarmed you when I tied you up,” Ginny stated as she pulled herself away from Harry. “Maybe I should tie you up again and make you watch as I turn my boyfriend into a man!”

But before Ginny could conjure robes to bind Hermione, the brunette witch slapped the wand out of her hand, sending it clattering under the bed. A very stunned Ginny turned back to Hermione and was about to verbally assault Harry’s girlfriend when Hermione slapped the younger witch across the face, hard.

“Ow!” cried out Ginny. “What do you think you’re doing?”

“I’m going to beat some sense into you, bitch!” declared Hermione and she slapped Ginny again. “He doesn’t want you, you crazy stalker!”

Ginny slapped Hermione back and shouted “Yes he does! We were meant to be together!”

“Why? Because your mummy read you bedtime stories about the Boy Who Lived?” Hermione retorted as she tugged on a tuft of Ginny’s red hair.

“OW! Unlike you, I’ve been in love with him since I was a little girl!” screamed Ginny as she frantically tore off the pullover that Hermione had been using as a night gown.

Harry watch in both disgust and arousal as the two witches slapped and tugged at each other. The disgust came from the fact that the girl who looked like his mum was wearing nothing but her knickers while fighting his girlfriend. The arousal came from the fact that his girlfriend was wearing nothing but her knickers while fighting the girl who looked like his mum.

“You didn’t fall in love with Harry. You fell in love with the Boy Who Lived!” Hermione shouted before grabbing at and ripping off Ginny’s

knickers. She threw the ruined garment in Ginny's face, declaring, "That's not who he is!"

"He saved me from the Basilisk! That proves he loves me!" defended Ginny as she roughly pinched Hermione's tit as if to prove her point.

"Sweetie, let me point something out to you," Hermione began after she recovered from the pinch. "Harry stopped Voldemort from getting the Philosopher's Stone thereby saving everyone." Hermione punctuated her statement by slapping Ginny directly on her boob. "And technically, he saved everyone in the castle from the Basilisk." Hermione viciously slapped the witch's other tit. "So by your flawed reasoning, he should be in love with everyone in the school!" Hermione ended this part of her discussion by painfully striking Ginny dead center on her vulva.

Harry cringed as Ginny slumped to the floor painfully.

"You bitch!" screamed Ginny and dove at Hermione. She savagely tore Hermione's knickers to shreds and was about to return the painful slap she had received when she suddenly paused looking at Hermione's now naked groin.

"You're shaved?" Ginny questioned.

"My hair isn't the only thing kinky about me!" Hermione answered before slapping Ginny once more. The younger witch let out a blood-curdling cry as she tackled Hermione to the floor.

It was at this point that Ron had the misfortune to enter the room. Apparently, Pomfrey had decided that he was healed enough to spend the rest of the night in his own bed. Harry saw the look in his friend's eyes and could tell what he was thinking, simply because he would be thinking the same things if he were in Ron's shoes. You see for a bloke, it's more than a little uncomfortable if you see your male friend lying on the floor naked such as Harry was. Harry could tell that Ron was doing his best to block that particular vision from his eyes and memory. But it is considered quite entertaining if that same bloke sees his female friend naked early in the morning. And if that female friend – if you don't remember; the nude one – happens to be rolling

around on the ground while wrestling another equally naked, yet unknown, female at the time, well that's just damn entertaining for the bloke. It was obvious to Harry that Ron's first thought was to pull up a chair and enjoy the show. But then, Harry saw the horror dawn in his friend's eyes. You see if the bloke who is enjoying watching his nude female friend wrestling with an equally nude, yet unknown, female finds out that the unknown nude female is actually his baby sister... well that's generally considered a bad thing, especially if the bloke had been enjoying it. Harry could tell exactly when Ron figured out the identity of the second naked girl; Ron turned a most interesting shade of green.

Hermione shot up and spat a tuft of Ginny's red hair out of her mouth (where that tuft had come from, Harry didn't want to know). Hermione stood over Ginny and shouted, "Harry is in love with me and I'm in love with him and there is nothing you can do to change that!"

"We'll see," Ginny said defiantly.

"Oh, are you going to try to seduce him again?" Hermione mocked. "Let me tell you something, little girl; not only can he lick a mean pussy," she paused and pointed to her bare groin to emphasize her point, "but he's also came in my eye. And I've swallowed his load!"

"All at the same time?" Harry heard Ron muttered.

"Another thing," Hermione continued, either oblivious to Ron's presence or ignoring him. She stomped over to Harry and with an unusual show of strength, hoisted him off the floor and to his feet. "Harry and I are going to take a shower... together! And while I'm wanking him off, I'm going to take a huge amount of pleasure in the fact that I'll be playing with something you can never have!" She concluded her statement by making a show of cupping Harry's naked bits so that Ginny could see. "This is mine!" she growled.

Hermione gave Ginny the two fingered salute and led Harry out of the room and toward the bathroom, leaving Ron alone in the room with his naked sister.

It didn't take much time for Harry to forget about his traumatic situation with Ginny. Not when a sudsy Hermione was nibbling on his



ear while she was giving 'Harry, Jr.' a thorough cleaning. Mind you, Harry was a gentleman and couldn't let Hermione have all the fun, so he finally was able to demonstrate to Hermione just how well his finger had healed.

After both lovers had climaxed, Hermione leaned her back against Harry's chest under the shower's spray. "This is wonderful Harry," she purred. "I can't see how this could get better."

Harry voiced his agreement by nuzzling the nape of neck her and massaging her boobs.

"Do you think she'll try something like this again?" she asked.

"Let her; she can never take me away from you," he whispered into her ear. "You are my everything."

As they leaned against the wet wall, Hermione busied herself by running her fingers through Harry's hair. "I'm sorry, but I can't help but wonder if Dobby or Kreacher had compared you to anyone," Hermione said in an amused fashion. Harry groaned as Hermione continued her earlier ribbing of his embarrassment. "I don't know what I'd do if a House Elf saw me naked..."

"Well there's one way to find out," offered Harry. Before Hermione could ask what he had meant, Harry held her arms behind her back playfully and called out "Oh, Dobby!"

With a loud crack, Dobby appeared in front of the two wet and naked teens.

"You called for Dobby Harry Potter... err... sir" the elf squeaked and his eyes almost bulged out of his head as he saw Hermione's naked body. Hermione froze for a split second while Dobby looked at her bare flesh. Then she began to struggle to get out of Harry's grasp. This led to a very fascinating show for Dobby, Harry assumed. Her boobs must have been swaying back and forth because Dobby's eyes started to swing from left to right as if he was watching a tennis match.

“Harry, let me go!” Hermione commanded though Harry could tell there was no malice in her voice. It almost sounded like she was trying not to laugh. “Let me go or I’ll swear-!”

Hermione’s playful threat was cut short when Dobby disappeared with another crack. “You’re a dead man Potter!” she scolded him. “You’re going to have to work pretty hard to make this up to me.”

“Really what would you suggest?” asked Harry.

“Well, you could use your magical tongue and tap into your love core again,” she offered and wiggled her bum against ‘Harry, Jr.’

“I was actually thinking about doing that anyway,” admitted Harry. He guided Hermione to lie on the floor and lowered himself so that he was in-between her legs. His mouth was near her flower when he heard a series of cracks.

When Harry looked up, all he could see were hundreds of eyes looking at him and Hermione. Each set of eyes were bulbous and brightly colored; they obviously belonged to House-Elves. In fact Harry could argue that a wall of House-Elves had been erected in front of him. House-Elves filled every space in the bathroom. They were even actually standing on top of each other so that they could get a better look. Harry believed that it was quite possible that every single House-Elf in Hogwarts was currently jammed in the bathroom at that particular moment.

“Oh bugger,” groaned Harry as he heard a number of squeaky voices plead “Let me see!”

To Be Continued

## Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

### Chapter Ten: House-Elf Spanking Inferno

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Ten Summary: Things get revealed in the bathroom... well more revealed than they already are that is.

"Oh, bugger," repeated Harry.

A small House-Elf partially hidden behind the wall of other House-Elves was able to pop his or her head through a tiny opening and gazed in awe at Harry and Hermione's naked forms. "Look at that! It be wonderful!" the little House-Elf heralded.

"We need to get out of here," Harry murmured on the verge of panicking, his face still hovering over Hermione's naked flower.

"Harry, let's get out of here right now!" Hermione blurted out as she scampered out from under Harry to seek cover behind him.

With as much dignity as he could muster, Harry covered his bits with his hands while slowly standing up. He could feel Hermione rise with him. He thought that she had lucked out since she got to use Harry's whole body as a shield from the prying eyes of dozens of House-Elves, whereas he was only able to use his hands to shield himself. But then again, he decided that he would willingly protect Hermione whenever she needed it. Even if only to block the prying eyes in this case.

Scanning the living wall of House-Elves that blocked their exit, Harry turned his head to face Hermione – who was looking nervously over his shoulder – and informed her, "I don't see a way out."

"Is there a way out Harry?" Hermione asked nervously.

"Why are you repeating everything I say?" hissed Harry who was reaching his wit's end.

"Harry, I really wish you would stop speaking in Parsletongue," snapped Hermione. Apparently when Harry had "hissed" his question, he was literally hissing. "There's no chance of you getting to go down on me anytime soon, so could you please speak English now."

Closing his eyes, Harry focused on speaking English, which was a little difficult seeing that he was thinking he was speaking it already. He cautiously asked, "Can you understand me now?"

"Yes," Hermione whimpered. "Do you see a way out?"

"Um... no," he replied weakly.

"How about a towel? Do you see any towels so we can cover ourselves?" she pleaded.

The only towel Harry saw was the small hand-sized one he had just used to lather Hermione's boobs. Harry's mind drifted back to the very recent, and pleasurable, memory of him rubbing Hermione's titties with that same towel. Of course, he had quickly abandoned the towel in favor of his tongue.

This temporary moment of reflection had an unfortunate side-effect; it got a rise out of 'Harry, Jr.'. Harry could feel his appendage begin to stir in his hands. Even though he had just climaxed, Harry knew that in a matter of seconds, 'Harry, Jr.' was going to poke its head out of his hands and have a look around with its one good eye. 'Damn my teenage virility!' Harry cursed internally.

"Step aside," a voice that sounded incredibly old ordered from behind the wall of House-Elves. The wall quickly split in half and parted to reveal an amazingly old House-Elf (so old that he made Kreacher look like a baby). This elderly House-Elf was dressed in a very distinguished and regal manner – of course being a House-Elf, his

clothes were made up entirely of rags. But Harry could tell that they were rags of a regal manner. "Dobby, be comin' forth," the old House-Elf wheezed.

Dobby appeared out of the mass of other House-Elves and walked toward the regal looking ancient elf.

"Is yous certain?" the old elf asked.

"Oh, yes, Dobby is very certains, Fetch, sir," announced Dobby.

"Brings the Book," Fetch, the old elf commanded, after eyeing Harry and Hermione suspiciously. Harry could tell by the reverence in which Fetch said "Book" that it was so important that the word deserved to be capitalized.

Six House-Elves marched into the bathroom carrying a very large and very old looking book. The book was at least four feet long, two feet wide, and three and a half feet thick. Hermione pressed herself into Harry's back in an attempt to get a better look at the gigantic book, which for Harry meant trouble. Unknowingly, Hermione's attempt to see the book more closely just caused her to push her lovely mounds into Harry's back. This added to the fact that he was getting aroused at the memory of washing her breasts caused 'Harry, Jr.' to become more excited. It was bad enough that every single House-Elf saw him starkers, the last thing Harry wanted was for them to see was his manhood fully erect. He desperately tried to think of disturbing and even disgusting things in order to quell his rising arousal.

The first image that Harry tried to focus on was Ginny; he could always count on the mere thought of that girl to quell an erection. In fact, he gave her a nick-name while he was standing in the bathroom in front of the House-Elves; "Gin-Gin, the Erection Killer."

Harry tried to focus his mind on the recent, and still disturbing, memory of a topless Ginny sitting on his bed. But he found it difficult to recall the image of Ginny with her modest-sized breasts exposed. The difficulty was mostly due to the fact that Hermione was pressing her naked boobs in his back; the only thing Harry could see in his mind's eye was the even more recent, and so much more enjoyable,

memory of him licking 'Carmella' and 'Natasha' clean. This memory, of course, had the opposite effect as far as the helping of quelling his erection went.

The six elves placed the massive book on the floor in front of Fetch (who had almost disappeared behind the large tome) and with a snap of his fingers, the book magically opened to a segment halfway through the pages. Hermione let out a soft moan as she saw that the tome was filled with words, sentences, paragraphs, and whole chapters that she hadn't read yet. Unfortunately for Harry (yet again) the soft moan that Hermione had let out was fairly erotic and the sound of his girlfriend moaning in his ear chased away any remaining desire he had on focusing on any disturbing, or even disgusting, things to aid in stopping encroaching embarrassment. 'Harry, Jr.' was poking against his fingers as if the organ was asking if it was allowed to come out and play.

"And now Fetch be reading from the Book of Elfish Prophecy: the Word of Bonky, chapter five, verse one hundred and twelve: 'And lo thine brethren shall be in chains for years upon years upon years!'" Fetch read aloud from the book.

Hermione made a sound akin to purring in Harry's ear. There was a book, one that she hadn't read, or even heard of, sitting right on the floor in front of her, teasing her! Hermione's unintentional purring noise had an affect on our poor hero. 'Harry, Jr.' was no longer poking against Harry's fingers; the organ was beating on them in hopes of bashing through the barricade.

"Hermione, please be quiet," Harry pleaded in a whisper, as beads of sweat appeared on his brow. It was rather hard... err sorry about that... work trying to prevent an erection.

"And suffer ye shall," Fetch continued to read, oblivious to Harry's plight and Hermione's apparent excitement. "Ye children and ye children's children and ye children's children's children will live through bondage until She arrives. And delivers us into the glorious light of Freedom!"

Then Harry felt the one thing that could cause him to lose the battle in stopping a very happy 'Harry, Jr.' from saying "Hiya!" to every House-Elf in the room. Harry always knew that Hermione loved books, but he never realized until now how just much she really loved them. That thing that nearly made Harry lose his battle was 'Natasha' and 'Carmella' becoming erect and stiffly poking him in the back. Sweat now dripped of the tip of Harry's nose as he struggled to contain his growing... err sorry again... arousal.

"... And ye shall know Her, for She has a bald feline and can make the One of the Mark stand with just a word..."

Hermione apparently lost all of her composure, because she gently placed her hand on Harry and was about to ask him to move out of the way so she could get a better look at the book. Unfortunately, Hermione had to decided to place her hands on his bare bottom and breathe seductively in his ear; "Harry..."

BOING

Whether or not 'Harry, Jr.' literally made the "boing" noise when the organ had escaped from his hands was irrelevant to Harry. All that mattered was that his oldest and most constant toy was now giving every House-Elf in the castle the "happy eye". If 'Harry, Jr.' had a voice, Harry imagined that it would be shouting to the assembled House-Elves, "You lot, bugger off! Me and the lady are gonna wrestle."

The reaction Harry received from the House-Elves when they witnessed his fully aroused state was very different from what he had expected. He thought that they would react in fear perhaps, maybe scream at the wizard with the hard-on, or make a mad dash away from the perverted human screaming, "He's pointing it at us!" Harry even thought that some of them would snigger and point at his manhood as they compared it to others they had seen, much as Kreacher and Dobby had. Maybe one of them would bemoan the fact that they would have to "finish off the mistress" much like Dobby used to, but this time due to Harry's inadequacies.

Instead of laughing or running away in fear, the House-Elves did the most curious thing: they bowed. Every single one of them bowed in Harry's direction the moment 'Harry, Jr.' had appeared to them.

"All Hail the Great One!" they praised with heads on the floor as if in prayer.

Hermione looked over Harry's shoulder and down at the very jubilant 'Harry, Jr.' and said, "I rather like it, but I wouldn't go as far as 'the Great One!'"

"Hey!" Harry said dejectedly.

"We's is free!" one of the larger House-Elves shouted as he jumped up and rushed at Harry. The elf held his arms out to hug Harry as he rushed forward. In his mind, Harry did a quick comparison. Judging by the height of the House-Elf, his head was going to be at 'Harry, Jr.'s level when he hugged him. Rather than have a House-Elf place his head against his naked, and still fully aroused, bits, Harry – being the brave Gryffindor he was – jumped out of the way. Which, unfortunately, left Hermione to deal with the overzealous elf.

Undeterred by Harry's ingenious plan of "jumping out of the way" the elf threw his arms around Hermione's midsection (luckily, Hermione was shorter than Harry so the elf's head was around her bellybutton). "Oh Great One, yous has finally arrived."

"Take yous hands off of the Great One, Stubby," demanded Fetch. "Shows our Savior some respect!"

"Stubby sorry, oh Great One," the elf said as he let go of Hermione. When the elf, Stubby, backed away from Hermione, she was in too much shock to cover herself back up. Upon seeing her shaved crotch, all the House-Elves murmured, "The Bald Feline!"

"The what?" Hermione demanded.

"Forgives us, oh Great One," Fetch replied to Hermione.



“Wait... she’s the Great One?” asked Harry, whose jump left him sitting on the ground with a still very awake ‘Harry, Jr.’ pointing at the ceiling. He was more than a touched surprised by this revelation. He had expected that he was the Great One; he figured since he had so many titles already, one more wouldn’t hurt.

“The Prophecy states that ours Savior would be having a ‘Bald Feline,’” Fetch continued and gestured reverently to her groin.

“What?” both Harry and Hermione shouted.

“It is obvious that yous is the Great One,” explained Fetch. “You haves the Bald Feline.”

Harry and Hermione alternated between looking at her shaved groin and Fetch several times before Harry said aloud, “Oh I get it now. Feline... cat... hee-hee!”

“It’s purely for hygiene!” Hermione defended.

“This coming from the girl who just said ‘my hair isn’t the only thing kinky about me’,” retorted Harry from the ground, while still chuckling.

“I’m getting a lecture about perversion from the bloke with a hard-on surrounded by House-Elves.” Hermione shot back.

“Please, oh Great One, do not be angry at’s the One of the Mark,” Fetch humbly interrupted. “If the One of the Mark had not be standing at yours word, we woulds not have been sure if yous was indeed the Great One.”

“Huh? What was the middle part?” asked Harry.

“He said if you didn’t get a hard-on when I said your name, he wouldn’t have been sure about me being ‘the Great One’ simply for having a bald pussy!”

““Bald Feline,”” corrected Harry.

“Be quiet ‘One of the Mark’,” Hermione chastised.

“Oh, so that’s my new title.”

“Please, Fetch, I think you’ve got the wrong witch,” Hermione said, ignoring Harry. “I don’t think that I’m your savior.”

“What about SPEW?” inquired Harry.

“Shut it, Harry,” Hermione seethed. “What makes you sure I’m the one?”

“Here, oh Great One, sees for yourself,” Fetch said and gestured to the book. The six elves that had brought the book in held it up so that Hermione could read it. Still very naked, Hermione began to skim through the pages of the book. As Hermione continued to read the book, Harry tried to busy himself.

“Hi, I’m Harry,” he greeted a female elf next to him.

The female elf looked down at Harry’s crotch and commented, “Naw, yous is not too bad. But it wouldn’t hurt if yous were to trims it every once in a while.”

“Twidy believe it being called ‘man-scaping’,” another elf, apparently named Twidy, offered.

“How can you be sure that I am this prophesized savior?” asked Hermione the elderly House Elf, as she turned the page in the enormous book. “This book appears to be centuries old. I have to assume that your kind has come across a woman who was shaved prior to me.”

“In the Book of Dumko, it clearly states in chapter forty-eight, verse one: ‘... and the Great One shall stand before you with her bald feline proudly...’ much like yous is doing now, oh Great One.”

Hermione must have forgotten that she was naked because she blushed a bright red and tried to cover her various bits with her arms and hands. Harry noted that he himself had seemed to have lost all sense of humility. Which wasn’t surprising seeing that in the last few

days McGonagall had seen him naked and aroused, Ginny had stripped him naked and molested him, Ron saw him naked and sprawled out on the floor, and Tonks had gotten her own special show. Added to all of that, now every single House-Elf had watched as 'Harry, Jr.' popped out of his hands. Harry reckoned that any sense of embarrassment of public nudity had been burned out of him. Shrugging his shoulders, Harry leaned back and let 'Harry, Jr.' and his luggage bask in the open air. Mind you, 'Harry, Jr.' was still up and raring for another round of playtime with Hermione.

"Beholds!" Fetch called out as he gestured to Harry's aroused state. "From the Book of Dumko, chapter forty-eight, verse two: '... the Great One's companion, the One of the Mark, shall greet thy and thine brethren with both heads held high!'"

Hermione's skin burned even brighter upon noticing Harry still erect organ. Harry felt a strong sense of masculine pride as the House-Elves' eyes shined brightly as they looked at 'Harry, Jr.'

Still blushing furiously, Hermione turned to a small female House-Elf who was trembling in the presence of "the Great One and Her Companion". As politely as she could, Hermione asked the nervous House-Elf, "Would you mind fetching me a towel or something to wear?"

Every House-Elf gasped as they tore their eyes away from Harry to stare at Hermione once more.

"Halleluiah!" several House-Elves rejoiced in unison.

"Agains from the Book of Dumko, chapter forty-eight, verse three:" began Fetch while tears of joy streamed down his face. "'... the Great One shall be humble before the most humble in thine midst..."

Fetch snapped his aged fingers again and Hermione was draped in the most beautiful robe Harry had ever seen. It was made out of the finest silk and lace and had thin strands of gold spun into it. Of course the silk was so thin and light that Harry could easily see 'Carmella' and 'Natasha' along with the 'Bald Feline'. Hermione couldn't help but to beam as she inspected her new robes. With her eyes smiling,

Hermione faced Harry and was about to start to ask him what he thought of it when she saw the apparently ever-erect 'Harry, Jr.' looking back at her.

"Could you please conjure some clothes for Harry?" she asked with a little embarrassment.

"Certainly, my lady," again Fetch snapped his fingers and Harry was clothed. However, Harry's new clothing wasn't the fantastic robe that Hermione had received. Instead Harry was now dressed in a pair of plain white boxers. But the boxers did nothing to help hide Harry's organ from sight; 'Harry, Jr.' was proudly sticking out of the flap in front.

"Why do boxers even have that opening?" Hermione questioned, a bit scandalized.

"I reckon it's an escape flap," offered Harry.

"An escape flap?" Hermione asked incredulously. "Never mind," she added and she bent over and scooped up the wash cloth Harry had used on her boobs and tossed it on 'Harry, Jr.'. Of course, by now, the cloth had become quite cold and Harry squealed as the cold and wet cloth landed directly on his organ.

Turning her attention back to Fetch, Hermione asked, "What makes you certain that I'm your so-called Great One? Honestly, prophecy can be open to interpretation."

"That be true," agreed the ancient House-Elf. "In fact Fetch's predecessor was being quite positive that the One of the Mark would actually be named Mark."

"You see!" exclaimed Hermione. "It's open to interpretation! So what makes you sure now?"

"The signs is unmistakable," Fetch replied cryptically.

"Because of the 'bald feline,'" put in Harry. He had said it with a touch of bitterness because 'Harry, Jr.' had lost interest due to Hermione

being un-naked again, but mostly because the appendage was covered with a cold towel. Harry imagined if the ghost of Gryffindor was here that he would make another rude comment about “blue-balls.”

“You’re not helping, Harry,” snapped Hermione.

“Pardons my lady, but hes be correct. We’s should be recognizing the signs...” began Fetch. “Yous are the one who leads us to Freedom!”

“Wait a tick,” interrupted Harry. “For two years, Hermione tried to enlighten you all and petitioned our classmates to get you lot civil rights and you rejected her completely! You even went as far as avoiding any contact with her. Dobby was the only House-Elf who dared enter the Gryffindor Common Room for most of our fifth year.”

“But if that’s true, what happened to all of the hats I made?” asked Hermione. Harry recalled that she had worked very hard making a plethora of tiny hats in an attempt to free the House-Elves. Harry still didn’t have the heart to tell her that Dobby had been the one who took them all. He realized that he didn’t want to see Hermione upset.

“We’s was not sure yous is the prophesized one,” Fetch explained. “For we’s it be considered heresy to be seeking freedom without the Great One leading we’s.”

Thinking of all the hardship and ridicule that Dobby had suffered from his fellow House-Elves, Harry asked, “Is that why you treat Dobby the way you do? Because he wanted to be free?”

All the House-Elves looked at Dobby with obvious disdain.

“Actually, One of the Mark, Dobby be a rather...” Fetch began to explain and paused as if he was searching for the proper phrase. “He be having a peculiar hobby.”

Hanging his head, a blushing Dobby confessed, “Dobby likes to steal and wear witches’ unmentionables.”

“Is that what happened to my ‘Hello Kitty’ knickers?” asked Hermione. Realizing what she just said, Hermione nervously looked at Harry and blushed brightly.

“Dobby, that’s disgusting!” Harry chided. “Stealing knickers from first years and then wearing them!”

Harry had automatically assumed that the pilfered set of novelty knickers were stolen years ago because his girlfriend obviously hadn’t worn such things since adolescence. Then, Harry remembered that Dobby hadn’t started to work at the Castle until his fourth year. Therefore his assumption about the theft occurring in Hermione’s first year didn’t make sense. Dobby corrected Harry’s observation.

“Oh no, One of the Mark Harry Potter Sir, Dobby took the Great One’s kitty unmentionables the night before last,” the elf squeaked. “Dobby would’ve taken them the first night you two arrived, but the Great One was still wearing them...”

Harry looked at his girlfriend with a great deal of amusement. The night they had arrived at the Castle was the same night that she had first gone down on him. And she was wearing ‘Hello Kitty’ knickers at the time.

“You are a naughty one aren’t you?” Harry murmured to Hermione who, at that time, was doing her best to ignore him by attempting to casually whistle and twiddle her thumbs.

“Dobby, this be true?” Fetch asked. “The Great One was wearing these... what were they’s be called?”

“‘Hello Kitty’ knickers,” Harry happily provided.

“Since the Great One do be enjoying this ‘Hello Kitty’, it must be divine,” concluded the ancient House-Elf. “All Hail Hello Kitty!”

“ALL HAIL HELLO KITTY!” every House-Elf cried out joyously.

“The Great One also likes spankings!” offered Harry, as he tried to fight the approaching bout of unstoppable laughter.

“HARRY!” scolded Hermione. But it was too late. The air in the bathroom was filled with the sounds of dozens of tiny elf hands slapping dozens of tiny elf bottoms.

“ALL HAIL THE GREAT ONE!” SMACK! “PRAISE OURS SAVIOR!” SLAP!

This new action by the elves bothered Harry; he had announced the fact that Hermione liked to give and receive spankings in hopes of embarrassing his girlfriend further. But unfortunately, he had incited a spank-fest amongst the entire House-Elf population of Hogwarts.

Harry had to admit that the swat that he had given Hermione the day before piqued his interest; he was keen on the idea of pursuing the whole “spank my bottom” side of Hermione further, but this sight before him was truly disturbing. Tiny hands flew with abandon, smacking their targets gleefully. Small red bottoms jiggled as their owners shouted out various praises.

Harry could tell that Hermione was very uncomfortable, due to both the Elves praises and their orgy of spans. In a move that he thought would comfort his girlfriend, Harry got up and put his arm around her. But, Harry discovered something when he put his arm around Hermione. He found she wasn't in any discomfort. Well not the discomfort that he was thinking of.

“Are your nipples hard?” asked Harry, upon noticing the even stiffer appearance of ‘Carmella’ and ‘Natasha’. They looked like they were attempting to tear through the lace of Hermione's lace and silk robe.

“Harry, please...” Hermione breathed out in a mortified, yet breathless, tone.

“You ARE naughty!” Harry whispered in her ear. Without her noticing, Harry discretely raised his hand up in the air. “ALL HAIL THE GREAT ONE!” he cried out before bringing his hand down to slap her playfully on her bum. Hermione squealed out in both pleasure and surprise.

The resounding smack that Harry had landed on Hermione's bottom signaled an abrupt end to the spank-fest. All the bulbous eyes turned to Harry. Some looked confused while others looked murderous.

"He touches Her!" one elf called out

"How dares he!"

"He's the One of the Mark... he's can be touching Her," another argued.

"The Great One be pure and virtuous. He's not to be thinking of touching Her."

"Excuses me, he's was about to lick Her Bald Feline when we's be coming in," a voice near the back pointed out.

"Yeah, She's be only human. They tends to do things like that."

"She's be the Great One," a particularly angry elf said while shoving another to the floor. "She's be above such things."

"Batka saw Her place the One of the Mark's second head in her mouth in the library," a elf, presumably Batka, said before punching some other elf.

"You saw that?" both Harry and Hermione asked, completely shocked.

"Heresy!" With that battle cry, nearly every House-Elf attacked one another.

One group would argue in-between punches that the Great One was allowed to have intimate relations with the One of the Mark. "She's be doing whatever and whoever She's wants!" The other group dismissed such arguments by calling out, "She's be above physical desires." That and biting the ears of the other group. Some House-Elves were actually conjuring chairs solely for the purpose to use the piece of furniture as a bludgeoning weapon.



Apparently the only two elves not involved in the escalating battle were Fetch and Dobby, who were standing close to Harry and Hermione. Fetch humbly addressed Hermione, "Forgives us, oh Great One, sometimes we's be liking a... heated discussion like this one," he explained. "Fetch think it be best if Dobby would escorts You and the One of the Mark out of this room."

Without waiting for a response, Dobby grabbed Harry and Hermione's hands and they disappeared from the bathroom. With a pop, they appeared in Harry's room.

"Dobby must goes back to help Fetch ends the... discussion," Dobby said and quickly disappeared with a pop. A second later, Harry could hear Dobby's muffled voice shout though the walls separating them; "The Great One happen to be enjoying playings with One of the Mark's second head!" This was immediately followed by a loud bang.

Once in a while, a bang, scream, or crash would emanate from the bathroom indicating the breadth of the skirmish between the Elfish factions. For what seemed like minutes, Harry and Hermione stood in silence, lost in their own thoughts. Harry's mind was filled with the revelation that Hermione was apparently the prophesied savior of House-Elves. But more importantly, Hermione was a really naughty witch! She wore 'Hello Kitty' knickers and was aroused at the House-Elf spank-fest. He was about to end the thoughtful silence and jibe her about her fetishes when a very loud and booming noise emanated from the Common Room. It was so loud that it felt like the very foundations of the Castle were being rocked. The noise even drowned out the elf-riot as well.

"YOU DID WHAT?"

"What the hell was that?" Hermione asked as dust fell from the rafters.

Harry was about to respond by saying he didn't know when the voice boomed again.

"YOU ARE IN SO MUCH TROUBLE!"

"Is that..." began Harry upon recognizing the voice, "... Mrs. Weasley?"

"HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING?"

Fearing the worst, Harry and Hermione dashed out of the room and down to the Common Room. They found Ron huddling in fear in the corner, while the Weasley matriarch was screaming at Ginny. Gin-Gin, the Erection Killer looked as if she was in total shock, her face was deathly white and her eyes appeared to be threatening to pop out of their sockets and run away. Mrs. Weasley was the living embodiment of rage; her face was a furious red and was twisted into a mask of anger. She continued to berate her daughter, not realizing that she was spitting in Ginny's face as she ranted.

"THROWING YOURSELF AT HIM LIKE A SCARLET WOMAN! I DID NOT RAISE YOU TO BEHAVE IN SUCH A MANNER!"

Ginny, who was wearing a humble set of robes (which Harry was immediately thankful for, he couldn't handle seeing her naked again) looked like she had soiled herself very recently. "I-I-I-I'm not the scarlet woman, mum," Ginny stuttered, trying to save herself. The fear in her voice was apparent, and her squeaking voice sounded like an underfed mouse compared to Mrs. Weasley's booming voice. "Hermione's let Harry lick her, down there. And she swallowed him, and he came in her eye!"

"MOLESTING THE POOR BOY AFTER YOU TIED UP HERMIONE! WHAT DROVE YOU TO DO THAT?" Molly shouted, completely ignoring her daughter's statement.

Harry wondered for a moment if Mrs. Weasley had used a Sonorus Charm on herself, because her voice was far too loud to be natural.

All of the anger and rage pouring off of Mrs. Weasley wanted to make Harry run away like a scared little boy. But when he tried to turn and run away, he found that Hermione had once again taken sanctuary behind him and had wrapped her trembling arms around his midsection. Even though he wanted to run away, Harry now had to stand there and witness this most terrifying event unfold because

Hermione had apparently gone into shock and he wouldn't leave her there alone.

Harry considered grabbing Hermione and running back up the stairs with her in his arms. He was quite surprised to find out that his body was refusing to obey any command. Harry decided to add "Angry Mrs. Weasley" to the list of things that made him freeze up in fear.

"AND NAKED TO BOOT! YOUR BROTHER SAID HE SAW YOUR...your..." Mrs. Weasley seemed distressed at finishing her statement. But she wasn't about to let anybody off without a proper lecture. "FOR MERLIN'S SAKE, HE SAW your cunny!" Apparently, Mrs., Weasley was so mortified that she had to use the word "cunny" in public, that she had said it so softly, in contrast to her normal "Lecture Voice", that Harry thought he'd gone momentarily deaf.

"But Mum, they were naked too!" Ginny tried once again to derail her mother. "Look at them! She's wearing a completely see-through gown, you can see everything! And he's wearing nothing but shorts. Look-look-look!" she added frantically pointing at his crotch. "He's hanging out of them!"

Harry wanted to put 'Harry, Jr.' away, but his mind was still too filled with terror to do so.

"AND THEN ATTACKING HERMIONE! I HAVE HALF A MIND TO BEAT YOU SILLY, YOUNG LADY!" Mrs. Weasley punctuated this threat by brandishing her fist in front of Ginny's face.

"WHAT MADE YOU THINK THAT WHAT YOU DID WAS ACCEPTABLE BEHAVIOR?"

Harry gulped in fear and he felt Hermione shudder.

Mrs. Weasley roughly grabbed hold of Ginny's ear and dragged the girl toward the exit of the Common Room. "JUST YOU WAIT UNTIL YOUR FATHER HEARS OF THIS, YOUNG LADY!" Mrs. Weasley screamed as she and her daughter disappeared into the hallway.

Somehow, Harry thought that whatever punishment Mr. Weasley could dish out for Ginny was nothing compared to what Mrs. Weasley was going to do to her.

Harry breathed a sigh of relief, unfortunately too soon. Mrs. Weasley reentered the room with a stumbling Ginny still being dragged by the ear behind her. The older witch stomped up to Harry and wagged her finger in his face.

"I'm not your mother and you're both adults," Mrs. Weasley lectured. Even though her voice was calm, Harry still felt the anger pour off of her body. "But I do NOT approve of how fast you two are going!"

Once again, Mrs. Weasley dragged Ginny toward the exit by her ear. Mrs. Weasley paused in the doorway and turned back toward Harry and said, "However, regardless of my views, you should really try to improve your aim. It really does burn when it gets in your eye. I only wish Arthur would learn that. I've been telling him for years and years, but does he listen? No, he just shoots himself all willy-nilly over my face, not caring that it gets in my eye or up my nose..."

"Also, Harry dear, put it away," Mrs. Weasley suggested while glancing down at 'Harry, Jr.' "You'll catch a cold."

But Harry hadn't really comprehended Mrs. Weasley's comment on his manhood. Instead, his mind was filled with an incredibly disturbing image of a spent and naked Mr. Weasley standing over an equally naked, but more disturbingly, goo-covered Mrs. Weasley. Harry couldn't take anymore and fainted.

There was no one else; no interruptions, no problems of the outside world, and no worries. Just the two of them... and tonight, the night was theirs alone. A hand lovingly caressed a cheek. His warm lips brushed against her lips. A throaty sigh escaped her mouth as he trailed kisses down her neck.

The two friends and lovers tossed their robes to the side without hesitation. Even though there was no need for haste, they had been waiting for this for a long time. He cupped her breasts in his hands and thanked the heavens for their wonderful gift of this woman while kissing her mounds. She purred as her lover tweaked her nipples.

With a wicked grin on her face that she knew would drive her man wild, she knelt in front of him as if she were at prayer at the alter of his love. She wrapped her hands around his already erect organ and leaned toward him. He held his breath as she took him into her mouth.

His mind was a whirl, no matter how many times she would take him like this, he would never tire of the sensation of her lovely and talented mouth around his love.

But, as these things happen from time to time, the man found that couldn't hold back. Shortly after his lover began to work on his member, he grunted in an animalistic manner and she quickly pulled herself away since she still hadn't grown to like the taste of his discharge.

"Hold on-" she implored. But it was too late. The thing she knew was going to happen, the thing she dreaded occurred. He unloaded himself upon her face. It splashed on her nose and into her eyes.

"Damn it!" she scolded her lover and began to wipe his seed from her eyes before too much of it seeped in. "I've told you before, you have to aim better, Arthur!"

With that, a messy faced Molly Weasley stormed out of the bedroom, leaving her husband panting.

Screaming as if his life was in mortal peril, Harry awoke from his nightmare. With sweat dripping from his body, he sighed in relief as he quickly realized that he was still in the Common Room where he had fainted after Mrs. Weasley had given him advice on how to aim properly so his ejaculate wouldn't get in Hermione's eyes. The nightmare had passed.

"You have it easy," a trembling voice sounded from Harry's right. "She's not your mum."

Harry turned to find his best mate, Ron, sitting on the floor several feet away from him, rocking back and forth. The red-haired wizard's eyes were bloodshot and sunken, his face was the palest Harry had

ever seen it. Harry assumed that his friend had gotten violently ill, several times.

"I've never seen a naked woman until yesterday," murmured Ron, his voice hollow and his eyes looked past Harry as if they had seen enough horror to last him a lifetime. "Then... Then I saw Bellatrix, all... all that h-h-hair... The first woman I see naked almost makes me almost shun the notion of sex completely. Then the next bird I see is Hermione, and I hope you don't mind me saying this Harry, but she is pretty hot. Nice set of jigglees on that girl. I thought that the horror I felt from seeing that Death Eater skank would have been chased away forever. And even better, Hermione was rolling around on the floor with another girl. The first thing that popped in my mind was 'This is great! I get to see two naked witches go at it. What luck!'" Ron continued in his lifeless monotone. "I even thought the other witch was kinda... was kinda... h-h-h-" Ron began to stutter as he forced himself to give voice to his shame. "I thought she was h-h-hot. Harry, it was my little sister for Merlin's sake! I saw her... her bits! A brother should not be forced to see his sister's... bits! It's not fair!

"I did what any bloke in my situation would do: I ran to my Mum." Harry could tell that Ron was in a losing battle with his personal demons. "I fire-called her and she came straight away. I told Mum what happened, how Hermione and Ginny were fighting over you and that Ginny had even tried to molest you. Well, she gave me a talking to, about how I wasn't a good brother and how it was my fault because I set a bad example for her and what-not. So my day was getting worse: I saw my sister's... bits and then my mother was blaming me. But I figured it couldn't get much worse. But then she had to go and give you.... advice..."

Harry shuddered in fear of the recollection of that advice.

"I could have gone my entire life very happily without hearing my mum admit that she's had my dad's baby batter in her eyes." Ron paused before concluding: "I will never be hard again."

Harry nodded his head silently as he too wondered if 'Harry, Jr.' would ever come out and play again.

Both emotionally distraught wizards turned to the portrait hole as the Fat Lady's painting swung open. Hermione walked in followed by Dobby; each was carrying a tray piled high with food. Harry noticed immediately that the tray that Dobby was carrying was loaded with cakes, éclairs, and biscuits, whereas Hermione's tray had a varied array of fruits and vegetables. Much to Harry's dread, Dobby, with his tray filled with delectable goodies, headed straight for Ron. Since Hermione was still insisting that Harry remain on his mysterious diet, she placed the tray of veggies and fruit in front of him.

"Can't I have one éclair?" Harry asked pitifully.

"He can have it all, for all I care," Ron offered in his monotone. "I don't think I'll eat another bite for the rest of my life."

"Don't tell me you two are still troubled what Molly said?" Hermione asked.

"Your mum didn't just tell you what my mum did," retorted Ron.

"No, but I did walk in on my parents once," countered Hermione. She added in an undertone, "To this day, I just don't see what men like about that silly metal bikini Carrie Fisher wore..."

"Ron, your mother just told you that she is still very much in love with your father." Hermione stated in a clear voice. "You should feel happy for her, not revolted by the notion."

"What she told us about wasn't love!" Ron said heatedly, the monotone gone from his speech. "That isn't love... that's... that's..."

"What? 'A blow-job'?" Hermione finished for Ron. The red-haired recoiled at the term "blow-job" as if Hermione had physically struck him. Hermione continued despite Ron's reaction, "It isn't necessarily love, but it proves your mother loves your father and is willing to do an activity that makes him happy."

"Hermione, they... they're old and they have kids," Harry put in. "They shouldn't be doing things like that."

“They aren’t too old to have feelings for each other. And a desire to act on those feelings,” argued Hermione. “And as for having kids, Ron has six siblings; counting the twins, Molly has given birth six times. Do you think that means Molly and Arthur have only had sex a total of six times?”

“YES!” both Ron and Harry shouted. Neither one wanted to have the image of the elder Weasleys shagging. Upon wishing that they didn’t want said image entering their mind, naturally that particular image happened to enter their minds.

“Oh please, Ron. I’m certain that your parents have had sex many more than six times in their life,” stated Hermione. “Think of it as ‘practice runs’ if you will. And they like these ‘practice runs’ so much that even though they aren’t having any more babies, they still enjoy doing them.

“And as for you, Harry,” Hermione said turning to her boyfriend. “From all the stories I’ve heard about your father, I’m sure James took every opportunity to do some ‘practice runs’ with your mother.”

Harry used all of his will to block the image of his parents fooling around that was threatening to enter his mind.

“And don’t forget your father was an Animagus as well,” Hermione added with a touch of amusement. “I wouldn’t be surprised to find out if Lily was a little curious and...”

Harry didn’t register the rest of Hermione’s train of thought because he blacked out once again. Mercifully.



Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor  
Chapter Eleven: Shhh be Vewy Vewy Quiet

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Eleven Summary: We're hunting howcwuxes

Harry and Hermione didn't speak for nearly two and a half days, well, at least not with each other. Hermione was mad because Harry was being a child concerning her comments regarding adults and love. Harry was mad at Hermione because of her comments about parents and sex, as well as her off-color joke about Lily experimenting with Harry's father's animagus form. To Hermione, their conversation was about the happiness one should feel if adults, including those that were parents, were madly in love and willing to act upon their feelings. To Harry, it was a heated debate about unnatural and disturbing activities that some people shouldn't do because had kids, and even worse, they were old. And that comment about his mum and Prongs made Harry feel a confusing combination of anger and revulsion.

It didn't help Harry's mood that the house-elves were still following Hermione's orders and wouldn't allow him cheese or any sweets. He even convinced Ron to sneak into the kitchen and fetch him some milk on the sly. Ron had no trouble in retrieving the milk, but as his friend went to hand the glass to him, an anonymous house-elf popped out of nowhere and snatched the cool beverage from Harry's hands and disappeared.

For the first day, Harry did a very good job of ignoring Hermione. Whenever she entered a room that he was in, Harry would pretend to find something in the opposite direction of Hermione intensely interesting. For example, when he was in the Common Room and

she entered through the Portrait Hole, Harry busied himself by inspecting the recently repaired hearth.

For that same day, Hermione did her best to break through Harry's mood. She attempted to talk some sense into him, but he would either walk away from her or whistle loudly in hopes of drowning her out. When conventional methods of communication had failed, Hermione tried a more... primal approach. Later while Harry was trying to engage Ron in a game of Wizards Chess (the poor man was nearly comatose due to his own recent mental trauma), Hermione decided to read a book while sitting on the couch near Harry. Of course the book was Harry's "special book". And in an attempt to better break through Harry's resolve, Hermione wasn't wearing her normal clothes. She wore a two sizes too small pullover that hugged her skin; in fact, it hugged her so much that one could easily tell that Hermione wasn't wearing a bra. The pullover had a very interesting design on the front. If anyone besides Harry or the House-Elves of Hogwarts saw the design, they would simply assume that Hermione liked cute Japanese cartoons. But as all of the House-Elves and Harry knew, Hermione had a bit of a naughty side. Due to the fact that the pullover hugged her so combined with her braless condition, the outline of Hermione's nipples and areolas could easily be seen through "Hello Kitty's" eyes. She didn't stop there with her subtle assault against Harry's stubbornness. To say that she was wearing a short plaid skirt was a bit of an understatement. It would be more accurate to say that she had tied a small plaid handkerchief around her shapely hips. Of course, when Hermione sat down near Harry, she made it a point to position herself so that her plaid handkerchief rose up slightly so that if Harry looked over he would've gotten a vice view of her bum. She wondered whether or not Harry realized that she wasn't wearing her normal style knickers as added ammunition. She intentionally flashed him quite a bit of her unclothed bum.

But this was the first day and Harry was doing a very good job of ignoring Hermione. His stubbornness in his resolve to continue his childish anger made Hermione very mad. She had decided as she went to bed that night that if Harry wanted to hold a grudge, she would show him what a grudge truly was.

The next morning, Harry woke up feeling terrible. He had an unfamiliar pressure in his chest that was eating away at him. He couldn't place what the painful sensation was. He sulked out of bed with his feet dragging behind him as he made his way to the Great Hall for breakfast alone (he had tried to wake Ron up, but his red-headed friend was mumbling in his sleep about something like "... trim that thing you nasty..."). As he was eating a bowl of cereal, Hermione came down to eat as well. The heavy sensation in Harry's chest gnawed at him some more as she sat down at the Gryffindor table; mind you she made it a point to sit as far away from Harry as possible. Harry pushed his ponderings about the sensation in his chest to the side; he had a job to do. And that job was ignoring Hermione. He made of show of ignoring her by stomping his feet as he passed by her as he left the Great Hall. Harry was a little perplexed that Hermione seemed to be ignoring him right back.

Two hours later, Harry thought it was time to ignore Hermione some more. So he sought her out the Common Room where she was sitting on a squashy chair reading a book. He purposely threw himself down on the couch nearby with a thump, hoping to let her know that he was still ignoring her and as well as to agitate her. Apparently, his loud flop on the couch did not alert Hermione to his presence. She sat there on her chair, dutifully reading her book. Harry huffed loudly to indicate he was bored and had nothing to do, nothing besides ignore Hermione, that is. But how could Harry revel in his "ignoring Hermione" plan if she didn't know that he was intentionally ignoring her?

The heaviness in Harry's chest ate away a little more, while Hermione turned the page, completely oblivious to his presence. He huffed again, this time much louder and he accentuated his boredom by sighing heavily. Much to his chagrin, Hermione didn't even bat an eyelash in his direction.

Suddenly, Harry found himself wanting to be just by her side while she read that book. He wanted her dainty frame pushed up against his body, as he sat there doing nothing but letting her pleasant scent wash over him, letting her warmth mingle with his. He was shocked to find himself desiring to turn the pages of her book for her as she rested her hands on his knees. He needed her to be by him.

Harry gulped as he realized that he was being an utter fool. Harry shot up and meekly called out her name, "Hermione?"

And Hermione turned the page. Again Harry tried to gain her attention, "Hermione?"

It seemed impossible, but Harry could have sworn that Hermione had redoubled her efforts to read the book. A thought dawned on Harry; he would show Hermione just how much he needed her by getting her a present, a flower perhaps!

Harry scurried out of the Common Room and headed toward the Green Houses, he was sure he'd be able to find a flower for Hermione there. Upon entering the Green House, Harry realized that his plan had one slight flaw; most of the flowers in the Hogwarts Green Houses could kill a person. Some would bite, others would spit venom, and still others would strangle their victims. It wouldn't do for Harry to show Hermione how much he wanted and needed her by inadvertently killing her now would it? Thankfully, the gates leading to Hogsmeade were open and Harry trotted to the little village.

A few hours later, Harry returned to the castle with his prize. It was a lovely flower whose petals shone a different color depending on the angle of light. It would switch between shades of purple to red and to yellow, just by tilting it ever so slightly.

Harry found Hermione still in the Common Room, still reading, although Harry could tell it was a different book from earlier. He figured that it would be romantic if he would just saunter by and drop the flower on her open book. With such a perfect plan, Harry did just that. The flower's stem landed in the seam of the book while the petals hung over the top of the binding. Harry reckoned that Hermione would be gushing over the flower in moments. However, Hermione's reaction was somewhat different than Harry was expecting; Hermione quietly closed her book, trapping the stem in its pages. She then set the book aside, completely ignoring the beautiful flower sticking out of its pages, and retrieved another tome from her bag.

Harry's heart plummeted to the floor. She ignored his thoughtful and beautiful gift. With his shoulders slumped, Harry sulked off to his room.

The next morning, Harry decided that because Hermione had cast aside his peace offering that he would continue to ignore his so-called girlfriend until she came to him. He decided that he would treat her the way she had him! He vowed anew that he would completely ignore her, even if she tried to make a similar, loving gesture. He decided that he would ignore her until she begged him for forgiveness. It was a matter of principle now.

Harry's resolve lasted almost four full hours.

He walked into the Great Hall for lunch to find Hermione sitting across from a sullen looking Ron. Harry had intended to sit next to Ron, and do a wonderful job of ignoring Hermione. But the heaviness in his chest had become too much, and he found himself on his knees next to Hermione.

"Please, Hermione, please forgive me," he pleaded. Harry's pride was thrown to the four winds as he knelt next to the most beautiful witch in the world. He didn't care if he was making an arse out of himself in front of her or Ron. He just wanted Hermione to hold his hand and smile at him while she said that all was forgiven.

But alas, Hermione's resolve was much stronger than Harry's. She continued to ignore him as she asked Ron to pass her the jam.

"I was wrong!" announced Harry. What he was wrong about he wasn't sure, but something inside of him told him that it was the proper thing to say.

"Ah, that's what I was waiting for," stated Hermione and turned to Harry with a smile on her face. Of course it was an "I'm right and you're wrong" smile but Harry didn't care. All he cared about was that she was smiling and it was at him. The heaviness disappeared from his chest and warmth flowed through his veins. "I don't understand why you reacted the way you did, Harry. I was only joking about your mother experimenting with your father's animagus form."

It was close enough for an apology to make Harry happy. He got up from the floor and took his place next to Hermione. With a smile on his face and one in his heart, Harry took her hand in his.

"I'm still right about you two being childish concerning parents and their sex lives," added Hermione.

And the smile lessened in Harry's heart and on his face.

"Oh for heaven's sake, Harry," Hermione said softly, while caressing his cheek. "I don't understand why you and Ron are reacting in such a way? It's completely natural for Molly and Arthur to do such things. I think it's wonderful that they still are going at it after so many years of marriage."

"But they're parents Hermione," argued Harry, his hand going clammy at the thought of Mr. and Mrs. Weasley doing it. "They're not supposed to do such things."

"Yeah, he's right," agreed Ron.

"Why?" asked Hermione. "Why aren't they supposed to act on their love and be intimate?"

"Because they're parents!" both Harry and Ron concluded. In their minds, the argument needed no further explanation. It was just the way it was, sort of like a Universal Rule of Parents. It was a clear-cut situation; parents kissed each other (and then only a light peck) and nothing more. Period. End of discussion. But Hermione didn't understand that it needed no further discussion and pressed on.

"But why?" she asked.

"Because," answered Harry stubbornly. If Hermione didn't understand the Universal Rule of Parents, how was he going to teach her? He stood up and vented his frustration with his girlfriend's unworldly-ness by pacing back and forth.

“Alright, let me ask you a hypothetical question, then,” began Hermione.

To which Ron asked, “Hypo-what?”

“Let’s say we get married,” Hermione said to Harry, tuning out Ron. “And we have kids.”

“Okay,” responded Harry immediately. He imagined the situation that Hermione proposed; he saw himself a few years down the line where he and Hermione had a couple of kids. Harry paused and reflected on this train of thought and his reaction, or lack thereof. He wasn’t mortified at Hermione’s discussion of the two of them having kids in the least. Normally, when a teenaged male is in a discussion with his teenaged girlfriend and she starts talking about having kids, the male usually runs like hell; it’s the nature of things. But Harry was quite surprised to find that he wasn’t fearful of the thought of becoming the father to Hermione’s children. In fact, he found it pleasant. He felt his face heat up just at the thought of it.

“Ah, look, ikkle-Harry-kins is blushing,” Ron poked fun of his best mate. Apparently, his sour mood lifted slightly at the sight of his best mate blushing and more specifically, the opportunity to tease him about it.

Upon noticing Harry’s reaction to the thought of starting a family with her, Hermione started to blush as well. Harry assumed that she was just as happy as he was with the idea of becoming the mother of his children.

“Oh, wook,” Ron continued in a mock baby voice, “now ikkle-Hermione-kins is blushing too.”

The sight of his girlfriend’s cheeks turning red just made Harry happier. His imagination was now running rampant and started to create scenarios all on its own. Harry was now imagining bouncing their youngest child on his knee, while Hermione helped their oldest, home from Hogwarts for summer holiday, with her Transfiguration homework.

“Ah, now Harry-kins is glowing...” Ron started. “Um... Harry. You’re glowing. Really glowing!”

Harry couldn’t help but imagine what it would be like to read bedtime stories to his and Hermione’s kids. How proud he’d be when his son flew his first broom as he shouted, “Daddy, I’m doing it!” As Harry would beam with pride, he imagined Hermione would then walk up to him and tell him that she was pregnant again.

Ron was shielding his eyes to block out the golden rays that were emanating from his best mate’s body. He turned to Hermione to ask her what was going on, but was a little taken back to see her basking in the magical light. The look on her face was pure joy and love. The red haired wizard muttered a simple “wow” in awe.

“Don’t worry, Ron,” Hermione beamed as she relished Harry’s light. “Apparently Harry’s just inadvertently tapped into his love core.”

Finally noticing that he was throwing off light, Harry pushed the image of a family into the back of his mind and the glow slowly disappeared. In an embarrassed tone, Harry murmured, “Sorry ‘bout that.”

“Don’t worry, Harry,” Hermione said, still blushing and looking like she was the happiest witch in the world. “I really liked it.”

“Whoa, this is weird,” commended Ron as he rubbed his chest. “I feel all warm and tingly... and happy. Why?”

“I think that’s Harry’s power,” explained Hermione. “I hadn’t consciously noticed it before, but in retrospect, whenever Harry taps into his love core and casts a spell, or in this case emits a magical light, the target feels a sense of deep, abiding love and happiness.”

“Really?” asked Harry. He was stunned at Hermione’s revelation concerning his magic.

“Yes, I realize it now that when you hit me with the super-charged Cheering Charm, not only did I feel ridiculously happy, but I also felt so much love,” answered Hermione. She added in an undertone,



obviously hoping Ron wouldn't hear; "And I felt it as well when you added your love to your Parselmouth magic."

"You did?" Harry asked, in an awed undertone.

"Well, yes in hindsight I noticed it," breathed Hermione. "Of course at the time, I was kind of overwhelmed with other feelings."

"Why would it matter if Harry added his love energy to his Parselmouth abilities?" Ron interrupted. Apparently, his hearing was much better than Harry and Hermione had given him credit for.

"Never mind!" both Harry and Hermione commanded.

"Alright," Ron said looking confused. Harry and Hermione both breathed a sigh of relief.

"Anyway, back to what I was saying," Hermione changed subjects, away from Harry's talented tongue. "Let's say, hypothetically of course, that we have children." Harry fought the joyous thoughts of starting a family with Hermione very hard as she continued. "And let's say, after we've had two children, that I'm feeling a little amorous...."

"Amo-what-us?" interrupted Ron.

"Randy, Ron," explained Hermione. Ron muttered an 'oh' in comprehension and Hermione continued. "Well, as I said, I'm amorous and I would like to perhaps give you another 'birthday present'. Would you allow me to do that?" she asked, putting extra emphasis on the phrase "birthday present."

A naughtily little grin appeared on Harry's face at the recollection of the last 'birthday present' that he had received from Hermione. Even though his grin told Hermione his answer, Harry blurted out an overzealous, "YES!"

"Why wouldn't you give him a birthday present, especially if you were married?" asked Ron, oblivious to the meaning of the phrase 'birthday present' when it came to his two friends. "It would be expected, I'd think."

"That's my point," Hermione agreed, a knowing smile on her lips. Those luscious lips that made Harry and 'Harry, Jr.' so very happy.

Harry realized that Mrs. Weasley's advice was moot concerning his aim when he considered Hermione's version of a 'birthday present.' If Hermione swallowed, he wouldn't have to worry about getting anything in her eyes.

"And what about Christmas presents?" asked Ron, still being Ron and not catching on.

"Oh well, Christmas is a very special occasion isn't it?" Hermione asked. Her knowing smile abruptly changed into a naughty one. "Being his wife, I'd have to give him an extra special 'gift', wouldn't I?" She emphasized her point by tossing her hands up into the air in a "why not?" gesture but then brought them back down rapidly on her own bum, causing a smacking noise.

To Ron, Hermione's actions were completely innocent. But to Harry, it was less innocent and much more reminiscent of the "Smack my bottom" side of Hermione.

"And if he's your husband," Ron added, "he should give you birthday presents as well."

"Of course," Hermione agreed by subtly gesturing toward her groin. Of course, Ron didn't catch the reference, but Harry did. Harry's eyes glossed over at the memory of his lips on her flower.

"And don't forget about his Christmas presents to you," concluded Ron.

In a form of agreement, Hermione copied the same "why not?" gesture she had performed earlier and smacked her bottom again. She added, "I'd go as far to say that he wouldn't need a special occasion to give me 'presents.'"

A pressure in his boxers drew Harry's attention. His fear about 'Harry, Jr.' not wanting to ever play again due to Mrs. Weasley's advice and

the accompanying visions was just proven wrong. Apparently, all the innuendos and imagery that Hermione was throwing out caught 'Harry, Jr.'s proverbial eye. The organ woke up slowly as if from a deep and troubled sleep and began to look around. At first Harry was overjoyed because this minor action proved he wasn't permanently scarred by Mrs. Weasley's words, or even Hermione's joke about his mum and stags. But Harry's joy quickly turned to dread; he hadn't worn his robes today, and 'Harry, Jr.' was starting to stand up causing a bulge to rapidly appear in his jeans. Normally, this wouldn't have been a bad thing, but Ron was standing just a few feet away. And best mates shouldn't see each other's bits. Yes, Ron had unfortunately seen Harry's bits, but Ron had not seen them... happy and ready for playtime

"But, I don't get it," started Ron, a confused look in his eyes. "I thought we were talking about our parents and sex, not presents. I mean..." Ron paused and his confused look was quickly replaced by disgust.

You see, Harry was in such fear of Ron seeing 'Harry, Jr.' at half-mast that he was too petrified to cover up.

"FOR THE LOVE OF MERLIN, MAN!" shouted Ron and his hand shot up in front of his eyes in a vain attempt to block the sight of a partially aroused 'Harry, Jr.'. "You're a perverted bugger, aren't you? All we were talking about was presents, and you go and get a hard-" Ron halted his tirade and looked at Hermione who was practically in hysterics. Tears of laughter streamed down her bright red cheeks and she was biting her fingers, trying to stop herself from laughing out loud. "You were talking about sex weren't you?"

"YES!" Hermione proudly declared and slapped the table with her hand. Her riotous laughter echoed off the walls of the Great Hall.

"Well at least I know Harry's-" Ron began in a dejected tone.

"Yeah, yeah I know," interrupted Harry, "I'm a true Gryffindor because I 'dress right.'"

"I was gonna say that 'at least you weren't permanently scarred by my mum,'" corrected Ron. "Unlike me. I'll die a virgin simply because, every time I'm with a woman I'll either think about seeing my sister's 'Wizard's Sleeve' or my dad's stuff all over my mum's face."

And with that, Harry's erection vanished. He wasn't sure if it was the mention of a cum-covered Mrs. Weasley or the mere thought of Gin-Gin, the Erection Killer that caused the sudden deflation.

"But I guess it's good that you're a 'TrueGryffindor,'" added a sullen faced Ron. He pushed his plate away from him in disgust.

"Don't worry, Ron," Hermione attempted to comfort her friend. "I'm sure once you find the right girl, you'll be a raging Hungarian Horntail."

"I doubt that," pouted Ron. He showed just how much he doubted that he would ever be able to "rise" to the occasion by poking his groin as if to check if it was alive.

"Trust me, with the right girl..." Hermione paused and shared a knowing look with Harry. "You'll be so astonished by your virility that you'll wonder if it'll ever go down."

"I'll believe that when I see it," mumbled Ron.

"How about you go back to the tower and take a kip?" suggested Hermione. "You'll feel better after one."

Ron nodded his head dejectedly, and sulked off to the Common Room. Ron muttered as he walked off; "I hope I don't dream about my sister's thing..."

"Poor Ron," moaned Hermione. Harry nodded his head; he himself was nearly traumatized by seeing Ginny thrashing about on the floor naked, let alone Mrs. Weasley's comments. Even though Harry tended to look at Mrs. Weasley as a mother-figure, and Ginny had a physical resemblance to his actual mother, Harry was not actually related to them. Ron was however, and Harry could only imagine what his friend was going through right now. Upon noticing Harry's

concerned look, Hermione said “Don’t worry, Harry. Once we set Ron up with Luna, he’ll forget about what his mother said and even about seeing Ginny’s bits.”

“I don’t know, Hermione,” said Harry worriedly. “I can’t see Luna’s feminine wiles chasing Ron’s demons away.” Harry liked Luna and he thought that she was rather pretty; it was just that Harry couldn’t see the petite Ravenclaw curing Ron’s mental state.

“I have a plan,” Hermione countered cryptically.

Still dubious of using Luna to boost Ron’s feelings, Harry offered, “Maybe we should consider the Patil twins for Ron after all?”

“Which one; Padma or Parvati?” asked Hermione.

“The twins - both of them,” Harry knew that it would be doubtful to bag both witches at the same time, but he also believed that they would be the only way to alleviate Ron’s predicament. Harry knew, just as every man knows, the sun seems to shine a little brighter when twins are involved. “Once Ron sees them play for a bit, he’ll forget all of his worries and join in.”

“Wait a minute,” began Hermione. Harry could tell by the look in her eye and the tone of her voice that she was about to enter “lecture mode.” “Ginny looks like your mother to the point that just the thought of figurative incest makes you run in fear. But you’re suggesting that two sisters stimulate each other for Ron’s pleasure. And you’re not bothered by the idea?”

“Course not.”

“Why is that?”

“Because they’re twins,” Harry answered a touch perturbed. Even though she was the brightest witch in their generation, sometimes Hermione’s simplicity could astonish Harry. Didn’t she even know the world-famous “it’s always better with twins” theory?

“You’re telling me that you would find an act of incest exciting? The mere thought of Padma... going down on Parvati is sexy to you?” Hermione asked, which was a mistake. It was a mistake because the image that she had described had entered Harry’s mind.

His eyes glossed over and he felt a pressure build up once more in his boxers as ‘Harry, Jr.’ started to wake up. At first Hermione didn’t notice Harry’s reaction and she continued to rant. “I mean, could you imagine Parvati sticking her finger in Padma’s quim?” And that is just what Harry did, and he imagined it quite well, thank you. Hermione finally noticed Harry’s state.

“For heaven’s sake, Harry!” she scolded.

But Harry didn’t hear his girlfriend. He was preoccupied with the very intriguing image of a twin getting a sticky finger from her sister.

“Harry, they’re sisters!” hissed Hermione. But her arguments fell on deaf ears, Harry was lost in his thoughts and judging by his bulge in his shorts, they were happy thoughts. There were two ways that Hermione knew would bring Harry back to reality. The first was to hit him with a Cold Water Charm, aimed directly at his groin. The sudden jet of frigid water to the crotch would probably enrage Harry, but it would end his perverted thoughts. The second way was one that Hermione knew to be much more insidious. Seeing how much of a prat he was being, she opted for the second.

Hermione walked up to Harry and whispered in his ear, “What was it like to have Ginny’s lips wrapped around your bits?”

The wonderful image of the Patil twins frolicking was destroyed by the image of Gin-Gin, the Erection Killer joining in on the fun. Harry groaned pitifully while ‘Harry, Jr.’ ran in fear.

“Incest is bad,” Hermione said in a patronizing way. “We’re not pure-blood bigots.”

She alleviated his quickly developing sour mood – a perfectly good fantasy dealing with the Patil twins and a jar of peanut butter was ruined forever thanks to Hermione mentioning Ginny – by kissing his

lips. Harry's bitterness evaporated completely as Hermione kissed him. Who could care about twins when someone as perfect as Hermione was around. Harry decided to change his fantasy so that, instead of the twins, it would feature him alone with Hermione and the jar of peanut butter. Yes, that'd do quite nicely.

"Let's go write a letter to Luna," breathed Hermione. "We need to ask her if she'd be willing to go on a date with Ron."

After writing the letter which asked Luna to meet with Harry and Hermione, the pair walked to the Owlery and found Hedwig. After Hedwig showed her anger for being so unused in recent days, the snowy owl took the post and flew off.

The next day, Hermione decided to begin the hunt for the Horcruxes in earnest.

"Well, we definitely know the location of one Horcrux: Number Twelve," Hermione stated as Ron and Harry listened. "And we can be fairly certain that it won't have any traps surrounding it."

"Okay," Ron said glumly. He apparently was still in a deep depression because of his recent traumatic experiences. "I've got nothing better to do."

Harry felt bad for his friend and hoped that Hermione's plan would pull him from his stupor.

"Alright, let's go," announced Hermione. "Harry, go fetch the Sword."

"Sword? What sword?" asked Harry.

"Don't you remember, the Sword of Gryffindor?" reminded Hermione. "We need it to destroy the Horcrux."

"Oh yeah, that," Harry said, finally remembering the ancient weapon currently stashed in his trunk. "I'd forgotten about it."

After fetching his sword, Harry met up with Hermione and Ron as they were making their way to the Headmistress' office.

"About yesterday," began Ron as he climbed the stairs to McGonagall's office. "When Harry tapped into his love magic... well you said that you felt love when he hit with the Cheering Charm."

"Yes, I didn't notice it at first, but in retrospect, I do believe that I felt love," explained Hermione.

"Okay then," Ron continued. "So did Harry use his love magic when he used that super Stunner to knock out all those Death Eaters at Godric's Hollow?"

"Yes," replied Harry while Hermione began to open the door.

"Well, doesn't that mean they would've felt Harry's love when they were knocked out?" asked Ron.

Both Harry and Hermione froze as that question filled their minds. 'Did the Death Eaters have a sense of love as they were stunned?' Harry's ponderings were abruptly ended when a pink haired witch greeted them.

"Wotcher, kids," Tonks heralded with a wicked grin on her face. If Harry had not been so preoccupied about Ron's question about the effect of his love magic on the Death Eaters, he would've been concerned about her grin. "Where're you three off to?"

"Oh, just a little adventure," Hermione responded a touch cryptically. Both Harry and Hermione knew that they could trust Tonks with the secret of the Horcruxes, but they also realized that the fewer the people who knew, the less trouble there'd be. "What brings you here?"

"Actually, I need to ask you lot a question," Tonks began, her normally chipper mood suddenly became serious. "We were able to reneuvate the Death Eaters Harry stunned...." Harry found it oddly coincidental that Tonks had mentioned the Death Eaters right when he and his friends were doing the same. "But we can't revive my bitch of an aunt, Bellatrix." Harry, Hermione, and Ron all shuddered at the mention of the unnaturally hairy witch. "She isn't unconscious, but she isn't responsive either."



“Oh,” Harry replied nervously.

“That what Bellatrix says. A lot,” Tonks continued. “She just stares off into space and every once in a while she mutters an ‘oh’ and shivers.”

Harry looked over at Hermione who looked back at him. Whereas Harry’s look told Hermione that he was nervous and worried that Tonks would find out that he didn’t hit Bellatrix with a Stunner but actually made her have a mind blowing – literally- orgasm, Hermione’s look clearly told Harry that he was never allowed to use that specific ‘Pleasure Point’ technique on her; the repercussions were obviously too much.

“The Healers at St Mungo’s have been trying to revive her, but can’t seem to find a way,” Tonks explained. “She isn’t stunned. She isn’t unconscious; she’s just there, totally unresponsive to the world. As I said, the only thing she does is say ‘oh’ every now. And then her whole body just... shivers. Right after that, she gets the biggest grin I’ve ever seen on a person. Every time. It’s weird. Did you hit her with something other than a Stunner?” she asked Harry.

“NO!” Harry replied, a little too vehemently.

“Oh, well then, I’ll just head back and give the Healers an update,” Tonks stated and made her way to the fireplace. “I was hoping that maybe you might have an idea as to what was wrong with her. Not really a big loss, if you ask me.” She threw in a pinch of floo and said in a clear voice “St. Mungo’s!”

Before she disappeared, Harry could’ve sworn Tonks smiled wickedly and winked at him. Whatever the reason for this, Harry had no idea.

“Might I ask where this adventure of yours will take you?” asked McGonagall who was sitting behind her desk shuffling through some parchments.

“Oh, we’re going to Grimmaud Place,” Hermione replied.

“Why in heaven’s name are you going there?” inquired McGonagall.

“Um... we.... Ah...” Hermione stuttered trying to find a plausible excuse that would mask their real intentions for going to number twelve.

“We’re going to find... Kreacher...?” Harry offered very weakly. It wasn’t the truth, but he couldn’t tell McGonagall that the three of them were going on a mystical scavenger hunt, now could he?

“Kreacher is missing?” the Headmistress screeched and shot out of her chair. “How did that happen?”

“I kinda... told him he could...leave,” Harry admitted even more weakly. “And then he... kinda... told those Death Eaters to attack us at Godric’s Hollow.”

“That house-elf is too much of a loose cannon to be left wandering around,” McGonagall said. “Summon him here right now.”

“How can I do that?” asked Harry.

“That house-elf is your property, Mr. Potter,” McGonagall explained. “He is bound to you. All you have to do is call for him”

In that moment, Harry felt very slow witted; he had completely forgotten that he could call for his house-elf and that Kreacher would be compelled to obey. But in Harry’s defense, he had forgotten about the traitorous creature shortly after he had realized that it was Kreacher who had told Bellatrix to attack. Of course, the reason that Harry had forgotten was that was the time that a fairly nude Gin-Gin, the Erection Killer had molested him. Any thoughts he had regarding the house-elf had been quickly pushed to the back of his mind.

“Kreacher!” Harry called out in a clear voice. With a small pop, the dirty little house-elf stood in front of him.

“No! No! No! Master Harry Potter brat is supposed to be not living!” Kreacher cried out. “Mistress Bella said you’s be as good as not alive!”

“Where have you been?” asked Harry.

“Kreacher has been preparing the most noble house of Black for its proper owners,” answered Kreacher. Harry could tell that each word that the house-elf spoke was agony; it was obvious that Kreacher didn’t want to respond, but the bond forced him.

The vile house-elf threw himself to the floor wailing, “No! No! No! No!” as Hermione directed her attention to Harry.

“I hate to say this, but I agree with Professor McGonagall; he’s too dangerous to be allowed to roam around,” she said, ashamed to admit that this house-elf couldn’t be saved. “A simple slip of the tongue, and he’ll interpret it as a command to run back to his favored masters.”

“We could tell him that you are the Great One,” offered Harry. “And that he has to...”

Harry paused his line of thought because of the icy glare his girlfriend was giving him. It told Harry without words that she was very uncomfortable with being the prophesized savior of the house-elves and didn’t want to use any power that came with it. The glare also told him that if he ever wanted her to touch ‘Harry, Jr.’ again that he should shut up.

Added to Harry’s fear from Hermione’s expression was a little resentment. Hermione wasn’t opposed to using her status of the Great One to make sure Harry didn’t eat the foods he’d like, but she wouldn’t use them to control Kreacher.

As Harry shrunk from Hermione’s cold stare, Kreacher decided to show how displeased he was that Harry was still alive by biting Ron’s shin.

“You lousy little...” Ron screamed while trying to kick the offending vermin off of his leg. “Call him off Harry!” pleaded Ron.

But Harry had to carefully word his command because, knowing Kreacher, the little shite would take it as an order to leave. If only

Kreacher was like Dobby; Harry never had to worry that any order that he gave Dobby would be misinterpreted as “go to the Death Eaters and tell them that they can kill me or someone I care about.” Of course, Dobby tended to be a little overzealous at times, taking the order to extremes much like he had when Harry had asked him to trail Draco last year. Harry’s mind wondered to a very disturbing thought in concern to his “overzealous” nature; Dobby admitted to “finishing off” his former mistress, Narcissa, when his former master, Lucius, had fallen asleep after sex. He imagined poor Dobby being yelled at by Narcissa for his lack of style and talent in the sack.

Then a clever, devious, and very nasty thought came to mind.

“Kreacher, come here,” Harry commanded. The house-elf did try to follow his master’s order, however, his master had not told him to let go of the red haired one and he attempted to drag the screaming wizard by his mouth.

“MAKE HIM STOP!” hollered Ron as the wrinkly house-elf tugged at his leg.

“Let him go and come here,” Harry ordered calmly. With a cross between a whimper and a growl, Kreacher released Ron and crawled over to Harry. “Now, Kreacher , I have something very important for you to do...”

“Be careful, Harry,” implored Hermione.

“Now, Narcissa Malfoy’s husband has been in Azkaban for over a year now,” Harry began.

“Master Luci only there because Master Harry Potter brat put him there,” interrupted Kreacher.

“Yes, I know it’s my fault,” agreed Harry. Ron, McGonagall, and Hermione looked at Harry as if he had lost his mind. “So I want to make it up to Narcissa. She has been very lonely these past few months and I want you to keep her company. But you have to keep her company in a very special way.”

“What kind of way would Kreacher have to keep mistress Narcissa company?” the house-elf asked dubiously.

Harry paused for dramatic effect before replying; “Amorous company.”

“What?” everyone in the Headmistress’ office screeched (including every single magical painting).

“Yes, amorous,” repeated Harry. “I know for a fact that Narcissa likes the touch of an elf.”

Kreacher shrugged his shoulders in acceptance. Everyone in the office could tell that the house-elf wasn’t keen on the idea of bedding a witch, but he liked it over the idea of being at the castle with blood traitors, the unclean witch, and his half-blood master.

“There are a few rules, though,” added Harry. “First; you must not communicate with anyone in any way. No speaking, no making sounds what-so-ever, no hand gestures, no writing, nothing. Second; you must be affectionate and amorous to Narcissa every waking moment – that’s your waking moments, not necessarily hers. Third, you can only be affectionate and amorous to Narcissa’s lower part of her right leg, her shin or calf only.

“Do you understand?” concluded Harry to which Kreacher nodded his head pitifully. “Repeat my orders.”

“Kreacher mustn’t be talking or nothing to anybody...” the house-elf gulp nervously before continuing. “And Kreacher must be making fun-time with Mistress Narcissa’s leg.”

“The lower part of her right leg,” corrected Harry.

“Yes, Kreacher must be making fun-time with Mistress Narcissa’s lower right leg all the time,” the surly elf repeated angrily.

“Fine then, go and do your duty” Harry commanded. Kreacher frowned and disappeared with a crack.

After staring dumbly at Harry for a good minute; Hermione asked, "Let me get this straight," she began. "You ordered Kreacher to hump Narcissa Malfoy's leg?"

"The lower part of her right leg," Harry corrected.

"Constantly?" questioned Hermione.

"Yes, constantly," answered Harry with a devilish smile.

All at the same time, Ron, McGonagall, and Hermione shuddered. Harry assumed that they were quite disturbed by the image of the wrinkly old house-elf rubbing his bits on Draco's mother's calf while kissing her knee.

"Alright," Harry said, drawing everyone out of their disturbing images. "Let's get this over with."

"Wait a second," interrupted McGonagall. "Why are you still going to Grimmauld Place if you've already taken care of Kreacher?"

"Um..." Harry began. He was all out of ideas so he turned his left to Hermione.

"Err..." Hermione muttered and turned to Ron on her left, because, apparently, she was out of ideas as well.

Ron didn't even try to hem or haw, he just immediately looked to his left. Unfortunately, no one was to Ron's left, which left him in a pickle.

Now, it was very unfair for Harry and Hermione to do this to Ron. When he was under pressure, Ron tended to either lock up, babble incoherently, or sometimes scream much like he did when he asked Fleur out to the Yule Ball. This time, he managed to do all three at the same time.

At first, he spent a good ten seconds staring at McGonagall in shock. The Headmistress watched Ron with a calm demeanor for the first five seconds of silence, but then her appearance became quite stern because she was obviously upset that Ron wasn't answering. This

caused Ron to become even more nervous and made his blood pressure spike – mind you; Harry and Hermione were looking at him expectantly as well, which just increased his blood pressure even more. Ron's face turned an unhealthy shade of red and sweat poured off of his body.

Then, he finally forced himself to speak. Which was a mistake.

"I like kittens," he mumbled at such a low voice that his audience of McGonagall, Harry, and Hermione leaned in very close to Ron. Which was unfortunate on their part seeing that Ron was about to enter his shouting phase. "I HAVEN'T GOTTEN WOOD IN DAYS"

All three of the listeners recoiled and began rubbing their ears in an attempt to ease the pain – that and vainly try to physically remove the sad image that Ron just gave them.

"Aw, that's too bad, boy," a gruff voice sounded from somewhere in the shadows. "Might I suggest a good ol' fashioned 'Hogwarts Express Pleasure Train'? Granger can be the engine, Potter the coal cart. Minerva can be the passenger compartment, Weasley the luggage compartment. And I'll be the caboose!"

"Don't you bother anyone else?" Hermione hissed irritable as the ghost of Gryffindor stepped out of the darkness.

"I bother a number of people, love," Gryffindor said proudly. "You lot are my favorite, though."

"Did he... did he just offer to bugger me?" asked a now very white face Ron. You see, it wasn't everyday that a ghost stated that he wanted to bum-shag him. In fact, no one ever had; living or dead.

"Any port in a storm, boy," Gryffindor confirmed with a very scary smile causing Ron to shudder.

"What the hell are you doing here?" demanded Harry. He hadn't realized when had moved, but he found himself standing in front of Hermione, shielding her from the lecherous spirit.

"I'm a ghost, I don't eat, I don't sleep, I get bored," explained Gryffindor.

"We'd like to stay and chat," began Hermione. Harry turned to see her throw some floo powder into the fireplace. "But we have to leave."

Once the flames turned green, Hermione stepped in and announced her destination in a loud and clear voice, "Number Twelve, Grimmauld Place." And she disappeared.

Harry tried to follow directly after Hermione but Ron halted him. "Let me go first," Ron offered nervously. "That way I can catch you when you fall through the floo."

Harry could tell that wasn't Ron's real intention by the fearful look in his eyes. Even though Harry wanted to put as much distance between Gryffindor's ghost and himself as soon as possible, he allowed Ron to go first. Harry reckoned that with all the troubling images that Ron had suffered lately he deserved to get away from the ghost who wanted to part of a McGonagall/Ron/Gryffindor sandwich.

After Harry nodded, Ron hopped into the floo and shouted, "Number Twelve, Grimmauld Place!" and disappeared.

Harry grabbed a pinch of powder and stepped into the green fire. He looked apologetically at McGonagall whose face was a mask of dread. He could tell that the Headmistress was pleading with her eyes; saying something along the lines of "Don't leave me alone with Gryffindor!" Harry hated to abandon McGonagall with the perverted specter, but he had to go and destroy the Horcrux. "Number Twelve, Grimmauld Place," he declared and began spinning.

Ron was true to his word and caught Harry when he came flinging out of the floo. However, this only caused both wizards to go crashing into the kitchen table causing a very loud racket which woke up the magical painting of Mrs. Black.

"WHAT GOING ON?" the painting screeched. "WHO'S THERE?"



"I hate that thing," said Hermione as she covered her ears to protect herself from Mrs. Black's unnaturally loud voice.

"WHO DARES TO ENTER MY HOUSE?" shouted Mrs. Black.

"Let's shut her up before we find the Horcrux," said Harry.

"ANSWER ME OR FACE MY WRATH!"

"I agree," replied Hermione.

"KREACHER! KREACHER, MY FAITHFUL SERVANT, WHERE ARE YOU?" the painting called out. "IF THEY ARE OF GOOD STOCK, WELCOME THEM! BUT IF THEY ARE BLOOD TRAITORS, OR WORSE, THROW THE FILTH OUT!"

The trio scampered out of the kitchen and into the hall. Harry had hoped to draw the heavy curtains to muffle Mrs. Black, but he was surprised to see them missing.

"Where the hell are the curtains?" Ron asked, apparently he had the same idea as Harry.

"VILE CONTEMPTUOUS VERMIN!" Mrs. Black screamed even louder upon noticing Harry and his friends. "YOU FILTH ARE NOT WELCOMED HERE!"

Hermione whipped out her wand and began to wave it in front of the painting as Mrs. Black continued to scream and holler. A curtain made out of some kind of thin fabric appeared in front of the bellowing Mrs. Black. Unfortunately, it did little to stop the dead woman's screams. In fact, her screams tore the curtain to threads.

"She's distracting me too much," admitted Hermione. "I can't concentrate properly to make a strong enough fabric!"

"THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE A MUDBLOOD AND A HARLOT!" called out Mrs. Black.

"I am not!" defended Hermione.

“ARE TOO!” retorted the painting.

“AM NOT!” counted Hermione.

“ARE TOO!”

Hermione took a step back and a calming breath. “I cannot believe I’m having such a childish argument with a painting of a dead person!” She turned to Harry and simply said, “Make her stop.”

“How?” asked Harry.

“I don’t know,” stated Hermione. “You’re the most powerful one here. Just tap into your love core and cast a spell on her.”

“I’ll try,” Harry said dubiously. He leveled his wand at the painting.

“DO YOUR WORST, BOY!” Mrs. Black taunted. “BETTER WIZARDS THAN YOU HAVE TRIED AND FAILED! AND YOU’RE NOTHING MORE THAN A HALF-BLOOD!”

Harry tried to focus on his love, but it proved rather difficult. The mad witch in the painting did a good job of pissing him off, and therefore he had too much trouble focusing on loving thoughts or memories. Hermione must have realized that her boyfriend was having difficulty because she placed her hand in his. Harry turned and looked into her lovely hazel eyes. She placed a chaste kiss on his lips and Harry felt a tingle wash over his body. He turned back to the portrait and pushed that tingling sensation through his wand. A flash of white light erupted from Harry’s wand and Mrs. Black’s eyes glazed over.

“What was that?” Hermione asked as she looked at the still form of Mrs. Black. “What spell did you use?”

“I dunno,” muttered Harry. He turned his attention to his girlfriend and tried to explain. “I just focused on my power is all.”

“Oh, Harry,” a sing-song voice called softly from the portrait. The trio of friends all turned back to the painting and gasped at what they saw.

The overall picture had not changed; it was still an elderly Mrs. Black sitting in front of a bookcase. But what had changed was her demeanor and expression. Her cheeks were flushed and she had a twinkle in her eyes; one might even argue that it was a loving twinkle. "Hullo, my dear, dear Harry," Mrs. Black greeted with a cute little wave. Harry cringed. "It's been so long since my husband passed away. I'm in need of a good rogering!"

Harry felt very dizzy. Here was a painting of an old woman asking him to shag her.

"I know I'm just a painting," Mrs. Black continued. "But you can rub your willy against the canvas and we can pretend."

Harry turned to look at Ron and Hermione for help. But both of them were staring, open mouthed and in shock at the painting.

"Here, let me give you something that will stimulate you, my beautiful Half-Blood," Mrs. Black offered and began to pull down her blouse. Harry ran like a bat out of hell before Mrs. Black could reveal even an inch of pasty flesh! He tore around the corner and was up the stairs before he heard Ron and Hermione scream. Thunderous footfalls announced that his friends had finally come to their senses and ran. Hermione dove at Harry and wrapped her trembling arms around his chest. Ron slumped against the wall and muttered, "So saggy... so very saggy..."

"Did you see the tattoo?" Hermione murmured with fear evident in her voice.

"Tattoo? I thought that was a birthmark," replied Ron in a dead, lifeless voice.

"No, it was a tattoo of the Black Family crest," corrected Hermione. She buried her face into Harry's chest and cried softly. "Why would anyone do that to their own tit?"

Harry gently ran his fingers through his girlfriend's hair in an attempt to sooth her troubled mind. Of course, while he was doing that, he

was valiantly trying not to imagine the Black Family Crest tattooed on any part of Mrs. Black's body much less her so very saggy boobs.

The three friends sat in silence for a good long time... well mostly in silence. Every once in a while, Mrs. Black would call out things like "Harry, I'm waiting for you," "I know what a wizard really likes," and Harry's personal mind scarring favorite; "I'm so wet I need a mop!"

"Okay, let's get this over with," Harry stated with just a slight tremble in his voice. The trio came up with the ingenious plan to sneak by Mrs. Black's painting with their eyes shut (so they wouldn't see the wrinkly hag) with Harry in the lead. Harry bolted by Mrs. Black (who was shouting "Harry, my heart of hearts; look what I can do with my fist!") with his eyes firmly shut. He was hoping that his memory would lead him to the kitchen. This, as many things in Harry's life, didn't go as planned. He ran into a wall twice (Harry was fairly certain it was the same wall), tripped over Ron's feet when he had tried to backtrack (he knew that it was Ron's feet because of their size), and bumped up against Hermione a grand total of three times (the first two times were accidents -- the third time, however, was a blatant boob squeeze moment; Harry couldn't help it, he really did like her boobs and he was a teenager after all). The trio finally came crashing into the kitchen with Mrs. Black still calling out; "Oh, Harry, my wondrous love, imagine your trouser basilisk in here instead of my fist!"

Hermione slammed the door and cast several Silencing Charms on it, finally blocking out the wretched old witch's cries of passion.

"Why didn't you just do that before?" asked Ron as Hermione put the finishing touches on her charms. "Why did we go up there and try to quiet her when we could've just Silenced the door?"

"I didn't see you offer to do it!" Hermione shot back.

"I'm not the brains of-" countered Ron.

"That's obvious-"

"Stop it!" shouted Harry. He knew that Hermione and Ron were a little on edge because of Mrs. Black's antics and that they were just

venting their frustrations on each other, but they had a mission. "Let's do this." Harry finished by pulling Gryffindor's sword out of his robes.

At first, it seemed that Harry had lost control and was slashing the sword about madly. It swung in Harry's hands this way and that; it was as if the sword had a will of its own.

"Watch where you swing that thing," Ron warned as he dodged behind the kitchen table.

After a brief moment of panic, Harry remembered that Gryffindor had told him that the sword would act like a divining rod when it was near one of the Horcruxes. "Don't worry," announced Harry. "It's just searching for the Horcrux."

Just as Harry finished his statement, the sword stopped swinging and pointed at the cupboard. Hermione stepped in front of Harry and opened the door. There, on the floor on top of a pile of rags, sat the golden cup of Hufflepuff.

"What do we do now?" Ron asked after he left the protection of the table and stood next to Harry.

"We destroy it," answered Hermione as she too took her place next to Harry as well.

"Yeah, but how?" Ron wondered.

Harry was baffled. Gryffindor told him that the sword was supposed to be used to destroy the Horcruxes, but he didn't say how to do it.

"Maybe it's like a wand," offered Hermione. "Try using a Blasting Hex using the sword as a wand."

Willing to try anything at that moment, Harry pointed the sword at the cup and incanted; "Reducto!" and squinted his eyes. Harry was prepared for just about anything to happen. But nothing happened at all. No destruction of the cup; no blasting hex; the sword didn't even twitch or move in the slightest.

The cup sat unmoved and unscathed on top of the pile of rags, oblivious to Harry's actions.

"It didn't work," Hermione stated aloud.

"Of course that didn't work," a gruff voice sounded from behind them. Harry groaned as he recognized the voice of the ghost of Gryffindor. "It's not a wand. It's a sword for Merlin's sake."

"He followed us?" Ron asked when the trio turned to face the perverted specter. "How'd he get here so quick?"

"I used the floo," answered Gryffindor.

"But ghosts can't do that," Ron said frantically. "It's impossible!"

"You'll find that this ghost can do a number of things other ghost can't do. Unfortunately," Hermione informed. And as if to prove Hermione's point, Gryffindor tweaked Ron's nipple.

Harry ignored Ron's yelp and demanded; "Well then, how the bloody hell do I use it?"

"It's a sword," Gryffindor said in a perturbed manner. "Its got a point: you stab with that end," the ghost continued, speaking in a slow cadence to underscore his sarcasm. "It also has a cutting edge along the length of the blade: you can cut things that way."

"Oh," Harry, Hermione, and Ron all muttered at the same time. Of course, Ron had his hands pressed firmly over his nipples in order to protect them from the nasty ghost.

"'Oh' they say," Gryffindor mocked. "Don't they teach common sense at that school anymore? Thinking that a sword is more than a sword. Why would I create a sword if I was going to use magic through it? That's what a wand is for."

Harry tuned Gryffindor's insults out and concentrated on the golden cup. His heart was beating like a drum as he held the blade hung over the Horcrux. 'What will happen?' Harry wondered to himself.

‘Will it explode in fire and sparks? Will thick black smoke billow out of it?’ Resolving himself to find out, Harry shut his eyes and let the sword fall toward the Hufflepuff relic. The edge of the blade tapped the cup gently and it broke apart with a barely audible “clink.”

That was it.

There was no explosion, no fire, no smoke, nor any bright lights; nothing. The Horcrux just laid there on the pile of rags, cut cleanly in two. Harry stared at it dumbly, waiting for something spectacular to happen, to confirm in a way that it had worked and more importantly that the fragment of Voldemort’s soul was destroyed. But nothing happen.

“Well, that’s a bit anti-climatic,” Ron stated, ending the silence, “wasn’t it?”

“Shouldn’t there have been an explosion or something?” asked Hermione.

“That’s what I was thinking,” answered Harry while still looking at the broken Horcrux, expecting it to do something... anything really.

Then it happened. At first it was a quiet sound, something that Harry had to strain his ears to hear, but slowly it grew. It was a scream full of agony and misery. It was pitiful to hear and Harry turned away from the horrible thing that was emanating the sound. Only to find that the scream wasn’t coming from the ruined Horcrux, but rather from the ghost of Godric Gryffindor. Apparently, the list of annoying talents the ghost possessed included the ability to throw his voice.

Even though the ghost was screaming pitifully, Harry could tell that Gryffindor was on the edge of a fit of laughter.

“Would you please stop that?” asked Harry mirthlessly.

Gryffindor abruptly stopped screaming and started laughing. Silvery tears of joy streamed down his face as Hermione spun around with a stunned look on her face. “That was you?” Hermione asked, scandalized. “We thought it was coming from the Horcrux!”

"Why would an inanimate object scream?" Gryffindor asked in-between peals of laughter.

"Because.... Because it's a Horcrux!" Harry answered passionately.

"Big deal," retorted Gryffindor. "What were you expecting? Something like the fragment of Voldemort's soul taking shape and begin to jump around? Or even a flash of lightning? Why think small: why not have the walls come tumbling down around you?"

"Well... yes," Harry replied sullenly. He had in fact, expected something along those lines to happen.

"Even if Voldemort had put a curse or hex to protect his soul fragment, my sword would've protected you from it," informed the ghost. "Remember, I told you that already."

"That's no excuse to make fun of us," Ron stated.

"Yes, it is!" Gryffindor replied, before another bout of laughter hit him.

Harry shook his head and signaled for Hermione and Ron to follow. As the trio made their way to the kitchen fire-place, Gryffindor asked, "Wait a tick, where are you lot going?"

"Back to Hogwarts," answered Harry.

"All right, let me tag along," Gryffindor said and fell in line behind Ron.

Harry and Hermione sighed while Ron gulped. None of them wanted the perverted ghost to follow them, they had had enough of his antics for a while. Then Harry got an idea; one that would hopefully entertain Gryffindor for a while and leave them alone.

"Oi, Gryffindor, there's a magical painting of an old bird out there," Harry started.

"So? There's plenty of those paintings back home," Gryffindor replied, dismissing Harry's statement.



“This is different. She’s randy,” Harry said.

“Really!” Gryffindor said gleefully, reversing his stance on returning to Hogwarts. “Where’s this lovely lass?”

Harry pointed to the door and the ghost – somehow – threw the door open and scurried out. As Hermione disappeared in the fireplace; Harry could hear Gryffindor greet Mrs. Black. “Well, hello there, luv. NICE TATTOO!”

“Who are you?” Mrs. Black screeched. Ron practically jumped into the green flames and couldn’t say “Hogwarts” fast enough. “Where’s my beautiful half-blood, my prince of princes, Harry?”

“Oh, he’s a bit busy, poppet,” Gryffindor said silkily. “But he told me to entertain you for a bit.”

“Really?” Mrs. Black asked and Harry stepped into the flames and grabbed a pinch of floo powder. “Well I guess that’s fine then.”

“Hogwarts; Headmistress’ office!” announced Harry. But before he left Grimmauld Place, he heard Mrs. Black moan lustily and Gryffindor exclaim, “WOW! I’ve never seen anyone do that with their own fist before!”

To Be Continued

## Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

### Chapter Twelve: Typical First Date Jitters

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Twelve Summary: Harry receives some letters. And Ron goes on a date. Taking his recent luck with witches into consideration, what will go horribly wrong with the date?

The day after the trio destroyed the Horcrux-cup, Harry, Hermione, and Ron were sitting in the empty Great Hall eating breakfast and discussing the possible locations of the other relics.

"One down and four to go, including Voldemort," Hermione said while checking off "Hufflepuff's cup" from the list she had laid out next to her morning meal.

"Which one do we go after next?" asked Ron with his mouth full of kippers.

"If any," Harry began after swallowing his food, "we should find the locket. That one shouldn't have any sort of traps around it. The other Horcruxes will most likely have a bunch of wards and traps around them, if the fake locket's placement was any indicator. And the last one is Voldemort himself; we have to save him for last."

"Well, it should be easy enough to retrieve the locket," stated Hermione. "All we have to do is get Borgin to tell us who he sold to locket to, and then simply convince the new owner to give it to us."

"Oh, yeah; real easy," Ron said snidely. "I can see Borgin just giving us that information."

"We'll just have to come up with a plan, won't we?" Hermione replied.

"Let's hope you come up with a better idea than 'Hi I'm Draco's girlfriend; could you tell me what he was talking to you about?'" Harry said sarcastically causing Hermione to blush at the memory.

"That one wasn't one of your better plans," Ron added.

"I... I was pressed for time," Hermione weakly defended.

"Pressed for time'?" Harry prodded. "This coming from the witch who formulated a very complex plan to trap an unregistered animagus reporter and then blackmailed her into not writing for a year unless it was beneficial to us."

"And let's not forget," Ron added, "that you were able to tell a lie, and a fairly convincing one at that, to explain why Harry and me were in the girls' bathroom fighting that troll right there on the spot."

"Let's talk about the unknown Horcrux or the missing one, shall we?" Hermione said rapidly, obviously hoping to change subjects from her unusual behavior and actions from the previous year.

"Fine then, spoil our fun," kidded Ron.

"The Horcrux were able to find but unable to identify is under the orphanage where Riddle grew up," explained Hermione. "We couldn't see what it was in our vision since it was covered. Whatever it is, it mostly is another relic, probably either Ravenclaw or Gryffindor."

"What does it matter?" asked Ron. "We know where it is; why should we care which founder it belonged to. Let's just go, get it, and cut it up."

"Good point," agreed Hermione. "Let's move onto the missing Horcrux-"

"It's me," interrupted Harry. During Hermione and Ron's short conversation on the orphanage-Horcrux, Harry's blood had run cold.

"It's you?" asked Ron.

"Yeah. When we did the ritual, the first thing I saw was my body lying on the bed," Harry explained sadly. "That means I must be the missing Horcrux."

Ron dropped his head as Harry's words sunk in. However, Hermione was smiling brightly, as if her boyfriend hadn't just implied that he would need to sacrifice himself to kill Voldemort.

"And how did Voldemort make you a Horcrux?" Hermione asked calmly.

"It was probably an accident when he killed my mum," snapped Harry. He didn't like that his girlfriend was taking this revelation so lightly.

"So when Voldemort killed your mother, he accidentally removed a fragment of his own soul and placed it into you," Hermione repeated. "All it takes to make a Horcrux is to kill someone?"

"I dunno," Harry responded with bitterness.

"So you're saying that Voldemort has only killed six people in his life," continued Hermione.

"What? Are you crazy?" hollered Ron. "He's killed loads of people!"

"Yeah, Dumbledore even said that he killed enough people to make an army of Inferi," added Harry. He was a bit perplexed by Hermione's statement; how could she think that Voldemort, the most feared Dark Wizard of their time only killed six people?

"But you said that he accidentally made you a Horcrux when he killed Lily," explained Hermione. "If making a Horcrux was as simple as killing someone, he'd have a lot more than just seven Horcruxes if we including his own body."

"What do you mean?" a very confused Harry asked.

"I don't know how a Horcrux is created, but there must be a very complex spell or ritual needed," explained Hermione. "Think of it; if creating a Horcrux was as simple as using a Killing Curse, Voldemort would have divided up his soul hundreds of times. If it was that easy, every single Death Eater would have dozens of Horcruxes themselves. No, there has to be some sort of complex ritual associated with it. Otherwise, every single Dark Wizard in history would have had scores of Horcruxes, wouldn't they?"

"But that doesn't explain why our spirits were just floating over our bodies when we did that 'locate missing items' ritual," Harry argued.

"Harry, when we were just floating up there, what exactly were you focused on?" asked Hermione. "Was it the Horcruxes?"

Harry paused and tried to remember what he was thinking of when he and Hermione's spirits had been hovering in mid-air. After a second of silence, Hermione crossed her arms across her chest. However, she didn't cross them in her usual manner. Normally, when she crossed her arms, Hermione would place them around the middle of her chest. But this time, she placed her arms across the lower part of her chest, causing her arms to push up her wondrous mounds. Harry immediately lost his train of thought and simply stared at her boobs with his mouth open.

They were such lovely things, all round, soft, and warm. They also had 'Carmella' and 'Natasha' on them which Harry so enjoy playing with. His mouth began to water at just the thought of fondling her breasts and caressing them while he placed gentle kisses on her flesh.

"You were focused on her tits?" Ron asked, noticing Harry's stare. Apparently, Harry had become so mesmerized by Hermione's boobs, and Hermione had enjoyed teasing Harry so much, that a good amount of time had passed since Hermione had posed her question.

Harry shot up – he had hunched over the table in an attempt to get closer to Hermione's boobs- and Hermione dropped her arms. Both

of them were blushing madly. Ron chuckled at his friends' embarrassment and picked up another kipper.

"Ahem, anyway..." Hermione continued as if she hadn't just partially fondled her own breasts to arouse her boyfriend in front of her platonic friend. "You weren't focused on the Horcruxes at the time, so we were just in a sort of holding pattern, if you will. Once we both concentrated on the actual items, we started the search."

"But that still doesn't make sense," added Harry. "We only found four of them."

Hermione worried her lip and thought for a moment before stating; "Maybe we'll have to do the ritual again and check our findin-"

"OKAY!" Harry shouted gleefully. Any opportunity to frolic with Hermione was good enough for Harry. He shot out of his chair and offered, "How about now? Let's do it now!"

With a look, Hermione indicated Ron, who was looking at the couple as if they were very strange and that he didn't really understand them. The thought of Hermione's delicate hands wrapped around 'Harry, Jr.' enticed Harry so much that he had forgotten about Ron. With a shrug of her shoulders, Hermione told Harry that she couldn't do the ritual and give him a hand-job (which was significantly more important than the ritual in Harry's mind) if Ron was around. In a split second, Harry came up with an ingenious plan that couldn't fail. He would definitely get that hand-job now!

"Do you want to fly my Firebolt?" Harry asked Ron much like someone would ask a dog if they wanted a bone. The Ron/dog analogy was further strengthened when Ron sat up in his chair with his tongue practically hanging out of his mouth in anticipation. "Do you?" repeated Harry. "Do you?"

In response, Ron nodded his head rapidly and passionately. Harry figured if his friend had a tail, it would've been wagging back and forth right then.

“Then, go get it!” Harry said and pointed in the general direction of the Gryffindor Tower and his Firebolt.

Ron sprinted out of his chair and ran full tilt out of the Great Hall. The gangly teenager fell twice, tripping on his large feet before he made it successfully out of the Hall.

“Well, I guess we can do the ritual now,” Hermione said with a bemused smile and a glow to her cheeks.

“What ritual?” asked Harry. He had gotten rid of Ron so that Hermione could play with – “Oh, yeah, right, the ritual,” finished Harry as he finally remembered that there was a ritual that required Hermione to give him a hand-job.

“You know, I’ll have to find a ritual that has you give me pleasure,” stated Hermione as she stood up.

Harry closed his eyes and imagined a snake before saying in Parsletongue, “I thought I already found one?”

Hermione shivered at Harry’s hissing words. She composed herself and conceded, “Well, there is that one.”

Harry held out his hand and Hermione took it. But before they could head off to a secluded area, Hedwig flew into the Great Hall.

“Oh, here comes Luna’s reply,” Hermione said as Hedwig landed in front of Harry. “Do you mind if we read this before we do the ritual?”

“No... not at all,” Harry responded, forcing the little voice in his head that demanded “HAND- JOB NOW!” to the back of his mind. “Knowing Ron, he’ll be on the Firebolt until dinner.”

Hermione smiled at Harry and removed the post from Hedwig’s leg and read aloud.

“Dear Hermione,

I would so love to meet with you. I will be at my father's printing press shop (the barn behind our house) later today. Please stop by whenever you can. Just use the floo and say The Quibbler.

Luna”

“That’s great,” announced Harry. “We’ll head there right after the ha... ritual,” Harry had to fight to say “ritual” instead of “hand-job.”

“I’m certain all you care about is using the ritual to locate the Horcruxes,” joked Hermione. It was obvious that she knew what Harry’s slip truly meant.

“Of course I am,” Harry said. “If there was another way to find the locations of the Horcruxes besides the ha... the ritual, I would do it.”

“That’s good, because I found another ritual the other day that doesn’t require us to get naked or even touch each other. It was in an innocent book in the library,” Hermione said and began to stroll out of the Great Hall.

It was like someone had slapped Harry hard in the face. Here he was, all happy about getting a hand-job, he had even devised a plan to get Ron out of the way, but now he wasn’t going to get it. Harry felt very, very sad. He looked after his girlfriend with his mouth opening and closing mutely, as he tried to force himself to tell her that he wasn’t serious about doing any other ritual besides the one that included a hand-job. But he was too sad to even speak.

“I’m just kidding, you know,” Hermione said with a naughty grin.

Harry was offended; how could she do this to him! Tempt him with a hand-job and then take it away, then to claim that she was joking. He had half a mind to give a good talking to her about teasing him...

Then, for the third time in Harry’s memory, Hermione licked her hand, and that same half of a mind that wanted to chastise her suddenly started making very faint mewling sounds.



“Here, boy, do you wanna play?” Hermione playfully asked. Apparently, she too thought that Harry had treated Ron like a dog and decided to give Harry a taste of his own medicine. “Do you want little Hermione to give you a hand-job? Do you?” she mocked.

Of course, Harry really didn’t care that his girlfriend was pretending that he was a dog. All he cared about was the offered hand-job. He skipped like a school boy over to Hermione. She gently patted his groin with her now damp hand and said, “You do want one don’t you?”

“Damn right I do,” Harry replied with absolutely no shame.

“Have you been a good boy?” she asked. Harry detected a hint of “naughty-Hermione” in both her tone and her eyes, so he figured that he would reply in a manner that “naughty-Hermione” should appreciate.

“Hell no,” he breathed. “I’ve been bad.”

“Really? Just how bad?” Hermione inquired and began to rub ‘Harry, Jr.’ through his trousers.

“V-v-very,” Harry answered while simultaneously gulping and squeaking.

Hermione got up on her toes and took Harry’s lower lip between her teeth and growled as she playfully tugged at his mouth and gave his crotch a proper squeeze. ‘Harry, Jr.’ sprang to life and begged Harry to do the ha... the ritual right there at the Gryffindor table so that it could play right now.

Stroking his length through his trousers, Hermione let go of Harry’s lip and purred; “You are a bad boy, aren’t you?” The mixed look of love, lust, and desire in her eyes made Harry almost climax right there in his boxers.

Harry considered agreeing to ‘Harry, Jr.’ and do the ha... the ritual right at the Gryffindor table, but he realized that even though Ron was preoccupied, many other people could walk in on them (including

McGonagall, who had already witnessed the pre-show a few days before due to Hermione's behavior under the effects of the super-Cheering Charm). So Harry had to force himself to wait just a little longer for the ha... the ritual. But that didn't mean he had to walk slowly to his room. No, he had every intention of grabbing Hermione's hand and running, much like Ron had, out of the Great Hall. Though he planned on not tripping as much as Ron did.

The fully aroused wizard grabbed the naughty witch's hand (her free one mind you; the one rubbing 'Harry, Jr.' could stay right where it was) and turned to the doors leading out of the Great Hall. The pressure in his trousers and the need to have Hermione's hands on his naked flesh was intense that he didn't think he could wait for the time it took to make it to the Common Room; so he opted to head toward a nearby broom closet.

Readying himself for his run, Harry took two steps and stopped when he saw a flock of owls fly in. Nearly a dozen owls, all different shapes, sizes, and colors swooped in and landed all around Harry and Hermione (except for one; one of the smallest owls Harry had ever seen – even smaller than Pigwidgeon - landed on his trouser-encased erect organ like a perch). This was not the time to have a bunch of owls land around Harry; he needed to get the ha... the ritual. Not that he cared about finding the Horcruxes. To hell with that! He wanted to cum... and hopefully it wouldn't get in Hermione's eyes this time. Harry was about to jump over the ring of birds (and knock the one off of 'Harry, Jr.') and drag Hermione behind him when all the owls stuck a leg out at Harry; offering him the different posts. Every one of the envelopes and scrolls was addressed to him.

"What the hell?" Harry asked no one in particular. He had never gotten this much post at one time in his whole life and here was ten letters just for him. Each one was written in a different hand, two or three look feminine while the others were definitely masculine. Hermione reached for the post attached to the small owl on Harry (after she retrieved the letter, she shoed the bird off of Harry's organ and he could've sworn he heard his girlfriend mutter to the owl "Get off of that; it's mine!"). She unfolded the letter, which Harry assumed was from a woman judging by the style it was written, and began to read aloud;

"My Lovely Potter,

I went there to kill you, for your actions against my lord and master. I had hated you but you showed me nothing but love. When I'm released from this prison, I shall find you and repay you with the most tender and loving of kisses.

With eternal Love;

Persephone Cucumber-Smythe"

"What the hell is this!" Hermione exclaimed and tossed the paper away. "It's a love letter."

"So?" replied Harry. He wasn't really paying attention to the letters; no, his main focus was the soon to be occurring ha... ritual.

"It's a love letter from one of the Death Eaters who attacked us," explained Hermione as she reached down and grabbed another post. This one was obviously written by a man. It was still elegantly written, but it definitely lacked the woman's touch;

"Dearest Potter,

I know you only have eyes for Draco..." Hermione began to read aloud.

"Hey!" objected Harry.

"...but perhaps, just maybe, you'll be able to find a place in your heart for another dark wizard.

I want to feel your breath on my-"

Then Hermione abruptly stopped, turned very pale, and silently crumpled the parchment up. Harry had no idea what the next word in the letter was but he knew by Hermione's reaction that it was bad. 'Harry, Jr.' was also starting to get scared; that is to say the raging

hard-on that had been threatening to rip Harry's trousers open subsided slightly.

But curiosity got the better of our hero and Harry grabbed another post. This time, Harry could tell it was from a rather uneducated man because, whereas the previous letters were written with elegant joined letters, this one was written by an obvious brute of a man. It looked like he had held the quill in his fist much like a toddler would hold a crayon. With more than a little difficulty, Harry was able to read it;

"Potter,

I want to plow into you bum. Make you my wizard.

Edgars."

Harry dropped the offending piece of parchment and completely lost the last remains of his erection. "How... what... why... to me?" Harry babbled incoherently.

"It must be you love-based magic," stated a still pale faced Hermione. "When you hit them with your super-Stunner, they must've felt love, just like Ron said."

Bile crept up Harry's throat; he had no idea that his powers could affect people in such a way. Would every single Death Eater that Harry fought fall in love with him? If so, how could he fight his enemies without them coming on to him later? Those thoughts made his head spin and his body cold. He felt as if he was about to faint – he'd been doing that a lot lately

But, the moment that Harry started to get tunnel vision, the posts began to change color. They changed from their off-white parchment to the familiar bright red of a Howler. Faster than Harry could react, all the now red posts blew up and the thunderous laughter of two people filled the Great Hall. While Hermione and Harry vainly tried to block out the loud laughter, Harry was able to recognize one of the two voices emanating from the Howlers. He wasn't able to recognize the male at first, but he was able to guess to whom it belonged if only

because he could tell that the female voice belonged to a certain pink haired witch.

“Remus and Tonks,” Harry growled.

The laughter ended and the male voice started to speak;

“I wish I could be there to see the look on your face Harry,” Remus Lupin’s voice sounded. “I’m sure it’s very similar to the way Hermione looked when she read that pamphlet at the reception.”

“Love power,” Tonks snorted in the background. Harry suddenly remembered that she had been in McGonagall’s office the day before. She must have overheard their discussion on whether or not the Death Eaters that Harry had stunned had felt love.

“Now, we’ll be waiting for your retaliation,” taunted Remus’ voice. “But I’ll have to warn you; the two of you – or three if you include Ron – will have to step it up and come up with a better idea than ‘let’s spike their tea’. I’m a Marauder after all.”

And with that, the voice of Remus and the laughter of Tonks ended.

Harry could feel a vein in his temple throb with rage and he could see Hermione’s eye twitch angrily. It was bad enough that Remus and Tonks had made him think that a number of burly Death Eaters wanted to bugger him, but what really bothered him was that there would be no way now that Hermione was going to be in the mood to give Harry a hand-job. She was obviously too angry to do it anymore (Harry was upset as well, but he was a teenaged wizard and he, by nature of being a teenaged wizard, was always in the mood for any form of activity where he got to be nude with his girlfriend, regardless of his mood). So, not only did Remus and Tonks make him believe that he would lose his virtue to a big, hairy Death Eater (other than Bellatrix), they, and this was the most important fact in Harry’s mind, took away an opportunity for a hand-job.

For that, they would pay!

Having lost the desire to give ‘Harry, Jr.’ a nice long handshake, Hermione suggested that she and Harry go to Luna’s and see if she’d

be willing to go on a date with Ron. As Harry and Hermione made their way to the Headmistress' office to use the floo, a thought occurred to Harry. He found it very ironic that he and his girlfriend were trying to hook Ron up on a date with Luna when he and Hermione had never actually gone on a date themselves. He voiced his observations to Hermione who paused.

"Well then we'll just have to treat this as a double date," Hermione concluded after a second of thinking. "A first date for both couples."

Hermione walked up the moving staircase and entered the office with Harry right behind her. She moved to the fireplace and threw some floo powder in. After stepping in, she announced "The Quibbler!" and disappeared.

Harry followed Hermione through the floo... and promptly crashed onto the floor. Hermione had learned from Ron's mistake of trying to catch Harry and had wisely decided to step out of Harry's path.

"Hullo," Luna greeted them while Harry stood and brushed the soot off of his robes. "Welcome to the Quibbler."

"Hello Luna," both Harry and Hermione returned the greeting.

"I'm sorry I can't show you the printing press at work," Luna said and gestured to a large contraption behind her that had a number of bells and whistles on it – literally. The press had dozens of bells of various sizes and several steam whistles, whatever purposes they served, Harry couldn't even begin to imagine. "But Daddy and Neville are off on a fact finding mission in Burma, and the press is down until they come back."

"Your father and Neville?" Harry asked with a bit of apprehension. He remembered that Luna and Neville had spent a good amount of time together last year. Harry was now wondering just how close the two of them had gotten.

"Oh yes," Luna glowed. "Neville's so knowledgeable about plants. He went along to find out what kinds of vegetation Snorkacks eat."

“Really?” Hermione asked with fake sincerity. She, too, just realized that their plan to get Luna to date Ron may be moot, because it was starting to look like she was already with Neville. “Um... tell me, Luna, um... are you, well, seeing anyone?” Hermione asked nervously.

Luna stared at Hermione with her big blue eyes for a full second then blinked slowly and stared at her again for another two seconds before she answered. “I’m sorry, Hermione, but I’m not a lesbian,” Luna said. Harry and Hermione stared at the blonde witch in shock. Apparently, Luna misinterpreted Hermione’s question as a come on; Luna thought that Hermione was hitting on her. “But if I did play for the other team, you’d be the third or fourth witch I’d want to bed,” Luna concluded.

“That’s not what I meant,” Hermione blurted out, her shock apparent on her face. But then, as if someone had flicked a switch, Hermione’s expression changed from shock to outrage. “‘Third or fourth?’” Hermione screeched in offence. She began to examine herself as if there was something wrong with the way she looked. Harry could’ve told her that wasn’t the case, seeing as she was absolutely perfect in his eyes. “It’s my tits, isn’t it?” she asked nervously. “They’re too small...”

“Personally, I love them,” Harry whispered in her ear. He was very tempted to show her how much he loved her boobs right then and there in front of Luna by giving them a squeeze.

“I figure that if I were gay, I’d be a big butch fan,” admitted Luna. “I’d reckon that mullets would be attractive.” After a moment of internal musing, Luna concluded, “Yes, I imagine that if I were indeed gay, that my lovers would have to have mullets; it’s such a unique hairstyle after all.”

Hermione pouted and Harry wondered who the two or three other witches were that Luna had placed before Hermione.

“You misunderstood me,” Hermione began again, forcing herself past the awkward situation and to focus on the task at hand. “I was wondering if you and Neville were an item.”

“No,” Luna replied simply and continued to stare at Hermione for a good three seconds before continuing. “But why would you like to know that? Oh, you want to set me up for a date. Did you want to set me up on a date with Harry?” she asked as if Harry wasn’t standing right behind Hermione.

“No,” Hermione said defensively, placing her hand on Harry’s hip as if to say he was her property – which was the case. “We were wondering if you would be interested in going on a date with Ron.”

Harry could tell that Luna was in fact very interested. Her entire face lit up, a cute little smile graced her lips, and her eyes twinkled. She shyly pushed a strand of her blonde hair behind her ear and said, “Yes, I would like that. Very much.”

“Brilliant!” exclaimed Hermione. “Would you mind if Harry and I go on a double date with the two of you? It’ll be the first date for all of us.”

“That would be nice,” Luna said with a glow to her cheeks.

“Now, I have to warn you,” Hermione stated. “Ron has had some problems lately...”

“What kind of problems?” Luna asked with genuine concern.

“Scary girl problems,” Harry said cryptically and shuddered at the memory of Bellatrix’s incredibly hairiness, the off handed comment Mrs. Weasley made regarding how to aim, and the nude wrestling match featuring his own sister.

“Oh,” the blonde witch muttered.

“But I have a plan that’ll help Ron forget his problems,” Hermione added. “But we just wanted you to know, in case he acts a little strange at first.”

“I happen to like strange,” Luna said and her cute little smile grew.



“How about meeting at the Leaky Cauldron tomorrow night, around five in the evening?” suggested Hermione.

“I’ll see you then,” Luna said and skipped away happily.

The next day, Hermione had shut herself in her room for the better part of the morning and afternoon. While Harry and Ron passed the time with a brutal game of chess (brutal for Harry that is) a pungent smell wafted down from the girl’s wing.

“What’s she doing up there?” inquired Ron after his Queen decided to show how superior it was by violating one of Harry’s Knights instead of simply smashing it. The horse-piece whinnied as Harry idly thought that Ron’s Queen must have believed herself to be Catherine the Great.

“I dunno,” replied Harry, in a mild state of shock, as he watched Ron’s Queen light up a tiny cigarette as it stood over Harry’s poor Knight. “Maybe she’s making a potion or something.”

At a quarter of five, Hermione finally walked down from her dorm and into the Common Room.

“Let’s go out for dinner tonight,” Hermione offered and tucked a glass vial into her robes.

“That’ll be great!” agreed Ron.

Harry eyed his girlfriend suspiciously. He believed that his speculation about her making a potion all day was true because of the vial she had in her robes and wondered what kind of potion it was. After Ron led the way out of the Common Room, Hermione gave Harry a wink and a sly grin.

“So, where should we go?” asked Ron when the trio entered McGonagall’s office.

“The Leaky Cauldron,” answered Hermione.

“That’s great,” Ron said gleefully. “I heard Tom’s making ice-cream now. I can’t wait to try some.”

“NO!” Hermione and Harry shouted in unison. The taste of Tom’s horrible ice-cream still sent shivers up their spines.

After using the floo to travel to the Cauldron, the three teens headed to an empty booth (that is after they picked Harry up off of the ground and repaired the table he had crashed into). But before they sat down, Hermione said, “There’s Tom. I have to speak to him for a second.”

Hermione approached the bald tavern man and spoke to him in a very animated way. She gestured back to the booth where Harry and Ron were sitting and pointed directly at Ron. She then handed Tom the glass vial and he nodded knowingly.

With a smile of accomplishment, Hermione returned to their table. Harry felt that she was putting on a show for some reason, but couldn’t tell why.

A very short while later, Tom showed up at the table and handed the friends three pints of butterbeer. Hermione pointed nonchalantly at Ron’s pint in a questioning way and Tom gave her a quick nod in response.

Before Harry could ask what his girlfriend was up to, Hermione raised her butterbeer and gave a toast. “Here’s to friends!” she announced.

Ron and Harry clinked their glasses with Hermione’s and drank to friendship. Harry set his pint down and noticed that Ron had downed half of his butterbeer in a single gulp; apparently Ron was thirsty.

Again, Harry was about to ask Hermione why she was acting in such a strange manner when she spoke up.

“Ron, we have a confession to make,” Hermione said in an undertone. “Harry and I have set you up on a blind date.”

“What? When?” Ron sputtered nervously.

"Tonight," Hermione answered. "With Luna."

"Looney!" Ron groaned.

"I thought you said that she grew on you?" Hermione said, upset that Ron was using that rude nickname.

"Yeah, she did," Ron wrung his hands uneasily. "It's just that with all the... problems I've been having lately, couldn't you have set me up with the Patil twins instead?"

Hermione rolled her eyes in a disappointed way while Harry nodded his head, as if he were saying "See I told you."

"Besides," Ron continued. "I don't think I'm up to dating just now."

"Except if it was the Patil twins, right?" asked Harry.

"Oh, of course," acknowledged Ron.

"It doesn't matter if you're not up to it," Hermione stated, obviously trying her best to ignore Harry and Ron's comments about twins. "I made a mild Lust potion earlier today, and I just had Tom pour it in your butterbeer."

"What?" demanded Harry as Ron gulped anxiously and stared at his half-drunk pint.

"But this isn't like that simple little potion that Ginny slipped me," Hermione stated proudly. "No, I made this potion specifically keyed so that there would be an attraction between Luna and yourself, and only between you two. I knew that you'd probably have some difficulty with dating given your recent... adventures, so I decided to help you overcome them."

"You spiked his drink with a Lust Potion?" Harry asked with shock.

Tiny beads of sweat popped up all over Ron's brow.

“Just a mild one,” Hermione explained and discreetly gave Harry a wink. “It’s just going to help him along.”

Before Harry could think about what the wink meant, Luna Lovegood walked up to the table.

“Hullo, Ronald,” she said dreamily. Harry’s jaw dropped open as did Hermione’s. Luna had spent a lot of time making herself up for this date, and it showed. Her hair was tied up in a pretty bun and she had just a touch of eye-shadow that accentuated her blue eyes. She wore a baby blue robe and hugged her body and showed something that Harry had never noticed before about Luna.

She was stacked.

Apparently, Luna had always been previously dressing in unflattering robes that would hide her large breasts, but she had obviously chosen this set of robes to show them off. And boy did she ever.

“They’re huge,” Harry heard Hermione muttered and saw that his girlfriend’s eyes were fixed on Luna’s large mounds.

“H-h-h-hello Luna,” Ron squeaked as he looked into her eyes – and as mentioned before, when a bloke says he’s looking in a girl’s eyes, he means he’s looking at her boobs. Luna giggled and proudly shoved her chest up, causing both Harry and Ron to audibly gulp.

Luna sat down and greeted Harry and Hermione. “Hullo, you two.”

“Hi, Luna,” Harry returned the greeting, amazed at how Luna’s breasts rested on the table top. ‘How can such a small witch have such big boobs?’ Harry wondered internally. To him, it looked like someone had stuck two grapefruits to a twig.

“They’re huge,” Hermione repeated dazedly.

After a moment of silence, Ron was able to tear his eyes away from Luna’s orbs and look at her properly. He gulped and spoke softly to large-chested blonde. “Luna, I have to warn you about something. Hermione spiked my drink.”

"She spiked your drink? What with?" Luna asked with her eyebrows knitted.

"A Lust Potion; one that will work only between you and me. She says she did it to help me get over my nervousness," explained Ron.

Luna eyed Ron's tainted pint for a moment, and then suddenly picked up the glass and drank the remaining liquid in one gulp. She let out a soft belch as she set the empty glass down. "There now, both of us have had the Lust Potion, so we're on a level playing field."

Ron snorted and smiled shortly before Luna pounced on him. Their lips crashed into each other.

"Did you really spike the drink?" asked Harry in a near whisper, as he watched Ron and Luna go at it like a pair of crazed nymphomaniacs.

"No," admitted Hermione in a similar volume, as she too watched the spectacle in front of her. "I remembered how you were able to trick Ron into believing that you slipped him the Felix Felicis last year, and how he truly believed he was lucky. I realized just how susceptible he is to suggestion..."

Hermione paused as Luna made a show of shoving her tongue down Ron's throat.

"Then what were you doing all day?" Harry asked. "And that smell that was coming from your dorm-"

"I was just boiling some old socks today to give the impression that I was brewing a potion," answered Hermione as she watched in shock. "Then just now, I asked Tom to throw away the useless vial, and, as part of a prank, to simply nod when I pointed at Ron."

Ron paused in his ravishing of Luna's lips to squeeze one of her overly large tits in his hand twice. Along with each squeeze, Ron made a childish noise.

"Honk-honk," Ron said with glee.

“Did he...?” Hermione began, but was too shocked to continue.

“Yes, he just honked her tit,” Harry finished. “Twice.”

Luna apparently decided that her un-squeezed tit was jealous, so she reached up and repeated Ron’s performance on herself.

“Honk-honk,” Luna sounded causing Ron to giggle like a boy who was just given a sugar-quill to suck on. And apparently, the sugar-quill analogy was very appropriate, because Ron’s lips clamped onto Luna’s tit and began to suckle it through the cloth of her robes.

“I knew that Ron was vulnerable to suggestion,” Hermione murmured while Luna moaned passionately, “but I didn’t know Luna was just as bad.”

Harry looked around the Leaky Cauldron and was pleased to see that no one in the pub had noticed Ron and Luna’s actions yet. But it would only be a matter of time before they did. He was about to try and separate the two new lovers when Luna did something very unexpected, but not unfamiliar to Harry.

She licked her palm.

“Oh, no,” gasped Hermione, just as Luna shoved her wet hand in Ron’s trousers. Ron’s eyes crossed and he groaned happily as Luna obviously found her target.

“Let’s get out of here,” both Harry and Hermione blurted. They shot out of the booth and scurried to the fireplace and floo’ed back to Hogwarts while Luna and Ron continued to – ahem – get to know each other. Before Harry disappeared from the Leaky Cauldron, he could’ve sworn that he heard Ron grunt and Luna giggle.

“That didn’t take long,” Harry said and picked himself off of the ground in McGonagall’s office.

“What didn’t take long?” Hermione asked. Harry just gave her a knowing look in response. “He didn’t? So soon?”

"I didn't last long the first time with you," Harry defended his friend.

"You didn't finish the first time with me," corrected Hermione.

As the couple made their way out of the Headmistress' office, Harry recalled that along with setting Ron up with Luna, Hermione also wanted this night to be their first date as well. This was supposed to be a special night for Hermione, her first date with him but it was already over. Suddenly, Harry realized that the night was still young and he had an idea as to how to continue their date. And by Merlin, he'd make it special for her.

Taking her hand, Harry led Hermione out of the office and down toward the entrance to the castle.

"Harry, where are we going?" Hermione asked. "The Common Room is in the other direction, and there's something I need to do."

"It can wait," replied Harry.

"But-"

"Too bad," Harry cut off her objections. "Tonight's our first date."

Without another word of objection, Hermione let Harry take her out of the castle and onto the grounds. The two walked on the shore of the lake, looking up at the stars and talked. Since they already knew everything about each other, there was no need to try and impress each other with stories about themselves. Some times they simply talked about how pretty the stars looked, and other times they didn't even utter a sound; they just sat on the shore, holding each other in comfortable silence.

After a little over an hour, Harry and Hermione headed back to the castle.

"Do you think they'll be okay?" asked Harry as the two lovers walked toward the Gryffindor Common Room.

“They should, seeing that Ron came before we left. They should come to their senses before anyone in the Leaky Cauldron catches them,” said Hermione. She then giggled and stated; “Can you imagine the look on Tom’s face if he realized that Luna was playing with Ron’s penis in one of his booths?”

Harry blushed and averted his eyes when Hermione said that word.

“Harry, are you okay?” Hermione asked when Harry turned his head.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Harry replied.

A wry smile crept across Hermione’s lips and she breathed in Harry’s ear; “Penis.”

“Gah,” Harry groaned and recoiled away from Hermione.

“Penis, Harry,” chuckled Hermione, and he flinched again. “Penis, penis, penis.”

“Stop saying that word,” Harry hissed.

“What word, Harry?” asked Hermione with mock innocence. “Penis?”

“Yes!”

“Why?”

“‘Cuz it’s a dirty word,” explained Harry.

“All right; let me say three things,” began Hermione as they continued their walk. “First; it isn’t a dirty word. Second, I seem to recall a positive reaction from you when I talked dirty to you when I was under the effects of your super-Cheering Charm, so I know you like it when I talk dirty. And thirdly, I’ve heard you say penis before.”

“Yeah, but only like ‘Percy’s a penis’,” corrected Harry.

“So you can’t say something like ‘I really enjoy when Hermione plays with my penis’?” inquired Hermione with a devilish smile.



Harry gulped and Hermione taunted; "C'mon Harry; say it."

Harry really did want to say it because it was true. But he found that he couldn't do it.

"Fine then, since you can't say penis," continued Hermione, "what do you call it?"

Harry felt his face burn with embarrassment.

"Perhaps 'Little Harry'?" Hermione asked.

"Hermione, never use the word 'little' when talking about that," whined Harry. She obviously didn't know the first law of masculinity: 'Never use the word small, little, or tiny in the same sentence where referring to your bits.'

"Okay, how about 'General Happy-Time'? 'Mr. Happy Staff'? 'Beef Bayonet'? 'Love Wand'? 'Slong'? 'John Thomas'? 'Wily; the One Eyed-Wizard'? 'Todger'?" Hermione charged on, "'Tonsil Tickler'? 'Mushroom Stamp'? 'Skin Flute'? 'Hooded Wizard'?"

"'Harry, Jr.'" Harry admitted shamefully.

"Oh, 'Harry, Jr.' is it?" Hermione returned, obviously poking fun of Harry's euphemism.

"Yes," Harry hung his head. He knew it was a childish name and he was embarrassed that he had admitted it to Hermione.

"Let's make a deal; if you can say 'penis' and not be embarrassed by it like a child," Hermione began, "I'll give you another 'birthday pres-'"

"PENIS!" shouted Harry. The memory of the infamous 'birthday present' gave him the courage to get past his childish fears. Of course, he had said the word "penis" so loud that every painting in the hallway woke up and stared at the wizard.

"How rude," a painting of an old witch chastised.

"The manners of young people today," a crumpled looking wizard commented.

"Now say; 'I want my penis in Hermione's mouth,'" commanded Hermione.

"What did she say?" the old witch asked in scandal. "Such an improper thing for a witch to-"

"Shut it, ya old bird," the crumpled wizard barked. "This is getting interesting.

"I want my penis in Hermione's mouth," Harry repeated without a stutter, shutting out the chatter of the paintings.

"They way they're talking, it would lead people to believe that they will do it right here in this very hall," the old witch said in an appalled manner.

"We can only hope that they do," the crumply wizard added.

Hermione bit her lip seductively and asked; "How bad do you want it?"

'Harry, Jr.' - no, Harry's penis jumped up and begged. "Very much," Harry groaned.

"No, Chosen One, do not be doing that!" a tiny voice squeaked from somewhere in the shadows.

"Not now!" hissed Harry.

"Who's there?" asked Hermione as she scanned the hall around her.

Dozens of House-Elves skulked out of the shadows and stood in front of Hermione.

"Have you been following me?" asked the brunette witch.

"We's is sorry, oh Great One," one of the house-elves humbly admitted. "But we's can't be letting you's do those nasty things with the One of the Mark."

Two house-elves were even brave enough to stand between Harry and Hermione, as if to block them from coming too close to each other. Harry had to consider them to be brave, since he was about to kill the whole lot of them. If the house-elves succeeded in stopping Hermione and Harry from having fun, this would be the second time in two days he would have be denied his fun. First, Remus and Tonks' joke stopped Hermione from giving Harry a hand-job, and now these effing elves were trying to stop her from giving Harry another 'birthday present'!

"Oh, I understand," Hermione said softly to the house elves. "You're right; I've learned my lesson and won't be touching the One of the Mark."

Harry's heart sank as relief washed over the house-elves; they had gotten their wish and Harry was denied a blow-job. Harry was positive that he was about to have a stroke. Not a little one either, it was going to one of the big ones, where he'd end up a drooling vegetable.

"Thank you's, oh Great One," one elf cried.

"No, thank you for stopping me from doing wrong," Hermione said back. "But I need you to do me a favor,"

"Anything, oh Great One," the elves all called out.

"I need you to go out into the world and tell your brethren that I have finally come," Hermione said a little over-dramatically. Every single house-elf squealed in delight and disappeared with a pop. "Now that they're out of the way... it's time for your present."

Harry felt his eyes well up with tears of relief and happiness. Hermione once again took Harry's hand and headed off to the Gryffindor Tower. Harry paused when a sudden realization dawned upon him.

“What if Ron’s up there already?” he asked.

“Then we tell him to have a good night and retreat to the Common Room. After locking him in his dorm, of course,” offered Hermione. “Besides, even if he and Luna eventually realize that they were never exposed to a real Lust Potion, they would still talk for a bit and what not.”

The two young lovers passed the Fat Lady and climbed the stairs to Harry’s room and were overjoyed to see it empty. Hermione was right; apparently, Ron was still with Luna, which made Harry very happy. They wouldn’t have to tromp back down to the Common Room after all; he could play with Hermione without fear of interruption. Taking her in his arms, Harry devoured Hermione’s face with both big and small kisses.

“You are the most brilliant witch in the world,” Harry complimented his girlfriend with a kiss on her nose. “You had me scared there with the ‘I’ve seen the light’ bit with the House-Elves,” he finished by kissing her chin.

“Yeah, I figure that if we needed some alone time, all I’d have to do is tell them to pop out and spread the word,” Hermione stated as she pulled Harry’s shirt off.

“Brilliant,” Harry breathed in her ear and began to unbutton her blouse. He trailed kisses down her neck and onto the flesh in-between her breast while Hermione gave him a hand and unclasped her bra.

“You can show me how brilliant I am by kissing these,” Hermione replied and she cupped her boobs together. Harry happily complied. As his tongue played with ‘Natasha’, Hermione asked: “Would you find me more attractive if my titties were like Luna’s?”

Harry paused for a moment before answering. “Actually no, there is such a thing as too big. I mean I reckon that I’d get a sprained wrist playing with them,” he ended playfully. Harry waited a moment before continuing, in a completely open and earnest tone, “Besides, I’m in love with you, and not your boobs.”

“That’s the right answer,” Hermione cooed and Harry went back to playing with ‘Natasha.’

“That’s not to say I don’t love your tits,” added Harry. “You see, I figure they’re a nice bonus that comes with loving you, if you don’t mind.”

“Of course not,” giggled Hermione and Harry went back to suckling ‘Carmella’ this time. A wicked compulsion overtook Harry, he reached up and cupped her fascinating mounds in his hands and gently squeezed them. That wasn’t the wicked compulsion though; the wicked part came when he made a certain now-familiar noise.

“Honk, honk” he sounded and Hermione’s face lit up in a most pleasing way and she giggled – which caused her boobs to jiggle in the most wonderful way. When his compulsion was satisfied, he returned to suckling her nubs.

After a few minutes where both teens somehow were able to shed the last fragments of their clothing while Harry’s mouth was still attached to Hermione’s breasts, the brunette witch announced; “Time for your ‘birthday present.’”

Hermione guided Harry so that he was sitting on his bed with his back against the headboard and she knelt in-between his legs. She took his organ lovingly into her hands and purred; “It’s time to see if my experiment has worked.”

“What experiment?” asked Harry while he ran his fingers through her soft hair.

“Remember back when I said that we can change the taste of your discharge by altering your diet? Well, that’s why I haven’t let you eat dairy or sweets,” explained Hermione.

Any resentment Harry might have felt over his forced change of diet disappeared the second that Hermione ran her tongue up the length of his manhood.

“Besides the scientific research to find out if I was able to change your taste,” continued Hermione, “I still have to thank you for that beautiful flower you gave me.”

With that, Hermione swallowed Harry’s organ. He stroked her cheek and asked; “You thought it was beautiful?”

To which Hermione hummed a “yes” sound. The humming sent a wave of pleasure over Harry. Hermione took that as her cue to start her wonderful humming again. Unfortunately for Harry’s psyche, she chose that same damned childish song that he couldn’t place from the first time she went down on him. Hermione had gotten to the second verse of the insipidly inane song when Harry couldn’t stand anymore.

“Stop, just stop,” commanded Harry.

Hermione raised herself off of Harry with a pop and asked; “What’s wrong? Am I not doing it right?”

“No, you’re fantastic. It’s just that bloody song you’re humming. Please stop that song,” he hissed. “I hate it! Anything else, just not that song!” Harry desperately wanted her to continue with her humming, but that song was driving him crazy.

“How can you not like ‘The Good Ship L-’?” Hermione began to ask.

“How can anybody like it?” Harry snapped. “It’s a stupid song, that doesn’t make any sense.”

“Well, what would you like me to hum?” she asked with his penis resting against her cheek.

“I dunno, How ‘bout some movie theme,” suggested Harry.

“Maybe something from John Williams,” offered Hermione.

“Sure,” he replied. Harry didn’t know who this Williams bloke was, but as long as Hermione wasn’t humming that asinine song, he would be happy.

The tune that Hermione selected made Harry very happy indeed. It was a beautiful humming rendition of a song that seemed to have been written just for him; just for Harry Potter. A Harry Potter theme, if you will.

While Hermione continued to bob, suckle, and hum, Harry lovingly caressed her cheek and ran his fingers through her bushy hair. His heart was filled with so much love for Hermione, because she was doing this just to make him happy. He vowed to return the favor shortly; perhaps immediately after he was done.

After a while – again, Harry noted with pride that he was lasting longer and longer with each go – he felt the familiar pressure build up. “Hermione, I’m gonna cum,” he warned.

Hermione slurped as he came. After he was spent, she raised herself up and Harry could tell that his seed was in her mouth. But before she could swallow his load, the door to Harry’s room flew open with a bang and a very disheveled red-haired wizard came staggering in.

He looked as if he had been stampeded by Buckbeak; his pullover was half-tucked in, half out, his zipper was undone (the part of his pullover that was tucked in was sticking out like a fabric representation of his willy), his robe looked like it was torn in several places, and he was missing one of his shoes.

Harry and Hermione watched Ron stumble in with wide, horror filled eyes. Judging by Ron’s state; the date had either gone terribly wrong (he looked as if he was roughed up) or had been a smashing success (he looked as if he had been roughed up... but in a good way). Whatever way the date turned out, Harry reckoned that Ron wouldn’t want to see Harry and Hermione’s “after show.” Well, that and Harry didn’t want to have Ron see ‘Harry, Jr.’ all wet and sleepy. Something’s friends just shouldn’t share

Thankfully, the Powers-That-Be seemed to be on Harry and Hermione’s side for once. With his eyes shut, apparently out of sheer exhaustion, Ron careened past Harry’s bed (where he missed a spectacularly good view of Hermione’s round bottom Harry observed)

and began to fall onto his own bed. Unfortunately, the red-haired wizard completely missed his bed by at least two feet and crashed with a thud onto the bare and hard floor. A low snoring sound told Harry that his friend was all right.

Harry turned to check on his girlfriend and he could tell that she was panicked by the idea that Ron would hop up at any second and shout “Brilliant job, Hermione! Can I watch while Harry goes down on you?” simply by the look on her face – that and the fact she hadn’t swallowed yet.

“Um, Hermione, he isn’t gonna wake up for hours,” Harry reassured. He knew for a fact that Ron was not going to wake up even if Harry placed an Exploding Snap card on his head – Harry knew this was certain since he had tried this tactic one night a few years back when he was very bored.

Hermione gulped and finally swallowed his load and then laughed nervously. “I thought we were caught,” she breathed out.

“Well, seeing pretty much how everybody else has walked in on us,” said Harry with a mischievous smile, “why not give Ron a show?”

“He is our best friend, after all,” Hermione put in, catching on to Harry’s joke.

“He could even cheer us on,” Harry added.

Hermione snorted and said in an imitation of Ron’s voice “Good job, Hermione, but focus more on that there.”

The two naked lovers sniggered as silently as they could. After regaining his composure, Harry pushed Hermione onto her back and she squealed “What are you doing?” in an undertone.

“Returning the favor,” Harry said simply.

“I was joking when I said he could watch,” Hermione said on the verge of panic.



“Fine then,” Harry said as he moved himself over Hermione’s body.  
“There’s always the couch in the Common Room.”

Hermione bit her lip and stated; “Last one there’s a flobberworm,” and pushed Harry off of her and made a mad dash to the Common Room.

Harry watch Hermione’s bum jiggle in a very alluring way as she ran out of his room, and he said in Parseltongue, “The chasse iss on!”

To Be Continued

## Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

### Chapter Thirteen: Hooters Galore!

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Thirteen Summary: Luna lends her hand to the Hunt!  
With a bounce in his step and a smile like he was the kneazle who ate the fairy, Ron joined Harry and Hermione for breakfast in the kitchen the next morning. Normally, the three friends would've had their morning meal in the Great Hall, but the House-Elves were still out spreading the word that the Great One had arrived. So the trio was forced to prepare their own meals.

Harry was loathed to admit it, but Ron was positively glowing (he was loathed to admit it because one bloke never describes another as "positively glowing" – well the Creevey brothers might, but not Harry).

"I hope you don't mind," Ron began while he shoveled great piles of food onto his plate, "but I invited Luna over for breakfast."

"That's wonderful," Hermione cheered. Harry could tell by the look on her face that his girlfriend was overjoyed because her plan had worked. Her cheeks were flushed and she had a smile that threatened to split her face open. Harry couldn't help but to feel happy for his best mate as well.

"I told her how to enter the kitchen, so she knows where to find us," Ron stated. "Anyway, I had the strangest dream last night."

“Was it about Luna?” asked Hermione. Harry knew she was hoping to hear some romantic story about Ron and Luna, even if it was a dream.

“No,” Ron smiled even more when Luna’s name was mentioned. “Harry and I were playing chess in the Common Room, and you were cheering us on,” he said to Hermione.

“Well, what’s strange about that?” asked Hermione.

“The strange part was that you were really loud,” informed Ron. “You kept screaming ‘Yes, Harry that’s it!’ and ‘Sweet baby Maeve!’ And every once in a while you’d kick out your legs and knock something over and then say ‘Yes!’ It was weird.”

Harry nearly choked on his food as he heard Ron’s tale. Harry could tell that Hermione wanted to run away and hide. Apparently, even though Ron had been dead asleep, he still heard Hermione’s cries of passion when Harry had done his best to return the pleasure Hermione had given him before Ron returned from his date. Luckily, Ron had just thought it was part of his dream and didn’t realize that Harry was using his Parselmouth and love-based magic to make Hermione a very happy and satisfied witch.

“So tell us about the date,” Hermione said with a hint of hope in her voice. Harry reckoned that she hoped that Ron would drop the discussion of his dream.

“We realized it was a fake Lust Potion after...” Ron began, and his face lit up even more. “After we... you know. Anyway, I guess I need to thank for tricking me like that. If I hadn’t thought you’d dosed me, I probably would’ve done something rash.”

Harry wondered what Ron considered rash; apparently getting a hand-job in a pub from a girl he was set up on a blind date, after only saying hello to no less than two minutes before, wasn’t an action Ron considered ‘rash’.

“So, as I was saying, after you two left, Luna and me, we started talking. She doesn’t know much about Quidditch, but she says she’d

like to learn,” Ron stated as he continued to recap his date. “And she listens, I mean, really listens. I’m not stupid; I know that I say some pretty dumb things. Sometimes, I just can’t find the right words, or I get frustrated and I say things I don’t really mean. But Luna just sat there and listened to me. It was as if she knew what I was saying when I didn’t even know how to put it into words. After a few minutes, she was actually finishing my sentences for me; do you know what I mean?”

“Yeah, we know...” began Harry.

“...how that feels,” concluded Hermione.

With a smile, Ron went back to happily shoveling copious amounts of food into his mouth. But Harry realized that Ron’s recollection of his date was a little lacking; it didn’t explain his state when he walked in on Harry and Hermione the night before. Ron was utterly exhausted, and his clothes were a tattered mess. According to his story, after he received the public hand-job, he and Luna talked. As Harry knew, hand-jobs were nice, but they usually didn’t leave one exhausted. And it definitely didn’t cause one to get their robes all torn up. So Harry figured that something else must have happened to Ron, perhaps after the date ended. Maybe he wasn’t paying attention while he was lost in his happiness over the date, and tripped down some stairs.

Before Harry could inquire as to what happened, footfalls drew the three friends’ attention to the entrance of the kitchen. From the open doorway, a very happy looking Luna Lovegood strolled in. The first thing Harry noticed was her cute smile and the glow in her cheeks. The second thing he noticed was that she was walking funny, as if she was in some discomfort. He wondered briefly if she had fallen like Ron might have.

Hermione, on the other hand, lost her happy and proud look. It was replaced by anger, and it was directed at Ron. Harry was taken back at Hermione’s sudden change in demeanor and was about to ask her what was wrong when she hissed across the table at their red-haired friend. “Ron. What. Did. You. Do?”

Ron hung his head in a mixture of shame, embarrassment, pride, and happiness but remained silent. Luna took her place next to Ron, but Harry saw that she was sitting a little funny. She seemed to place all of her weight on the side of her hip; Harry thought that couldn't be comfortable for her.

"Luna, are you okay?" Harry asked with concern before taking a bit of food.

"Harry, I'll explain-" Hermione began, but Luna interrupted her.

"I'm a little sore because Ronald made me a woman last night," the blonde witch informed them. Harry did, in fact, choke on his food this time. While Hermione was trying to help Harry breathe by slapping him on the back, Luna explained further. "After he came in my hand, we talked for a while. Then Ronald tossed me on the table and plowed my virgin fertile fields."

Finally, Harry was able to dislodge the bit of food that was blocking his airway and took a huge gulp of air.

"But, wait," Harry started. "Ron, you said that you'd figured that out it was a fake Lust Potion after the..." Harry paused, hesitant to say the name of that particular – and extremely fun - activity in front of Luna simply out of embarrassment.

"You mean, after he came in my hand?" Luna asked and Harry blushed. "Harry, it's called a hand-job. I'm surprised you didn't know." Harry gaped at her like a fish out of water as she turned her attention to Hermione. "It's a wonderfully easy way to please a wizard. I can give you some tips on how to do it if you'd like, Hermione." As Harry continued to gape at Luna, Hermione stared bug-eyed at the blonde witch. "First, you have to lubricate your hand; your own saliva will do nicely. Then you just squeeze – but not too hard though – and pump. It's fairly easy. I have to warn you though, the ejaculate gets all over," Luna paused once more and her smile got even brighter as she turned to Ron. "It was so warm and sticky... I just couldn't help but to lick-"

“But that doesn’t explain why you two had sex!” Hermione interrupted to which Harry was grateful. He was glad that Ron and Luna had connected (though he was a little shocked to see that they had connected in that manner) but he didn’t want intimate details.

“Hermione, I’m so surprised by you,” Luna replied patiently. “That’s the problem with some intelligent people; very smart when it comes to books, but a little slow in other areas.” Luna began to speak slowly, as if she were speaking to a child, “Sometimes when a Hippogriff meets a Unicorn-”

“We were just caught up in the moment,” Ron put in.

“Yes, we were caught up in the moment three times before Tom threw us out of the Leaky Cauldron,” Luna clarified.

It was as if both Harry and Hermione’s jaws had hit the table. Three times! Ron had shagged Luna three times! Including the hand-job, that meant that Ron had cummed four times!

Hermione looked at Harry and her eyes clearly asked, “Can you cum four times?”

Harry responded with his eyes, “Not in a row.”

“Then we were caught up in the moment again in the alley behind the Leaky Cauldron,” continued Luna.

“And then there was the time outside the twins’ shop,” added Ron.

“No wonder you’re sore,” Hermione muttered. Harry looked at his friend in shock and awe. Six times... one after the other. No wonder he was almost comatose when he walked into their dorm room last night. Along with the sense of awe, Harry’s confidence was knocked down just a little. He realized, at best, he could do it twice, and then only if he was really riled up. And here Ron could do it six times!

“To be honest, each time was what I’d call ‘short and sweet,’” Luna confessed. A bit of Harry’s confidence returned – of course it was at

the cost of Ron's self-esteem. The red-haired teen looked like he had just been hit across the face.

"But of course it doesn't really matter now that I think about it," Luna cooed while caressing Ron's cheek. "I mean, we did have sex for nearly twenty consecutive minutes. I lost count of how many times I orgasmed."

"Twenty minutes!" both Harry and Hermione screeched and Ron beamed at his own masculine prowess. Harry knew that he was lasting longer and longer each time he and Hermione were intimate, but twenty minutes! He was lucky if he had lasted five minutes the night before. Harry was equally jealous and impressed with Ron's stamina and virility.

"This is all my fault," Hermione wailed. "If I hadn't tricked you two into thinking I gave you a Lust Potion, you could have talked a little and made a deep connection."

"But we did talk and make a connection," Ron countered.

"Yeah, they connected six times," Harry mumbled. "In a row."

"No you didn't. You talked for all of fifteen minutes," continued Hermione. "Then you shagged like a pack of... a pack of-"

"Peruvian Short-Tooth Love Monkeys?" offered Luna.

"Yes!" Hermione agreed – Harry knew that Hermione had no idea what Peruvian Short-Tooth Love Monkeys were or what their mating habits were like, but that she had agreed to Luna's analogy just to move the conversation, or rather, the argument along. After a second, Hermione continued, "I had hoped you two would have a deep and meaningful relationship; that you'd talk for hours and hours. But you two spent the night shagging each others' brains out."

"But we did talk," stated Luna.

"I know you did," Hermione said with a touch of disappointment in her voice. Harry knew that she was only a little disappointed with Ron

and Luna's actions; most of the frustration that Hermione was feeling was with herself. Harry knew that his girlfriend was berating herself for not coming up with a better plan. "But you only talked for a short while, then you two had sex on one of the tables in the Leaky Cauldron."

"But we talked during that time as well," Luna said.

"What?" both Harry and Hermione blurted out.

"It's amazing what one will say in between thrusts," Luna stated dreamily. "I feel like I know Ronald completely." Luna turned to her boyfriend, and looked as if she was lost in his eyes. "His favorite color is orange."

"Luna's is lilac," Ron said as he too became lost in his girlfriend's eyes. "I didn't even know it was a color; I thought that it was just a flower."

"Ronald's afraid of spiders," Luna continued.

"So is Luna," added Ron.

"His dream is to coach Quidditch."

"Her dream is to prove to the world that Snorkacks really do exist."

"The three of you are hunting You Know Who's Horcruxes."

Harry's heart stopped beating for two whole seconds. He could feel Hermione tense up next to him.

"She's so creative with vegetables," added Ron, oblivious to the fact that his girlfriend just admitted that he had told her a very big secret.

"Ronald likes the smell of coffee," Luna continued. "But he doesn't like the taste."

"You told her?" moaned Hermione while Harry just looked at Ron dumbstruck.



"Why not?" Ron questioned. "I don't like coffee."

"No, you prat," Harry chided. "You told her about the Horcruxes."

"I did?" Ron asked himself more than anyone else.

"Yes, you did," Luna replied. "It was when we were outside your brothers' shop. You remember, it was when you missed your target."

"Oh, yeah," Ron said sheepishly.

"Don't worry Ronald, they are fairly close together now that I think about it," Luna consoled her boyfriend with a tender caress of his cheek. "It's completely understandable that you missed in the heat of the moment."

"Luna you're not supposed to know about it," Hermione said.

"Why shouldn't I?" Luna asked, completely befuddled. "I do know for a fact that Ronald missed."

"No, not that," Hermione explained. "You're not supposed to know about Voldemort's Horcruxes."

"Yeah, you can get in trouble," added Harry. "If Voldemort or his followers know that you know something, they will try to make you talk."

"Harry, you know as well as anybody, most people simply assume I'm insane," Luna put in. "Even if I did get caught, no one would bother to listen to me. Besides, I think I can help you. And I want to help any way I can."

Pausing, Harry thought on what Luna said. He already knew that she was trustworthy, dependable, and intelligent. She had proven her loyalty and bravery when she joined them to invade the Department of Mysteries. Harry decided that he believed that she could indeed help with their hunt for the Horcruxes. He turned to his girlfriend and

with a simple nod of his head, told Hermione that he thought that the notion of Luna joining their group was a good idea.

“Alright, you’re in,” announced Hermione.

“Thank you,” Luna beamed.

The two couples ate in silence for a moment before Hermione’s curiosity got the better of her.

“Luna, you said that Ron told you about the Horcruxes when he missed his target. What did you mean by that?” Hermione asked.

“After pulling back too far, Ronald tried to reenter me, but he missed his target,” explained Luna. Both Harry and Hermione were a little confused while Ron was blushing madly. “It was a bit uncomfortable at first, but Ronald seemed to be enjoying himself immensely so I just relaxed. I’m just glad that Ronald’s penis was well lubricated by our juices from the pervious times he plowed my fertile fields, otherwise it probably would’ve been unbearable, if you know what I mean.”

Harry gulped as Luna’s tail... err... tale became clear while Hermione muttered once more; “No wonder you’re sore.”

Thankfully, any further revelations of Luna and Ron’s incredibly successful first date were quelled when a hyper-active miniature owl zoomed into view. Harry realized that the bird must have found its way into the kitchen by flying down one of the unused chimneys.

“Pig,” stated Ron as he tried to catch his pet. “Mum must’ve sent a note.”

Pigwidgeon zipped past Ron and made a spectacular dive right into the front of Luna’s robes. The blonde witch giggled and thrashed about as if she was being tickled by dozens of feathers – which in fact, she was. By the looks of it, Pigwidgeon was flitting about her overly large breasts, because Luna was involuntarily squeezing her boobs against each other by bringing her arms together, jiggling her mounds this way and that, while giggling uproariously. In other words, she was giving Ron and Harry quite a show; even Hermione seemed

intrigued – though not as intrigued as the boys. After a very entertaining minute, Luna stilled and said with a glow in her cheeks; “I think he’s asleep.”

To prove her point, Luna pulled down the front her robes to reveal the small owl resting right in the valley of her cleavage. Pigwidgeon was hooting softly and rhythmically as if he was snoring peacefully. Harry doubted that the hyper owl had gotten tired, more than likely, Pig just really liked Luna’s boobs and had decided to use them as pillows to sleep on.

“Ronald, aren’t you going to get your post?” Luna asked.

“W-w-what post?” asked Ron as he stared dumbly at Luna’s breasts. Harry imagined that Ron had a bit a drool hanging from his mouth at the time. Harry had to imagine because he too was staring at Luna’s cleavage as well.

“The post on your owl,” clarified Luna.

“W-w-what owl?” asked a distracted Ron.

“They’re huge,” Harry heard Hermione mutter. Apparently, she was just as enthralled as he was.

“The owl between my titties,” Luna further pointed out.

“Oh,” mutter Ron, and reached for his sleeping owl. On the first attempt, Ron completely missed the owl and wedged his hand in Luna’s cleavage. He made no effort to remove his hand and left it there for a good ten seconds before he muttered, “Sorry ‘bout that,” in an insincere tone. Luna giggled – and jiggled - as Ron removed his hand and tried to grab his owl. Again Ron missed his target and wedged his hand in-between her boobs – and again, Luna giggled. Harry wondered if Ron’s actions were accidental or intentional. The third time Ron “missed” Pig, Harry’s suspicion was confirmed.

“Um, Luna,” began Hermione. Harry saw out of the corner of his eye that Hermione was looking directly at Luna’s chest. “I hope you don’t

mind me asking, but where the hell did those come from?" she asked and pointed a finger at Luna's orbs.

"Puberty," Luna answered simply, while Ron uttered another "oops" when he "missed" Pig again. In her traditional sing-song voice, Luna explained; "My mother was similarly endowed, and my father often told me how much it vexed her when people assumed that since she had large breasts, she couldn't possibly be intelligent." Luna continued to speak in a tone that conveyed the idea that it was an everyday occurrence to have Ron fondle her breasts in front of two people while a tiny owl slept in her cleavage. "Simply because my mother was blonde and had very large boobs, people thought that she was dim; which wasn't the case at all. So to avoid the same problems that plagued my mother, I merely hid my size with various Glamour Charms once I started to develop.

"I wanted people to listen to what I say and not focus on my breast," stated Luna... well at least Harry thought that is what she said. At that time, he was pretty much focused on her expansive cleavage. Yes, Harry did prefer Hermione's boobs. But Harry was a man, and men tend to be entranced by any set of breasts; large or small. Boobs are boobs and men like them... a lot.

Luna cooed as she scooped the little owl out from its nesting area of her tits and plucked the post off of his leg. After she retrieved the scroll, she placed the sleeping bird back where she had picked him up. Pig appeared to snuggle into a more comfortable position in her cleavage.

"You can remove your hand now, Ronald," Luna requested in her dreamy voice. "But mind that you don't bother Pigwidgeon, he's sleeping."

Ron dejectedly slid his hand out from his new girlfriend's cleavage and Luna unrolled the scroll and began to read aloud.

"Dearest Ron,

Your sister and I have had a few... conversations over the past few days and I have finally made her see the errors of her actions.

Normally, her behavior would merit stern punishment, but her sixteenth birthday is near. And after all, a witch only has one sixteenth birthday.

Thankfully, I've been able to convince your sister to grow up and accept that Harry has moved on. More importantly, she has come to realize that her behavior and actions were unacceptable. To this end, Ginny has given me an Unbreakable Vow stating that she will not make any more advances on Harry or try to disrupt his current relationship. Would you please extend an invitation to Harry and Hermione to come to Ginny's birthday party? All the family as well as a number of friends will be here.

Sadly, neither Remus nor Tonks will be able to attend. Tonks will be on patrol and unfortunately, Ginny's birthday falls on a full moon this year.

I hope to see you and your friends on the eleventh.

Love

Mum

PS do buy your sister something nice, she's had a rough few days."

"Luna, would you like to come?" Ron asked his girlfriend.

"Yes," Luna smiled, "as often as possible, please."

"How about you two?" Ron asked turning to Harry and Hermione (apparently Luna's joke went over his head).

Harry was hesitant at the idea of attending Gin-Gin the Erection Killer's birthday party. However, she had given her mother an Unbreakable Vow and if Ginny went against that Vow, she would die. Harry figured that he could get to spend some time with a family that he loved and Ginny would have to behave herself. If she didn't, she'd die. So, either way, it looked like it was going to be a good day for him.

“We’d love to,” Hermione answered for the two of them. Harry wondered if Hermione had come to the same conclusion as he had.

“Fantastic,” Ron heralded. “Let me just send a note back to mum.”

Ron snatched Pig from his resting place between Luna’s boobs. The tiny owl hooted in protest as Ron scribbled a quick note and attached it to Pig’s leg. Before flying back up the chimney, Pigwidgeon looked forlornly at Luna’s immense breasts and hooted sadly.

“So, what do we do for the rest of the day?” Ron asked while blatantly looking down Luna’s top. It was obvious to everyone what Ron wanted to do for the rest of the day... perhaps in the nearest broom cupboard.

“We can discuss the Horcruxes,” Luna suggested and Ron’s shoulder’s slumped. “Maybe a fresh insight would help?”

“Actually, that’s a good idea,” admitted Hermione. She gave a naughty smile to Ron and added; “And it’s something you’ll enjoy, Ron.”

As the four friends made their way to the Gryffindor Common Room, Hermione told Luna and Ron about the han... the ritual that would locate hidden or missing items. Luna was genuinely intrigued by the ritual and how it worked, whereas Ron was honestly fascinated by the hand-job. When they got to Ron and Harry’s room, Hermione handed Luna the ‘special book.’

Luna thumbed through “The Magic of Making Love” while Ron looked over her shoulder. The blonde witch paused at a familiar page in the book and asked; “Whose foot is that by her ear?”

“This is the greatest book...” Ron breathed. “Ever!”

“Remember, you’ll have to focus on the Horcruxes. We need to know where the missing one is,” explained Harry.

“We’ll leave the two of you to it,” Hermione said wickedly, and led Harry back to the Common Room.

As the couple re-entered the Common Room, a sudden thought occurred to Harry. Now that Ron was happily paired up with Luna, Harry and Hermione's relationship could move on to the next step; they could have sex. It was going to happen; he was going to make love to Hermione.

Harry had thought that when this moment came up that he would be eager and willing. But now that it was going to happen, he felt rather nervous and light headed. His hands shook and sweat beads popped up all over his face. Normally, Harry's moods never affected 'Harry, Jr.'. His penis was always up and willing even if Harry was in a bad or apprehensive mood. However, 'Harry, Jr.' was apparently so nervous about the idea of getting to play inside of Hermione's womanhood that the poor thing hiked up its overcoat over its head and hid.

It was odd; if someone were to have asked him the day before if he was ready to make love to Hermione, he would've shouted to the heavens an impassioned "YES!" But the idea of actually doing it frightened him somehow.

Hermione must have caught on to Harry's discomfort – more than likely because she was still holding his hand and it was sweating like mad. She cupped his face in her hands and said, "Don't worry. We're not going to do the other ritual right now."

"W-w-we're not?" Harry asked nervously.

"I was waiting to see if Ron and Luna liked each other before I even started making the potion," she explained. She then added in an undertone; "And boy, do they like each other."

"How... how long until the potion is ready?" Harry asked with dread. He was afraid that Hermione was going to say something along the lines of "two minutes" and in that moment, Harry was not ready to lose his virginity.

"Seven days," stated Hermione.

A wave of relief washed over Harry. He relaxed and smiled at his girlfriend. Of course 'Harry, Jr.' was still hiding.

"But that doesn't mean we can't fool around," Hermione said coyly.

'Harry, Jr.' threw off his overcoat and bounced into action.

"What did you have in mind?" Harry asked saucily.

"Well, I've only tasted you once to see if my experiment worked," the naughty witch said as she rubbed herself against Harry's rapidly hardening organ.

"How about while you're doing your experiment, I give you a little..." Harry began and paused as he focused on an image of a snake in his mind. He finished by saying in Parseltongue; "... pleas-s-sure."

He took Hermione's hand and was about to lead her up to one of the other rooms when she pulled him back and pushed him onto the couch. "Wait, what about Luna and Ron? What if they walk in on us?"

"This coming from the bloke who ate me out right here last night," she said playfully. "You weren't so worried about Ron walking in on us then."

"But that was different," Harry argued weakly. "Ron was out cold; there was no way he was gonna wake up. And now Luna's up there and neither one is asleep."

"Harry, first they have to read how to do the ritual. Then they have to brew the potion," Hermione began. "And judging by what those two did last night, they won't be down for an hour. Once they're done with that the ritual, they'll probably be shagging like bunnies."

"Hopefully, Ron's aim has improved," muttered Harry.

"Before we get started, let me clarify something," Hermione slipped into her lecture mode. "You will not be doing that to me. To quote you: 'That's a one-way exit on me, mister'." She finished her statement by slapping her own bottom.



"That's fine by me," agreed Harry.

While tenderly kissing his girlfriend, Harry began to slowly removed Hermione's clothes as she removed his. Harry paused after lowering Hermione's slacks. As he knelt in front of her, he stared directly into the eyes of "Hello Kitty."

"I like these so much," Hermione said lustfully as she traced her fingers gently over the cartoon cat. "I had to ask Dobby to return them."

"You're such a naughty girl," commented Harry as he saw that her knickers were damp.

"How naughty?" purred Hermione.

The raven-haired wizard had an idea as to how to show her how naughty she was. He turned his girlfriend around and guided her so that she was bent over the arm of the large couch. Hermione arched her back so that her round bum was shoved up into the air in anticipation. Harry caressed her bottom through the pink cotton of her "Hello Kitty" knickers before giving her a playful swat.

"Oh come on, I've been naughtier than that," Hermione taunted.

A slap echoed off of the walls of the Common Room as Harry's open palm smacked Hermione's bottom.

"Ooh, that's more like it," Hermione moaned before biting her lower lip and sticking her bum out more for Harry.

Again, Harry slapped his girlfriend's rear and Hermione groaned in pleasure. He entertained himself by watching her bum jiggle as he alternated slaps between her left and right cheek. After nearly a dozen hard spansks, Harry decided that it was enough.

Slowly, Harry removed Hermione's special knickers. He was amazed at how red her bare flesh was. The heat coming off of her bum was

intense as he marveled in the sensation. He massaged her tender and assaulted bottom causing Hermione to groan.

“Lick me now, Harry,” she growled throatily. Harry leaned down and pressed his mouth to her neither lips. Her wetness poured down his chin and her pleasant musky odor filled his nose. Harry unleashed his tongue and his magic into Hermione’s flower.

“Smack my bottom, Harry,” Hermione pleaded. As he continued to eat her out, Harry’s hand flew and smacked her arse. The brunette witch cried out and ground her moist lips against Harry’s talented mouth. “Again,” she implored, “do it again.”

Her bum jiggled against his face when he spanked her. Hermione cried out “Sweet baby Maeve!” as she orgasmed.

Harry stood over her proudly as she rolled over and sat up. Her body was flush and her eyes were dark with lust.

“Get out of those effing boxers right now!” she growled.

Harry couldn’t have possibly taken his undergarment off any faster. After he tossed his boxers aside, Hermione remove her bra and freed ‘Natasha’ and ‘Carmella’.

“Lay on the couch,” ordered Hermione. Harry quickly flopped down on the couch with ‘Harry, Jr.’ pointing straight up at the ceiling. Hermione crawled over him so that her flower was right over his eager lips.

What happened next was a game; one where each person would try to out-pleasure the other. Hermione slurped, sucked, bobbed, and hummed Harry’s special theme on his member, while Harry ravished her with his tongue, using both his Love and Parsletongue magics.

In a few minutes, Harry felt the pressure build up in his loins.

“Hermione... I’m gonna...” Harry began.

“Shut the hell up and get back to work!” Hermione commanded – at least that’s what Harry thought she said. ‘Harry, Jr.’ was still in her

mouth when she spoke, so it sounded more like “Suphz du helth oot und githe tou wurt!” But Harry got the general idea.

With a grunt as a warning, Harry came. He buried his face into Hermione’s flower as she gulped up his load. She continued to swallow and suck his penis even after he was finished cumming. With a slurping noise from Hermione, a limp ‘Harry, Jr.’ flopped out of her mouth.

“Yeah, it’s working,” Hermione commented. Whether she was commenting on her experiment to adjust the taste of Harry’s seed or if she was referencing his cunnilingus technique, Harry didn’t know.

Harry continued to work his magic on Hermione’s flower and in a short amount of time; he felt her begin to tense up. She sat up on his face – which gave Harry a wonderfully close-up view of her still red bum - and ground her hips into him. In the heat of the moment, she dug her nails into his chest which caused Harry to growl in a combination of pleasure and pain. Of course, he growled right into her pussy which sent her over the edge.

Hermione’s muscles locked up and she bucked on top of him. Harry clamped down on her legs and hung on as he continued to eat her out. After she climaxed, Hermione slumped on top of her boyfriend.

However, Harry had no intention of stopping there. He licked, suckled and nibbled at Hermione’s petals and bud. Hermione panted heavily as she rose up to sit on Harry’s face again. She thrashed around and groaned; Harry could tell that she wouldn’t last much longer this time around.

“I’ve found them all,” a voice that definitely didn’t belong to Hermione announced.

Hermione tensed up again but Harry knew that it wasn’t the “Oh, God I cumming!” sort of tense. But rather it was the “Oh, God, somebody is standing right next to us!” tense.

“I said ‘I’ve found them’,” the voice repeated. Harry wasn’t able to see – because his girlfriend was frozen in fear as she sat on his face (which was quite nice) – but he could tell from the sing-song tone that it was Luna, and that she was standing very close to them.

“I’ve found them,” Luna repeated yet again. “Isn’t it wonderful?”

Harry could tell from her tone that Luna was waiting for some kind of response. Seeing that Hermione hadn’t moved or uttered a sound since Luna first spoke up; Harry answered.

“That’s great, Luna,” he stated flatly.

What Harry didn’t know was that he was still speaking in Parseltongue. And seeing that Hermione’s flower was still pressed up against his mouth, Harry used his magical language and spoke directly into Hermione’s womanhood.

“OH MERLIN!” screamed Hermione as she climaxed. “I’M CUMMING!”

Bucking wildly, Hermione uncontrollably fell off of Harry and crashed to the floor next to the couch. Hermione continued to spasm and moan, riding out her orgasm.

Finally able to see, Harry stared gob smacked at a very topless Luna standing no less than three feet from him. Even though he wasn’t wearing his glasses, Harry could see clearly enough to tell that the only thing Luna was wearing was a set of light purple panties... and a smile. Harry noted that her left eye appeared to be red and puffy. It would seem that Ron’s aim was just as bad as his.

“I’ve found every single one of them!” heralded Luna, as if it was perfectly normal to be standing nearly nude in front of a messy faced and naked Harry as an equally naked and thrashing Hermione as she continued to convulse through her orgasm on the ground. “I know where all of them are located!”

“That’s great,” Harry said. If this would have happened a few weeks ago, he would’ve been scrabbling to find something to cover his

nakedness. But seeing that almost everyone he knew had seen him naked, he just lay there. He wondered idly if he was slowly turning into a nudist or exhibitionist. "So where's the missing one?" he asked as a very gratified 'Harry, Jr.' slept in the open air.

"Oh, there's so many more than just one," Luna announced happily. "There's a few dozen in Sweden."

"D-d-d-dozens?" Hermione uttered as her orgasm finally subsided and she was able to sit up.

"Yes, in Sweden," Luna said with a little bounce – a bounce which caused her huge tits to jiggle. "And scores more of them are in Spain; at least a hundred!"

"M-m-m-more?" Harry groaned. Voldemort had created over a hundred Horcruxes. Harry's heart sank at the realization that the hunt for Voldemort's Horcruxes was going to be a lot harder than he thought.

To Be Continued

Check out my forums where we can discuss Sword of Gryffindor.

Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor  
Chapter Fourteen: Places a bra... err... abroad.

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Fourteen Summary: Harry, Hermione, Ron, and Luna go on a shopping trip, and then Harry and Hermione perform the han... the ritual once more.

Luna was so happy over discovering the locations of the hundred plus Horcruxes that she started to do a tiny little jig. This, of course, caused her huge tits to bounce this way and that, almost comically. Harry and Hermione were in such shock over the revelation that their hunt for Voldemort's Horcruxes would take years just because of the sheer number of relics that they didn't notice Luna's celebratory dance.

"Over a hundred," Harry murmured in dread.

"Well over," declared Luna merrily, while her orbs bounced and smacked against each other. "I'd say closer to one-hundred and eighty."

"One-hundred and eighty," Hermione practically sobbed.

Harry hoisted his girlfriend off of the ground and sat her on the couch next to him. Hermione made no attempt to cover her nude and sweat covered body; Harry rationalized that either she had grown comfortable with public nudity like he had or was simply too stunned over the number of Horcruxes to care.

"I had no idea there could be so many," croaked the brunette witch.

"Isn't it wonderful?" heralded Luna. She threw up her arms in triumph; which led to her... well you get the point; they're big and they jiggle... a lot.

"They're huge," muttered Hermione dispassionately, as if she had already grown bored with seeing Luna's disproportionately large breasts.

"It'll take forever to destroy all of them," commented Harry.

"NO!" shouted Luna. "How could you do that? They're innocent creatures!"

"What? There's nothing innocent about them. They're inanimate objects that house a fragment of Voldemort's soul in them," explained Harry.

"Whoever said Snorkacks are inanimate?" asked Luna with her fists on her hips.

"Wait..." Harry looked at the blonde dumbstruck, "you went looking for Snorkacks?"

"Of course I did, silly," Luna playfully chided.

"But you were supposed to look for Voldemort's Horcruxes," argued Hermione.

"We started to search for them, but everything became very cloudy, and we couldn't see a thing," explained Luna. "And then Ronald and I had trouble focusing on even the thought of the Horcruxes. After a few seconds, I felt a strange compulsion to look for something else. So I convinced Ronald we should look for Snorkacks."

"Why do you think they couldn't search for the Horcruxes when we were able to?" Harry asked Hermione.

"Of course it didn't take much convincing on my part," Luna continued while Hermione was lost in thought. "Not when I have the twins here,"

Luna commented and lifted up her sizeable boobs as if to prove her point.

“Maybe Voldemort set up various wards around his Horcruxes to prevent anybody from finding them with a magical search of any kind,” Hermione speculated. “His wards would most likely make the caster of the search unable to see anything. And as an extra protection, he probably added some sort of Compulsion Hex to the wards forcing any searchers to be compelled to look for something else. So when Luna and Ron went looking, they couldn’t see anything and were subconsciously forced to look for another item.”

“But then why were we able to locate them?” asked Harry.

After a moment of thought, Hermione replied, “It must have something to do with the prophecy. Voldemort marked you as an equal when he tried to kill you when you were a baby. And the wards he put up on the Horcruxes must’ve recognized you as Voldemort himself allowing you to pass them unmolested, so to speak.”

“That makes sense,” agreed Harry. “And if not, it could have been when Voldemort possessed me in the Ministry Atrium. He may have left enough of a psychic echo to bypass his own protections.”

“Wait,” Hermione began as if a sudden thought came to her. “You mean Snorkacks are real?”

“Of course they are,” Luna gaily retorted. The heavy chested blonde paused for a second and then bent over at the hips so that her face was close to Hermione’s groin. “You’re shaved?”

“Yes, it’s for hygiene,” Harry replied for his girlfriend. He had heard Hermione say it so often, the phrase had apparently become an automatic response for him.

“Actually, I think it because she’s kinky,” corrected Luna. She leaned over so that she could whisper in Harry’s ear: “I saw the red welts on her bottom.”



"After all, aren't all brainy birds naughty?" Luna asked in a normal voice. As if to prove her point, Luna lowered her purple panties to just above her knees and stood up to reveal that she had shaved her blonde fuzz into a little heart. "See, kinky" she gestured to her groin.

"That's cute," Hermione commented and Harry nodded his head in agreement. Then it hit him. Harry was staring at Ron's naked girlfriend's bush!

"As a guy, which do you prefer?" Luna asked Harry. "Hermione's completely shaved or my heart design?"

Our hero started to sweat profusely. He was positive that he was breaking one of the "Best Mate" laws just by being in the same room as Luna in her current undress. He averted his eyes, hoping that Ron wouldn't come down to find him sitting in front of a nude Luna who was asking which fanny Harry liked better.

"I think he prefers shaved," speculated Hermione. "That way, there's no chance that he'd get any hair under his tongue or stuck in his teeth."

"Ronald hasn't expressed interest in that activity yet," Luna stated remorsefully.

At this point, Harry was trying to hide from the two witches by burrowing into the couch's cushions.

"That book I showed you earlier has some interesting techniques in it," offered Hermione. "Even though the premise of the section is primarily for Parselmouths like Harry, Ron could still use it to your benefit."

"I would so love to see Ronald's nose resting on my heart," Luna stated and gestured to her heart-shaped pubic hair. "And just the thought of him looking up at me from between my legs really turns me on."

“Speaking of Ron, where is he?” Hermione asked. Harry desperately hoped that he was incapacitated in some way and was unable to see Harry sitting in front of a naked Luna.

“After we finished the ritual – I’m so proud of him, he lasted nearly three minutes this time – we cuddled and talked, and then he fell asleep,” answered Luna and Harry thanked the heavens. “Apparently he’s still tired from the times we fornicated yesterday.”

Without warning, Luna flopped down next to Harry on the couch. The young wizard gulped as Luna innocently leaned her naked body into his and asked Hermione, who was on his other side, “Please, tell me more about these techniques.”

“Well, as I said; the chapters focused primarily on Parselmouths, like Harry,” began Hermione. “But I don’t see anything that would prevent anyone from using the same techniques to give a witch a great deal of satisfaction.”

“If the techniques are universal, does it really matter when they’re performed by a Parselmouth?” Luna asked.

“Oh, let me tell you,” Hermione answered and leaned her naked body into Harry in an attempt to confide to the younger witch. Large beads of sweat blossomed all over Harry’s face and body. Here he was, sitting naked on the couch wedged in between two equally nude witches; their breasts were shoved up against his arms. ‘Harry, Jr.’ started to stand up once more, curious to see what was going on.

“Ihavetogotakeashower!” Harry blurted out rapidly as he shot up off of the couch. He really doubted that Ron would be pleased to hear that Harry had gotten a hard-on sitting next to Luna. “Areallycoldone!” he added just as speedily.

As Harry dashed up the stairs, he could hear Hermione, with an excite tone, describe to Luna the specific techniques.

“Ooooh, I bet that tickles,” commented Luna.

“Yes, but in a very good way,” clarified Hermione.

After a very cold shower – where the previously curious ‘Harry, Jr.’ was forced to seek shelter from the freezing rain – Harry went to his room to change only to be quite shocked at what he saw.

Ron was asleep and sprawled out spread eagle on the bed and very naked. Now as Harry mentioned before, for a bloke, it's more than a little uncomfortable if you see your male friend lying in front of you naked. But Ron wasn't merely naked, he was spread out. You see, Ron's penis – or ‘Ron, Jr.’ if you will – was pointing directly at the door and it was the very first thing that Harry saw upon entering the room. Harry never had the desire to know whether or not pure-blood wizarding families had practiced circumcisions, but now he knew for a fact that they did not.

But what was even more shocking than seeing a nude and uncircumcised Ron sprawled out so that Harry could see every possible crease and wrinkle was that Ron was on Harry's bed! Ron was nude, sweating, and had gotten a hand-job on Harry's bed! That broke at least three roommate rules; one, don't let your friend see if you're uncircumcised or not; two, don't sleep on your friend's bed – especially naked; and three, don't get a hand-job on your friend's bed!

Not wanting to wake Ron, and thereby create an even more embarrassing moment, Harry grumbled softly as he started to get dressed. After throwing on a pair of boxers, Harry went to put on one of his pullovers that was lying on the floor next to the bed, but stopped when he noticed a particularly musky odor coming from the garment. Tentatively, Harry spread the crumbled up piece of clothing and his speculation as to what caused the odor was confirmed. Right in the middle of Harry's shirt was a whitish liquid that was slowly drying into a nasty stain.

Apparently, after cumming in Luna's eye, Ron must have acted like a gentleman and grabbed something to wipe his discharge out of her face. Of course that something was Harry's shirt! That made four rules that Ron broke; don't get your cum on anything that you friend owns!

Making a mental note to burn that pullover later, Harry finished dressing – mind you, he retrieved the clothes from his school-trunk just to be on the safe side because it was highly unlikely that Ron's jism had gotten on any of his clothes still stowed in the trunk. He made his way back to the Common Room to find that Hermione and Luna had taken the time to dress. Harry could tell that Hermione had performed the same eye-cleansing charm on Luna that Pomfrey had done on her irritated eye since Luna's eye was no longer red and puffy. The two witches were in an in-depth conversation about sex.

"... lots of vegetables and no sweets," Hermione stated.

"But Ronald loves his sweets," Luna pointed out.

"He'll like blow-jobs a lot more," countered Hermione.

"Good point," the blonde witch agreed. Luna turned to Harry and stated, "We were just discussing oral sex. Hermione thinks that you are quiet skilled at it."

"Um... thanks," Harry replied a little embarrassed that the two witches were talking so openly about sex, let alone making comments about his performance. Apparently, they were positive remarks, but it still made Harry slightly uncomfortable.

"Perhaps you could show Ron how to do it," Luna requested.

A distressing question entered Harry's mind; just how did Luna want Harry to show Ron how to do it? Did she want Harry to give Ron a practical demonstration by eating out Hermione in front of him? Harry imagined doing the deed while Ron watched, taking notes, and occasionally asking questions.

He imagined that Ron would ask; "Now, what are you doing with your tongue?"

Harry imagined that he would try to respond to Ron's questions, but would have some difficulty speaking seeing that he would have his tongue inside Hermione's flower. It would sound something like "Aim lecken err poat."

“Luna means discussing the more interesting techniques with Ron, and showing him the segments of your book,” clarified Hermione in a sarcastic way. She obviously knew what her boyfriend was thinking, and was poking fun at him.

“Oh,” Harry said a bit embarrassed.

“Speaking of Ronald, is he awake?” Luna asked. “We need to go shopping to get Ginny a present for her birthday.”

For some reason, Harry felt a strange compulsion. Maybe it was because of her sarcastic remark about discussing oral sex with Ron, but Harry felt he needed to play a joke on Hermione.

“Yeah, he’s up,” lied Harry. “But he wants to ask you what he should wear, Hermione. You know, in order to impress Luna.”

“That’s silly of him,” Luna stated. “I like him the way he is. Ronald doesn’t have to do anything special to impress me.”

“I think it sweet,” commented Hermione as she stood up. “It’s always nice for a wizard to dress up for his witch.”

And with that, Hermione walked up the stairs to Ron and Harry’s room. The moment Hermione was out of earshot, Luna asked, “He’s still asleep and naked on your bed isn’t he?”

“Speaking of which,” Harry countered, “why did you do the han – the ritual on my bed?”

Luna replied by simply shrugging her shoulders in a “Why not?” gesture.

“RON!” Hermione screamed from somewhere up the stairs.

“HERMIONE!” Ron shouted in surprise. What followed were a series of loud bangs and crashes that Harry assumed were caused by Ron stumbling and fumbling around trying to cover up his naked body

from Hermione's eyes. All of which was very amusing for Harry.

A moment later, a very pale Hermione strolled into the Common Room.

"Is it common for pure-blood wizards not to be circumcised?" she asked Luna.

"What do you mean by 'circumcised'?" questioned Luna.

"Guess it is, then," Harry answered.

Luna shrugged her shoulders and began to walk to the stairs. "I'll go make sure he's ready to leave soon," Luna said and disappeared up the steps.

"I'm so glad you're not uncircumcised," commented Hermione with a shudder.

"I know," agreed Harry. "Can you imagine all the lint, pee, and cum being stuck in -"

"Stop!" commanded Hermione as her pale complexion turned green. "No more."

A few minutes later, Luna and a fully dressed Ron re-entered the Common Room.

"Hi guys, how's it going?" Ron asked as if Hermione hadn't walked in on him naked.

"Oh, just fine," answered Hermione. She seemed to be very pleased with Ron's idea of ignoring the embarrassing situation and happily went along with it.

As the four friends walked to the Headmistress' office to use the Floo, Harry noticed that Hermione was carrying her book bag, but it was obvious that it had no books in it. Instead it looked like she was carrying some sort of clothes, making the bag look soft and lumpy.

“What’s in the bag?” asked Harry curiously.

“Oh, I figured since we’re going to Diagon Alley, we might as well pop over to Borgin and Burke’s and get the name and location of the wizard who bought Slytherin’s Locket,” Hermione replied. “I have a plan.”

“What’s the plan?” Ron inquired.

Hermione stopped and proudly withdrew two strange objects from her bag and showed them to her friends. The items looked like they were made of some kind of flesh colored fabric. The brunette witch pulled one of the pieces of fabric over her head and tapped it with her wand. The fabric suddenly began to squirm and wiggle on her face until it took shape. After the fabric stopped moving, Hermione looked like an old hag.

“That’s a very good Mask Charm, Hermione,” Luna complimented.

“Thank you,” said Hermione. The mask was very convincing; the fabric now looked like it was living flesh, with its lips moving along with Hermione’s words, as if it was her real mouth and not a disguise. “The other one is an old wizard. My plan is that Harry and I go into Borgin and Burke’s and convince him that we’re the parents of the wizard we’re looking for.”

“That’s a bit like the ‘Draco’s my boyfriend’ plan, isn’t it?” sounded Harry.

“Well, what do you suggest?” asked hag-Hermione, a little upset that Harry wasn’t bowled over by her plan.

“Something a little less complicated,” offered Harry.

“Fine,” Hermione said pulling off the hag mask and stuffing it into her bag. “Ron and I will do my plan, and if it somehow doesn’t work, you can do your ‘less complicated’ one.” She obviously was thinking that her plan was foolproof and that Harry needn’t worry.

The four friends traveled to the Leaky Cauldron via McGonagall's fireplace and quickly passed through the pub and entered Diagon Alley.

"Should we go grill Borgin or shop first?" asked Ron.

"Let's get the most difficult part over with," answered Hermione.

"So is that shopping or going to Borgin and Burke's?" asked Harry; he honestly didn't know which was more difficult, looking for a gift for Gin-Gin, the Erection Killer or prying information from Borgin. Both options were very complicated in Harry's opinion.

"Borgin," Hermione replied. "Ron and I will head off to Knockturn Alley; you and Luna can discuss your 'less complicated' plan." It was clear from her voice that Hermione had a great amount of confidence in her plan and that Harry's notion of a different option was not necessary.

Harry watched as Hermione and Ron trudged off to Knockturn Alley. He was positive that Borgin wouldn't fall for his girlfriend's ruse.

"It's not going to work," commented Luna. "I've heard stories about Borgin; he'll never tell them anything."

"Don't worry," Harry said as he headed to Gringotts Wizarding Bank. "I have a backup."

"Okay," Luna said simply and followed the raven-haired wizard.

After taking a wild cart ride down to his vault – during which Luna held her hands up in the air as if she were riding a rollercoaster – Harry withdrew a small sack full of Galleons. He and Luna then made their way to meet up with Hermione and Ron. Harry entered Borgin and Burke's to find Hermione in her hag-disguise pleading with a very irate and smarmy looking Borgin.

"But I'm that wizard's mother," hag-Hermione insisted.



“Really? Then what’s his name?” Borgin asked. It was obvious from the smarmy look on his face that he didn’t believe Hermione at all.

“Um... err...” stammered hag-Hermione.

“We... um... we forgot,” offered Ron, who looked like an incredibly old wizard, in a very weak and uncertain voice. “See we’re old.... And since we’re old... we tend to forget things.”

Borgin glowered at the two disguised teens. Harry guessed that the shop keeper was about a second away from tossing hag-Hermione and incredibly-old-Ron out on the street. Harry reckoned that Hermione’s plan had failed and it was now time to initiate his less complicated one.

“The name and location of the wizard who bought Slytherin’s Locket, please,” Harry requested as he place ten gold Galleons on the counter in front of Borgin.

“Zardoz, he lives in a place called ‘Founders’ Cove’ just west of South Hampton,” Borgin happily supplied, scooping up the money. Apparently Borgin thought that Harry’s money was worth more than just a name and location, because he offered even more information than Harry requested. “Bit of an odd old fellow, has some strange ideas. He’s also nutty about collecting relics from the Founders of Hogwarts.”

“Thanks,” Harry said and left the shop with Ron, Luna and Hermione in tow.

“If I knew it would be that simple,” Hermione muttered dejectedly while pulling off her mask, “I wouldn’t have made these silly things.”

“I kind of like them,” offered Harry. “They might be of use in the future. And as to Borgin, I knew he was an oily git who loves money is all.”

Harry gave Hermione a comforting kiss and her mood was suddenly lifted. The four friends left the shady Knockturn Alley and entered Diagon Alley.

“All right then, let’s go shopping,” announced Luna. “We’ll split up; Hermione and I’ll go this way,” she said pointing toward some shops on the left. “And you two go that way,” she commanded while pointing in the opposite direction.

As Harry and Ron – who had given the old wizard mask back to Hermione – walked away from their girlfriends, Ron asked “What are you going to get Ginny?”

This was a question that was currently bothering Harry. Even though she had vowed to behave herself, Harry was still a little mad over Ron’s sister’s antics. But it would be rather rude to show up to a birthday party and not bring presents. Perhaps he could buy her a novelty pullover with the phrase “I stalked Harry Potter and all I got was smack on my twat and this lousy shirt” printed on it.

“Don’t know yet,” Harry answered his friend.

“Well, after we get her something, I kinda want to buy something for Luna too,” Ron said. “You know, for no reason, just because she makes me happy.”

“That’s a great idea,” agreed Harry.

“You know, maybe some lingerie,” offered Ron.

“That’s a wonderful idea!” exclaimed Harry. The image of Hermione in a sexy little number made his heart race.

“It’s kinda like a present for her and for me,” Ron speculated.

“Yeah,” Harry concurred while he imagined what Hermione’s bum would look like in a set of frilly knickers. “But we should buy them something just for their own enjoyment as well.”

“Of course,” Ron finished.

The friends’ first stop was Flourish and Blotts Bookstore where Harry picked up a book on famous witches who played Quidditch; he thought it was a nice harmless birthday present for Ginny. He also

picked up several books on advanced magical theory for Hermione. Ron didn't find anything for his sister, but he did find a book for Luna; "Mysterious Magical Creatures; They're Real I Tell You!" by Horatio Lovegood.

"It's written by Luna's Great-Grandfather," informed Ron. "We talked about it on our first date. There were only three copies made and Luna doesn't have one."

"That sounds rare; it must be expensive," speculated Harry while he tried to fight the question of when did they discuss this; before the mad sex romp or during?

"Not really. It's only a Sickle," answered Ron. "Everyone thinks he was barmy and no one wanted it. Except Luna that is."

"She'll love it," Harry stated.

After making their purchases, Harry and Ron went to the Magical Menagerie where Ron bought some treats for Arnold, Ginny's tribble... that is, her pigmy puff.

"Now let's go buy the girls some lingerie," Harry said in a hushed tone, hoping that no one in the shop would hear him.

"Do you think Madam Malkin's would have it?" Ron asked quietly.

"No, they won't," a voice said from behind Ron and Harry. "But there's a shop called 'Franklin's of Cardiff' that does."

Harry spun around to find a green haired Tonks smiling devilishly at him.

"But you'll want to stay away from the back of the shop," Tonks continued. "They have naughty toys there."

"I bought my sister the 'Two Headed Snap Dragon' from that part of the shop for her wedding shower," said a young witch standing next to Tonks.

Harry stood there flabbergasted and embarrassed. Not only did Tonks overhear his and Ron's plans to buy lingerie and would continue to heckle him to the day he died about it, but this witch that Harry didn't know heard as well.

"This is Courtney," Tonks introduced the witch. "She's just joined the Auror Academy, and I'm taking her on patrol as part of her training. Courtney, this is Ron and Harry."

"I may be a novice right now when it comes to being a Dark Wizard Hunter," Courtney greeted the two wizards, "but one day I'll be the ultimate Auror!"

"Good for you," commented Harry who was still blushing.

"The shop you want is around the corner, and three doors down," informed Tonks. "For Hermione, might I suggest something red?"

Without another word, Tonks and Courtney walked off, giggling. Ron shrugged his shoulders and headed in the direction that Tonks had told them, while Harry dreaded what Tonks would do with this tidbit of information to make his life hell.

Franklin's of Cardiff was a tiny shop painted with white and pink stripes. The moment he opened the door, Harry's nose was filled with pleasant smelling perfumes. He and Ron hesitantly walked in and they were assaulted with the sight of a bevy of scantily clad mannequins and frilly under garments on various displays. Harry gulped as he surveyed the selection before him; he had no idea that there were so many choices. He had reckoned that there'd just be a couple of bras and knickers. Harry looked to Ron for support or ideas, only to find his friend was in the same predicament as he was.

The two friends began to wander aimlessly through the shop. Harry was embarrassed by the enticing pieces of lace that hung from hangers all around him. He wondered if he'd be considered a poof simply for shopping in such a feminine store.

Unbeknownst to Ron and Harry, the two had accidentally ventured into the back of the shop. The first thing that caught Harry's eye was

a frighteningly realistic reproduction of a Basilisk, but on a much smaller scale; it was slightly longer than his own holly wand. Harry wondered why anyone would want a twelve inch Basilisk.

“Look at this,” Ron said as he held up a hand-sized copy of a Nimbus 2000. On the tiny broom was a switch which Ron flicked causing the broom began to shake and vibrate.

“Why would someone want a small Nimbus that vibrates?” Harry asked as he examined the Basilisk.

“It was designed as a children’s toy originally,” a witch began. Harry turned to see his old Quidditch teammate Alicia Spinnet walk up to them. She was wearing a little plastic tag with her name engraved on it, so Harry assumed that she worked at the shop. “The vibration was supposed to give kids the sensation of flying. But some witch discovered that it had a much more pleasurable aspect to it.”

“What do you mean?” asked Ron while he continued to hold the small toy and inspect it.

“It’s a vibrator,” explained Alicia. “Witches use it to stimulate themselves to orgasm.”

Ron dropped the toy as if it had shocked him.

“And that Basilisk is a dildo,” informed Alicia and Harry shot up and pretended that he had never seen it. “Are you boys shopping for you girlfriends?” she asked with a chuckle.

“Um, yeah,” Harry replied in a mortified way.

“First time buying knickers and bras?” she asked and smiled as Ron and Harry blushed even more. “All right I’ll give you a hand. What are their sizes?”

“What do you mean?” both Harry and Ron asked.

“Their cup sizes to start with,” clarified Alicia. “Show me how big their breasts are.”

Harry hesitantly held his hands in the air and pretended to cup Hermione's boobs.

"Oh, you're finally dating Hermione," Alicia said aloud.

"What? How'd you figure that?" asked Harry.

"I remembered Hermione being of average size. Discounting Fred and George's reports of you dating Draco, the last time I heard, you were seeing Ginny and she's more like this," Alicia demonstrated by mashing her breasts against her ribs with her hands and pretended that she had – one would politely say – very modest sized boobs. Having seen Ginny nude, Harry wanted to tell Alicia that she needed to squish her boobs even farther to get the size accurate.

"So, that makes Hermione about a B or a C cup," Alicia said. She turned to Ron and asked "How big is your witch?"

Ron pretended like he was holding a junior league sized Quaffle between his hands.

"Wow, that's impressive. That's about a D cup," stated Alicia.

"Um actually, I think that's just one tit," clarified Harry.

"That's one tit?" Alicia said in shock as she pointed to Ron's hands. The red-haired wizard was grinning madly at the time. Alicia added in a stunned voice; "They're huge!"

Alicia spent the next fifteen minutes showing Ron and Harry several different designs and styles. When she got to a matching set of a red bra and knickers with a familiar cartoon cat embroidered on them Harry stammered, "T-th-t-that one." "Hello Kitty" was on each cup, positioned so that it looked like they would be directly over 'Carmella' and 'Natasha' when Hermione wore it. It had the cat's face on the front and back of the knickers. Ron had purchased a lilac one piece for Luna.

The two friends left the shop and headed back to the Leaky Cauldron. There they found Luna and Hermione having some butterbeer with Tonks and Courtney. The four witches hadn't seen Ron or Harry enter and were talking amongst themselves.

"So which one is bigger?" Courtney asked.

"Ronald is about an inch longer than Harry," Luna answered and Harry saw Ron swell with pride. "And he's only slightly slimmer than Harry."

"Yeah, but Harry can apparently do wonderful things with his tongue," countered Tonks, causing Hermione to blush. "I've seen the aftereffects; I walked in on them," Tonks finished.

"Yes, it is rather magical," added Hermione. "I have some difficulty walking afterwards."

Now it was Harry's turn to swell.

"Well, hello there studs," Tonks greeted Ron and Harry. "We were just talking about you."

"Yes-s-s, I know," Harry stated, but of course, it wasn't in English. No, he replied in Parseltongue. Hermione shivered and gripped the edges of the table in response to Harry's magical snake language.

"Wow, that would tickle," mused Courtney.

"Y-yes, but in a very good way," stated Hermione as she regained her composure.

"Well, we have to leave," Tonks announced as she and Courtney got up.

"It was nice meeting you. Hopefully I'll see you lot later," Courtney bid the group farewell.

Harry and Ron took the empty seats across from their girlfriends. "We ran into father and Neville; they've just returned," Luna announced.

“They’re going to Ginny’s party as well! You’ll get to meet my father, Ronald. Isn’t that wonderful?”

Ron looked as if he had just accidentally swallowed a nasty bug. His face was completely pale except for some blotches of green around his eyes. “Th-th-that’s great,” Ron squeaked pitifully.

Harry bit back a chuckle at his friend’s discomfort; Ron had to meet the father of the witch he was shagging. Unfortunately, Hermione had seen Harry’s mirth and apparently decided to quell it.

“I think you should meet my parents soon as well, Harry,” Hermione offered. And now it was Harry’s turn to swallow the proverbial nasty bug.

After Hermione and Luna finished their butterbeers (Ron and Harry didn’t feel like drinking due to the rather large knot that had formed in their stomachs over the idea of meeting their potential in-laws), the four friends headed back to Hogwarts.

Upon entering the Gryffindor Common Room, Luna wiggled her eyebrows at Ron and pointed up the stairs leading to the boys’ dormitory with a tilt of her head. Ron nodded and took her hand. Both Luna and Ron scurried up to his and Harry’s room. Within seconds, pleasurable moans wafted down the stairs. Apparently, Luna wanted to make Ron confident about meeting her father and was going about it in a most unique way.

“They don’t waste time do they?” Harry asked rhetorically.

“I’ve been thinking, we still need to get Fred and George back for those comments they made about you in the Daily Prophet,” Harry stated.

“Oh, I agree,” Hermione replied. “And I think I have just the thing.”

“What do you have in mind?” asked Harry.

“Well, I came across an interesting little charm in ‘The Magic of Making Love’,” Hermione explained. “It’s a spying charm that’s



intended for the target, or targets, to be able to see through different objects, like steel or wood for example. But I figured that we could use it to prank the twins at the party tomorrow.”

“What kind of object will they be able to see through?”

“The charm can be very specific, if the caster chooses,” continued Hermione. “And I think that the ability to see through clothes on witches, but only those over fifty, would be good.”

“How long does the charm last?”

“Ten weeks... and there is no counter charm.”

Harry asked the question that he felt was most important, “How do we perform the charm?” Seeing how the ‘special book’ only contained sex magic, Harry was fairly certain that he’d enjoy it.

“I have to concentrate on an incantation in my mind while you...” Hermione paused and blushed before continuing. “You’ll have to finger me to orgasm.”

“Do you mean using the Pleasure Points?” Harry asked.

“No, you’ll have to actually manipulate my, well... me.” She demonstrated by wiggling her fingers in a very obvious motion for Harry to see.

Harry clapped his hands and rubbed them together gleefully. “When do we get started?”

“There’s one drawback to the spell,” added Hermione. “We have to perform the charm when our targets, Fred and George, are within twenty feet of us.”

“What?” Harry asked stunned.

“I figure that we’ll have to perform the charm at the dinner table,” she clarified as a wicked grin spread across her lips.

“You are a naughty witch,” commented Harry.

“Yes I am.”

A very loud and happy “YES!” echoed down from Harry’s room and after a moment of silence, the moaning started again.

“They must both be part rabbit,” pondered Harry.

“Seeing that it’s still early and Ron and Luna are busy,” Hermione sauntered over to Harry and began to play with the button on his slacks. “How about we look for the Horcruxes? I mean, Ron and Luna can’t do it and we’re the only ones who can do it, right?”

Harry nodded his head in a vigorous and energetic manner.

“I’ll go get my potion supplies,” Hermione stated. “You get ready.”

By the time Hermione reach the bottom step of the stairs leading to her room, Harry was mostly naked. He was busy tugging off his socks as Hermione disappeared. ‘Harry, Jr.’ was looking happily at Harry with its one eye and was up and ready for play time.

Shortly before Hermione returned, another impassioned “YES!” sounded from his room and shortly there after, more moaning. Harry looked down at his penis and silently asked it if it could do repeat performances like Ron. Mind you he also asked if ‘Harry, Jr.’ could do it several times in a row, but last much longer than two and a half minutes each time. Harry imagined that if his penis had shoulders that it would shrug and say “I’ll give it a go.”

Hermione returned wearing nothing more than her smile. Watching his girlfriend saunter over to him, he imagined what she would look like with the “Hello Kitty” lingerie on. Harry suddenly found himself considering if he should give her the present after all. He wondered if his choice of lingerie was such a good idea. He had bought the lingerie thinking that Hermione would enjoy wearing it, but he now realized that he had purchased the frilly set more for his enjoyment. Honestly, he would truly love to see Hermione wear the naughty

undergarments, but he couldn't imagine how wearing a set of novelty knickers and bra could be enjoyable for her.

Hermione placed the caldron in front of Harry and tossed one of his discarded socks into the oily liquid.

"Sit down," she requested as she stirred the contents. Harry flopped down on the couch.

"Do you remember the incantation?" Hermione asked.

With a goofy grin Harry shook his head. All he recalled was how nice it was to have Hermione's hands on him.

"You say 'Ructo Vermis'" Hermione reminded him. "And I say 'Praefoco Pullus'."

Hermione dipped her hands into the caldron and then coated his penis with the oil. She lowered her face so that her lips were mere centimeters from 'Harry, Jr.'s crown and began to chant and pump. Her fingers ran up and down his shaft and her breath danced across its tip. Harry joined in with her chant and in a short matter of time; Harry became light headed and felt as if he had become detached from his body. He opened his eyes and saw that he and astral-Hermione were again floating above their bodies.

"Don't focus on my tits this time," she implored. "Just think about the Horcruxes."

"Okay," Harry said dejectedly and thought about Voldemort's Horcruxes.

In an instant, Harry and Hermione's spirits plummeted through floor after floor of the castle. They shot past the kitchen and dungeon and ended up in darkness once more. A sudden nagging feeling filled Harry, as if he had been here before.

"Does this place feel familiar to you?" he asked Hermione who was still stroking his penis. "I mean besides the first time you gave me a hand – we performed the ritual?"

“No, not at all,” she admitted, ignoring Harry’s slip of the tongue. Harry heard water drip somewhere in the inky blackness.

Before Harry could speculate further, the couple took off. Their spirits flew through rock and earth before soaring through the night sky. Within seconds, they were flying toward the orphanage where Riddle was raised. Harry and Hermione passed through the ground and entered the dimly lit chamber.

“I wonder what exactly this one is?” Hermione asked as they both examined the black sheet hiding the relic.

“It really doesn’t matter,” Harry answered. “We just have to destroy it.”

“I know, I’m just curious.”

After a moment, the pair took off again. This time they rocketed toward a nice looking house in the country.

“This must be Founders’ Cove,” offered Harry as they entered the house. Sitting in front of the fireplace was the crumpled looking wizard who had bought Slytherin’s Locket from Borgin. He was examining the Locket he held in his hands. He lovingly caressed the gold object, and then set it tenderly on the table next to him.

“Now, the last Horcrux, Voldemort himself,” Hermione stated as they zipped through the air. They flew past towns and cities, rapidly approaching the eerie looking keep. Their spirits slid through the stone and mortar and entered Voldemort’s throne room. Voldemort was pacing back and forth in front of a cowering Wormtail.

“It’s time to go spelunking in the special cave, again,” Voldemort said knowingly.

“But Master, the ‘cave’ is dark and... and...” Wormtail nervously stammered. “It’s unnatural!”

“What are they talking about?” Hermione asked knowing that Voldemort and his lackey could neither hear nor see the two teens.

"I don't know. Maybe they're talking about where the missing Horcrux is?" offered Harry. "Perhaps Voldemort is asking Wormtail to go into the cave where it's hidden to check up on it."

"Nothing about me is natural," Voldemort hissed at Wormtail's hesitation. He threw a very small harness, something that would fit onto a rat, at the animagus' feet. "Now, transform!"

Wormtail quickly changed into his rat-form and the Dark Lord pulled a cardboard tube, similar to the type from a roll of paper towel, out of his robes.

"What in heaven's name are they doing?" Hermione asked.

"You better have clipped your nails this time, Wormtail," Voldemort threatened as he began to turn around. "I was bleeding for days last time!"

The villain reached down and grabbed the string that was attached to Wormtail's harness. Then, much to Harry and Hermione's disgust, Voldemort threw off his robes and revealing his deathly pale and boney arse to them. Voldemort positioned the cardboard tube at his bum and it finally became clear what the Dark Lord and Wormtail were about to do.

"WE HAVE TO LEAVE RIGHT NOW!" both Harry and Hermione screamed as Voldemort knelt down on the floor and began to wedge the tube into his rectum.

"Let's get out of here!" Harry cried in fear. "End the ritual now!"

"I can't!" Hermione said, beginning to panic. It won't end until you ejaculate!"

"Work faster!" demanded Harry with terror. "We have to leave right now!"

"I know! I'm trying!" Hermione snapped as she began to furiously pump on Harry's member in desperation, trying her best to make him

cum, thereby canceling the spell. Harry, even through his growing nausea, felt that Hermione was creating enough friction to start a fire. Harry cringed as Wormtail scampered into the tube, he could hear the rat's tiny claws scarping on the inside of the tube.

"Oooh that's it," Voldemort cooed in a most disturbing manner as Wormtail disappeared from view into the tube. "Who's been a good Dark Lord?"

Harry's blood ran cold as he saw Voldemort's face tighten, and the villain declared, "That's right! I've been a good Dark Lord! A VERY GOOD DARK LORD!" Harry heard Wormtail squeak in pain

In a snap, Harry and Hermione returned to their bodies. Harry hadn't cum, but instead had rapidly lost his erection, thereby aborting the ritual abruptly. To be honest, just saying that Harry had lost his erection was a little understated. It was more like 'Harry, Jr.' was so frightened at what Voldemort did with his free time that the penis ran away and hid, threatening never to come out again. He also saw that his penis was fairly red and raw from Hermione's desperate and panicky pumping. Harry shivered and noticed that he was covered in a cold sweat. He looked down to check on how his girlfriend was doing.

"Hermione, are you okay - ?" but Harry was unable to finish his question because he saw Hermione's pretty hazel eyes roll up into her head and she fainted. This of course led to an immediate problem for Harry because she fell forward and into him. But the fact that she fell into him wasn't the main problem. Rather the issue was that she fell rapidly and with a great deal of force, with her forehead smashing into his genitals – in other words; Hermione accidentally, and very savagely, head-butted Harry's nuts. Harry curled up in the fetal position screaming in pain with Hermione's face was still buried in his groin before blacking out himself.

To Be Continued

Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor  
Chapter Fifteen: Happy B-Day to the Erection Killer!

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut- fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Fifteen Summary: The gang goes to Ginny's birthday party where Harry and Hermione get their revenge on the twins!

Harry was in an incredible amount of pain. The last thing he remembered before blacking out was Hermione fainting and unexpectedly head-butting 'Harry, Jr.' and his luggage. As every bloke will tell you; any blow to the genitals is unbelievably painful – mind you this description only applies to the blow of the punching variety; when the blow comes from the lips, tongue, and mouth, the sensation is incredibly nice. Our hero never realized that getting some "head" could be so painful and downright dangerous.

With a pitiful groan, Harry opened his eyes. Judging by the sunlight streaming into the Common Room, he had been unconscious all night. Hermione was still unconscious... and in his lap.

Her head lay heavily in his crotch. Hermione's kinky hair was spread out all over his lap, and judging by her warm breath on 'Harry, Jr.' her mouth must've been very close to his penis. It was as if she was using Harry's lap as a pillow.

As gently as he could, Harry tried to rouse his girlfriend. He placed his hand on her head and spoke softly; "Hermione get up."

Hermione, who was apparently dreaming, muttered, "Not now. I wanna sleep some more." To show just how much she wanted to sleep, Hermione nuzzled her face into her imaginary pillow. As

mentioned previously, Harry's lap was this pillow. She sleepily rubbed her nose and lips into 'Harry, Jr.' and his luggage. Now, Harry's bits were bruised and battered, but his beautiful (and naked) girlfriend was rubbing her face in his genitals, and therefore overrode the pain he was feeling.

Even though it was beaten, 'Harry, Jr.' found the strength to begin to stand. If it got the chance to stand even more, it'd be poking Hermione in the eye or perhaps up her nose.

Half of Harry's brain wanted Hermione to remain in her sleepy state and continue to nuzzle his bits. But the other half of his brain realized that Hermione would be quite irate if that happened. He rationalized that no witch would want to wake up to an erect penis jabbing her in the nose. So, Harry shoved that half of his brain that wanted a "face-job" into the corner of his mind and threatened to give it a stern lecture about inappropriate thoughts later. It also occurred to him, that even if 'Harry, Jr.' was completely flaccid and not aroused like it was, Hermione might not like the idea of having it pressed up against her conk anyhow.

Harry reckoned that the best way to wake his lovely witch was to lift her face up and off of his lap. He gently placed his hands on either side of her head and lifted slowly. Two things caught his eye once he removed Hermione's face from his groin. The first was that Hermione must have recently drooled a little; a thin line of spittle connected her lips and his bits. It was a rather naughty and intriguing image. However the second thing that caught his eye wasn't as intriguing. Apparently, when Hermione was nuzzling into his groin, some of her wild and kinky hair had accidentally gotten wrapped around 'Harry, Jr.' and a few strands looked like they were tangled in his foreskin. This was a bad thing.

He couldn't remove her without pulling her hair out – which would be painful for her he imagined – and also the thought of strands of hair tugging at 'Harry, Jr.' didn't sound like much fun for Harry either. So Harry had to resort to his original plan of waking Hermione, despite the side-effect of her potential anger of awakening to find a semi-erect penis in her face.



He was about to poke her – with his finger, Merlin you people have dirty minds – when a voice drifted through the air.

“... it’s horrible, Headmistress,” the gravelly voice of Filch, the Hogwarts’ caretaker stated. Harry heard no less than three pair of feet enter the Common Room. “I found the two bodies on the couch and heard the dreadful screamin’ coming from the boys’ dormitory.” By what Filch was saying, it sounded like he had wandered into the Common Room and thought that Harry and Hermione were dead and must have decided to go to McGonagall for help. Looking around in a panic, Harry searched for his wand. He was desperately trying to find it to either conjure some clothes for him and Hermione or Disillusion both of them. “Seeing that I’m a Squib, I couldn’t do nothing to help, so I fetched you,” Filch concluded

“Oh my,” Madam Pomfrey exclaimed as she saw Harry sitting naked on the couch with an equally nude Hermione in his lap.

“Wait, you’re supposed to be dead!” Filch pointed an accusing finger at Harry while the nude wizard waved weakly at his elders.

McGonagall sighed in an almost forlorn way and spoke in a commanding voice; “Miss Granger.” Which led to a very unfortunate incident; Hermione, being the good student she always was, was instantly roused by McGonagall’s order, and by reflex stood rapidly.

After the sound of several strands of hair being forcefully torn out of her head, both of Harry and Hermione’s screams bounced off the walls of the Common Room. Hermione clutched the area of her head where the dozen or so hairs were while Harry clutched his bits.

“My hair!” screeched Hermione.

Harry wanted to counter with “Who cares about your hair, it’ll re-grow! My bits on the other hand have just been strangled and yanked!” But seeing as he was in agony and curled up in the fetal position once more, Harry settled for pathetic high-pitched sounds of pain.

With a frantic expression to her face, Hermione examined her hair closely, to see if any other strands were injured. She was so intent on this that she hadn't noticed that McGonagall, Pomfrey, and a very stunned Filch were watching her. Harry saw that the caretaker had his lamp-like eyes fixed on Hermione's shaved groin.

"Avert your eyes, man," Harry growled menacingly at Filch. Well as menacingly as one can get when they are rolled up into a tight ball and have tears of pain welling up in their eyes.

It was at this point that Hermione finally noticed their "guests" and dove behind the couch to hide.

"Argus, you may leave," McGonagall said.

"But what about the screams and moans comin' from the boys' dormitory?" Filch asked.

As if on cue, Luna's groan floated down from Harry and Ron's room. For a moment, both McGonagall and Pomfrey were visibly concerned with the groans and it was obvious that the two older witches couldn't tell it was a pleasurable moan. Harry was about to tell McGonagall not to worry, but hesitated when he realized that he'd have to tell his stern mentor that Ron was shagging his girlfriend in their room. He paused, trying to find a more civil explanation for the sounds simply because he didn't want to use the words "shag," "sex," or "bang" in front of McGonagall, let alone to her. Thankfully, Harry didn't need to tell the Headmistress what was occurring because Ron unwittingly announced it.

"Oh, yes, pinch my nipples," Ron's voice requested and a overjoyed giggle told everyone in the Common Room that Luna was more than happy to oblige.

A blushing McGonagall pretended to ignore Ron's cheer of, "YES, THAT'S IT!"

"I don't think we're needed here, Poppy," McGonagall said to Madame Pomfrey. "Would you mind taking Argus out with you?" she

asked indicating Filch. The Headmistress nodded her head toward Harry and said, "I'll see you tonight at Miss Weasley's birthday party."

With that, McGonagall, Pomfrey, and Filch left Harry and Hermione in the Common Room with what was left of their dignity.

After their elders had left, Harry and Hermione got dressed – although Hermione kept rubbing the side of her head where her hair was torn out and Harry spent a good amount of time untangling her hair from his bits. Once they were finished dressing, the two young lovers sat on the couch.

"I'm sorry about the head-butt," offered Hermione sincerely.

"S'okay, it was just an accident," supplied Harry. "I'm sorry 'bout your hair."

"It's alright, it'll grow back," Hermione replied, and then added in an undertone, "I hope."

As a sign of support, Harry kissed the assaulted area on her head. She smiled at his gesture and kissed him back. Of course Harry was hoping that Hermione would've copied his action and kissed his assaulted area, but he settled for a kiss on the lips.

"So about this prank against the twins, how does it work?" Harry asked.

"It's fairly simple," began Hermione. "All you have to do is stimulate me while I focus on the twins and concentrate on a non-vocal incantation. My orgasm will trigger the ritual and every old witch that the twins see will be completely starkers."

"So the hard part will be not letting anyone see us doing the ritual," Harry put in.

"Yes, but we could do a series of Disillusionment and Glamour Charms to make it look like your hand is in your lap and not mine," replied Hermione. "But the illusion won't be perfect; if someone looks

at us long enough, they'll see a shimmer around you arm and that may give it away."

"And they'll figure out what we're doing if they see your face," added Harry.

"What is that supposed to mean?" Hermione asked slightly offended.

"You become very... animated when you climax," explained Harry

"Fine then, I'll just have to control myself, won't I?" Hermione stated.

"Still, we'll need a distraction to help us hide, just to be safe" offered Harry. "Maybe we'll do it when Ginny is opening her presents. Everyone should be focusing on her at that point."

"That'll work," agreed Hermione.

"So, what should we do until the party?" asked Harry.

Hermione shared a look with Harry that said that she wasn't in the mood to fool around just yet; a sentiment that Harry wholeheartedly shared. At least, not so soon after their discovery of why Voldemort kept the traitorous Wormtail around.

"How about we read?" Hermione suggested.

"Oh that reminds me," Harry said and stood. "I got you some books yesterday."

The raven-haired wizard made his way up the stairs and knocked on his dorm room door. Seeing that there was no answer from Ron or Luna, Harry assumed that they were asleep. Harry's suspicion was proven correct when he opened the door and found his two friends asleep. Mind you, they were still both very naked. And on Neville's bed. Seeing his friends nude wasn't troubling Harry because he had already done that the day before; he was just glad that they didn't have sex on his bed. But judging by the crumpled and wrinkled bed sheets, not only did they shag on Neville's bed, they also did the deed on Dean's and Seamus' beds as well. It was safe to assume

that the only bed that Ron and Luna didn't perform any type of sex act on was Ron's own bed.

Silently, Harry retrieved the books he bought but placed the "Hello Kitty" lingerie to the side. He doubted that Hermione would be pleased with such a gift, and decided to go to Diagon Alley and return it shortly.

Hermione squealed in delight when Harry gave her the books. She immediately flopped down in her favorite chair and began reading them. Harry took this time to go read through his favorite book. He opened up "The Magic of Making Love" to a random page and began to read.

The section he had chosen was entitled "Unusual Rituals and Spells." One of these unusual rituals was called "The Sticky Widget". According to the special book, when the ritual was performed, the wizard remained fully erect and functioning until the ritual was ended with the special incantation "Conquiesco Fessus". The major side effect of this ritual was that the wizard's erect penis would be stuck inside his partner until the ritual was cancelled, allowing at the most a motion of two or three inches while inside the female partner's bits. It was as if the ritual put a Sticking Charm on the penis for some reason. The idea of being firmly stuck inside a witch didn't seem too appealing. Why anyone would do such a ritual was beyond Harry.

But the idea of being able to last longer, and thereby pleasing the witch more, was very intriguing to Harry. That way he could easily make Hermione very happy... other than using his magical mouth... and other than using the Pleasure Pressure Points.... Harry wanted to broaden his horizons and be a Jack of All Trades when it came to pleasing Hermione. It was something that he set his mind to achieve: be an expert at pleasuring Hermione.

So Harry searched for a spell or ritual that would increase his stamina, and in short order, he found one. It was easy to find because it was called "The Stamina Ritual". It would only double the times the wizard could normally perform. But Harry rationalized that two times was better than just once and he memorized the simple ritual. All Harry

had to do to get this boost was hop around on his left leg while chanting “Accipio Amplus” seven times.

After he had memorized that ritual, Harry continued to read the book. He was still amazed what was in it. Not just spells and rituals, but positions meant to heighten the pleasure. Some of these positions were called “Churning Cream,” “The Black Bee,” “Splinting the Bamboo,” “The Elephant,” and “The Stag” (thankfully not related to Harry’s father and his animagus form).

A while later, Ron and Luna finally came down. They had showered and dressed for the party. Taking their lead, Harry and Hermione showered – separately, they were running late – and got ready for Ginny’s party.

When Harry returned to the Common Room, he found McGonagall waiting along with Ron and Luna.

“I’ve made a Portkey so we won’t get soot on our robes if we go by Floo,” announced McGonagall as she held up an old shoe.

“Thank you, Professor,” Hermione said as she returned from dressing.

The five gathered around the shoe and McGonagall touched her wand to it and incanted “Portus.” In a moment, all of them touched the shoe and were magically transported to the Burrow – of course Harry crashed to the ground.

The first thing that Harry noticed was that it was rather hot and unusually humid outside. It was like someone had placed a hot wet cloth over his head.

“Bloody heat,” grumbled Ron and he helped Harry to his feet.

“Wotcher, gang,” a cheerful voice called out. Harry turned and saw Tonks walk out of the Burrow with several chairs floating behind her. The Auror waved her wand and the chairs flew off and landed neatly around a number of tables that were already set on the lawn.

"I thought you were on duty tonight?" Hermione asked as she greeted Tonks.

"Got called off the last minute," Tonks replied with a cheery bloom to her face. Whether the bloom came from happiness or the heat, Harry didn't know. "So I decided to give Molly a hand setting up Ginny's party. 'Course I got the newbie to help me out," she finished by jerking her thumb back at the Burrow. Just then, Courtney, Tonks' Auror trainee, stumbled out of the Weasley house. The witch was carrying two massive tankards of butterbeer while sweat poured off her skin.

"Courtney, are you alright?" Harry asked with concern.

"Yeah," the future Auror responded. "I'm just super hot is all; it's a burden I have to live with. That and it's really warm out today."

"Wow, those are some big jugs," commented Ron while he eyed the large tankards of butterbeer that Courtney was carrying.

"Well you could be a proper gentleman and give her a hand," Molly scolded her son as she too came out of the house, carrying more butterbeer. "Instead of standing there like a buffoon."

Fearful of his mother's temper, Ron snatched the tankards away from Courtney and Harry asked Mrs. Weasley if he could take the ones she was carrying. For the next twenty minutes, Harry and his friends helped set up Ginny's party. While they were setting up the party, the Creevey brothers, Colin and Dennis, arrived via the Knight Bus. Both of them had their cameras, and the moment they saw Harry, began circling their idol and snapping pictures of him.

"Is it true that you're ga – err... dating Draco?" Colin asked with a hopeful tone in his voice and a desperate gleam in his eyes. Harry got the distinct impression that if he replied "yes" then Colin would drop his camera, disrobe and offer himself to his idol, saying something along the lines of "Leave that hooligan and take me!"

"No, I'm not," Harry responded, and Colin's desperate gleam turned hopeful. Wishing to quell the younger wizard's hope of dating the Boy

Who Lived, Harry threw his arm around Hermione and concluded, "I'm very straight."

The Creevey brothers both uttered a sad "oh" and sulked off.

"Speaking of the rumors of your orientation," Hermione began as she scanned the growing crowd of guests. "Where are Fred and George?"

"Dunno," Harry said. "Maybe they're closing the shop and will be here late."

Two loud cracks announced the arrival of Luna's father and Neville. Harry heard Ron make a soft noise of panic somewhere behind him. Harry turned and saw a very ashen faced Ron standing behind him. Apparently, Luna's tactic of calming Ron's nerves about meeting her father by shagging her new boyfriend's brains out wasn't completely effective.

"Daddy!" Luna cheered and ran to her father while half-leading, half-dragging Ron behind her. "There's someone I'd like you to meet!"

Harry couldn't hear what Luna was saying to her father, but it was obvious by both wizards' expressions that she was introducing Ron as her boyfriend. Mr. Lovegood was giving Ron a steely gaze while Ron looked like he was about to soil himself.

"Hiya Harry, Hermione," Neville greeted them as he walked away from the awkward situation that was developing between Ron and Mr. Lovegood.

"Hi, Neville. Did you enjoy your trip?" asked Harry. He was stunned when he saw Neville; his friend had lost a little weight around his midsection – a few pounds – but had gained a bit of muscle around his arms and chest. He wasn't muscle bound or athletic, Neville was still a big wizard, but it suited him.

"It was great," heralded Neville. "I got to see so many unique and exotic magical flora."

"Have you been working out?" Hermione asked.



"Kind of," Neville admitted bashfully. "A bunch of the plants that I tried to uproot weren't too keen on the idea and fought back. So I guess in a way I did work out."

A polite cough drew Harry's attention. He turned to face a very ruminative looking Ginny.

"Harry, I'm sorry -" Ginny began.

"There's no need to apologize," Harry interrupted. "I forgive you."

Harry gave Gin-Gin the Erection Killer a comforting hug; much like the way a brother would hug his little sister. He was surprised by his own actions. He had intended to stay away from Ginny as much as possible and had planned only to speak to her in short, but polite, conversations. He had no intentions of accepting any apology from the red-haired witch, much less forgiving her for her actions. Harry was amazed by his unintentional show of maturity.

One look at Hermione told Harry that she, unlike him, had no intention of showing such pardon. The devilish grin on his girlfriend's face warned Harry that she would not let Ginny off so easily. Harry imagined that Hermione was fighting the urge to ask Ginny "Is your vulva still bruised?" or "Boy, Harry can eat me out like nobody's business. Let me tell you Ginny, you're missing out!"

"Hi Neville, I'm glad you could come," Ginny said. Hermione still had her devilish grin and Harry knew that she would be patient. Her revenge against Ginny may not come today, or tomorrow, but one day. Perhaps Hermione would make Ginny be her personal slave in penance. Harry could imagine Hermione making Ginny call her "Mistress."

"Um, hi Ginny," Neville returned her greeting nervously. "I got you this on my trip." Neville withdrew from his robes a pretty red plant with yellow-gold blossoms in a simple pot. He handed it to the birthday girl and explained, "It's called 'Verecundus Rosa' or 'The Shy Rose.' It literally feeds off of attention. If you don't notice it, it wilts and dies. If you give it negative attention, both the leaves and blossoms will turn

black and twisted. But if you shower it with positive attention; it will grow strong and beautiful. When I saw it in a forest in Burma, I was struck by its beauty and I thought... well..." Harry could tell that Neville was nervous and embarrassed, but that he was brave enough to finish his statement after regaining his confidence. "It was so beautiful that I thought of you, Ginny."

Ginny's eyes popped open in surprise and her face grew red at Neville's compliment. Neville muttered a "Happy Birthday" and walked away with his cheeks red as well. As he retreated, Neville would occasionally glance over his shoulder.

"Has he been working out?" Ginny asked in a distracted way as she watched Neville walk away. "It suits him."

Another set of loud cracks heralded the arrival of the targets; Fred and George. One of the twins thumped Harry on the back and said in an overly effeminate way, "Hello there, how's your love life, sailor?"

"Oh Feorge, don't pester the poor girl," Fred added in an equally feminine way and slapped his brother in a limp wristed sort of way. "Can't you tell that Harry doesn't like to kiss and tell. She's a shy little princess."

"I will get you two back," Harry threatened.

"Look out Gred, this kitten has claws!" George mocked.

"Meow!" Fred added.

"Live it up," Hermione countered. "But soon, you won't be the ones laughing."

"Ooooo" the twins mocked in unison. "We're so scared!"

Fred and George barked in laughter and walked away.

"Let's start the ritual as soon as possible," Hermione suggested through gritted teeth. Harry nodded his head in agreement; not only would he have his revenge against the twins for starting that rumor

about him and Draco but – more importantly – Harry would get to pleasure Hermione, which was always fun.

“It’s a simple ritual, but there is one major side effect,” warned Hermione.

“What?” Harry hissed. “What side effect?”

“Once we begin the ritual, we’ll have to finish,” Hermione explained. “The magics used in the ritual will compel us to finish once we start.”

“How’s that bad?” asked Harry. To him, the idea of being forced to pleasure Hermione wasn’t a bad side effect but a nice one.

“Because if we’re found out or discovered, we’ll still have to complete the ritual,” stated Hermione. “That means that you’ll have to bring me to orgasm, even if everyone in the party finds out and is watching us. I may be kinky, and the general idea of being caught in the act may be a turn on, but the thought of being actually caught really frightens me.”

Harry gulped as the image that Hermione was describing entered his mind. He could imagine that Molly would faint, the Creevey brothers would recoil in disgust (“eww, a vagina,” they’d say), and the twins would offer pointers; “Give her nipples a pinch Harry!” or “Give her the shocker!” they’d say. But whatever the twins had to offer in the realms of humiliation was nothing compared to the threat of Tonks. Oh, gods, just the thought of the horrors that Tonks, and by proxy Remus, would inflict made Harry want to cry in fear.

“Don’t worry,” Hermione said comfortingly. “We can do this. We need to focus on exactly why we’re tempting fate. We do this and we’ll get our revenge on the twins.”

“They’ll see every old witch completely nude,” Harry said happily. As fortune would have it, just as Harry said this, an incredibly old witch slowly crept into view. Judging by her squat frame, she must’ve been one of Mrs. Weasley’s relatives... one of her really old relatives at that.

The young couple waited until Fred and George took their seats at the table before sitting a few chairs down on the opposite side. Harry and Hermione ended up sitting near the end of the long table with Tonks and Courtney two chairs away from them. Ginny was at the head of the table with Ron and Luna sitting right next to her.

Everyone was chattering amongst themselves and Harry knew that it wouldn't be a good idea to start the ritual just yet. All the guests were talking to each other and would most likely talk to Harry and Hermione as well, so it was impossible to begin the ritual without someone noticing.

After a few minutes, platters piled high with food flew out of the Burrow's kitchen and landed gracefully on the table. The guests ate while continuing their conversations. Harry was starting to get worried, if it kept on like this he'd never get the chance to finger.... err... perform the ritual and get his revenge against Fred and George.

But thankfully, after supper was finished a large cake magically appeared in front of Ginny and everyone's attention was drawn to the head of the table. Sixteen candles sparked and burned on the cake and everyone began to sing the birthday song.

While the others were singing, Hermione discreetly waved her wand under the table in the direction of Harry's arm while muttering an incantation under her breath. Harry felt his right arm tingle and he held up his hand as an experiment. Hermione's Disillusionment and Glamour Charms worked perfectly. Harry waved his invisible hand in front of his face and marveled over how it looked like his arm hadn't moved at all. He stuck his invisible fore and middle finger in his mouth to wet them with his saliva before sliding his hand under the table and up Hermione's skirt.

Harry was certain that Hermione would defend her decision to go knicker-less was purely in preparation for the ritual. But he also knew that his girlfriend had a huge kinky streak in her and he doubted that she did so solely for the ritual. He placed his wet fingers on Hermione's flower and traced over her bud and petals. Hermione bit her lip while Harry worked his fingers.

Ginny blew out the candles with one breath and Arthur began to slice the cake. After Ginny got her piece, Mr. Weasley turned his attention to Harry.

"Harry would you like some?" Mr. Weasley asked.

"Um, ah," stammered Harry as everyone at the table turned to face him. Even though he had just started to finger... err... started the ritual, Hermione already had a bloom to her cheeks. He was worried that someone would notice her condition and tried to pull his fingers away from her flower. Unfortunately, his fingers would not heed his command and instead continued to stimulate Hermione's flower. Hermione was right; the magics used in the ritual were preventing him from stopping. "Err... no thanks sir."

"How about you Hermione?" Mr. Weasley asked.

"N-n-no thanks," she muttered and then bit her lip.

"Okay, more for the rest of us," commented Mr. Weasley and continued to pass out slices of cake to the guests.

Judging by how wet Hermione was, Harry realized that he must have been doing a very good job at stimulating his girlfriend. That, or she was really turned on by the fact that they were performing a sex act in the open in front of friends and family.

A soft squelching noise came from Hermione's lap and the two lovers shared a concerned look. They had planned on disguising Harry's arm to hide the ritual, but they had forgotten to mask any sounds.

After everyone had their cake, Ginny started opening her presents. The first box she opened was from her parents which contained earrings that belonged to her grandmother.

"Thanks Mum and Dad," Ginny squealed and moved on to the next present which was Harry's. She read the title of the book and said "Thanks Harry, it's wonderful."

“Um... you’re welcome,” replied Harry. His worry about being discovered was growing with each second. He was certain that no one had yet noticed that his arm was charmed and Hermione wasn’t being her usual energetic self; she wasn’t gyrating and moaning like normal – but her face was flush and tiny beads of sweat were blossoming on her skin. Ginny went to open another present and Harry breathed a sigh of relief, obviously no one had noticed Harry or Hermione’s actions.

“Oh, thank you Hermione,” Ginny squealed while holding up a pretty silver bracelet, obviously Hermione’s gift. Harry was surprised at the present; he had been expecting Hermione to give the girl either something simple and meaningless gift like a book on Quidditch, or something mean and derogatory, like a book with a title along the lines of “You Can’t Have Him; Tips on Dating After a Bad Break Up.” But the bracelet was quiet pretty. With eyes shimmering with tears, Ginny continued; “It’s so beautiful! This is too much,” the birthday girl objected.

“IT’S NOTHING!” Hermione blurted out. Apparently, the brunette witch was having difficulty containing her composure and let her guard slip a little.

“Thank you,” Ginny smiled and opened the next present.

“Are you okay Hermione?” Mrs. Weasley asked.

“Oh – oh- oh I’m f-fine,” Hermione groaned out.

Ginny continued to open present after present as Harry continued to rub Hermione. The brunette witch was so wet that Harry’s fingers were dripping and she was practically flowing. It was probably the fact that they were performing a sex act in public and she was a kinky little witch, but Harry could tell that Hermione was going to have a hell of an orgasm.

“Excuse me, you two, but I have to ask you something,” McGonagall said. Harry turned to see the Headmistress standing right over their shoulders. His blood ran cold while his fingers caressed and rubbed Hermione’s petals. The Headmistress wore her normal stern

expression, but Harry detected a hint of happiness in her voice. Harry just hoped the happiness wasn't over the fact that she had just caught her two favorite students fooling around. "The Board of Governors has finally decided to let Hogwarts remain open."

If Professor McGonagall was expecting thunderous applause from the two teenagers in front of her, she was sadly mistaken. Harry and Hermione were very silent and lost in thought; both over the news that McGonagall had just shared with them and the fear of being caught performing the ritual.

Harry was torn; he was happy that the school was not going to be shut down, but he had made a vow not to return. They had Horcruxes to hunt and he really couldn't bother with school.

"Now, I'm not going to be delusional and hope for a full class," the Headmistress continued with the joy in her voice becoming more and more evident. "We'll be lucky if half the student body returns."

"Oh no," moaned Hermione. Her resolve not to alert anyone that she was being pleased was obviously starting to crumble.

"Thank you for your concern, Miss Granger, but I don't want to fill myself up with false hope," McGonagall commented. Apparently she mistook Hermione's moan as a show of support and not a sign of pleasure.

Harry and Hermione shared a worried look; they too were torn. They didn't want to bring McGonagall's mood down with their refusal to return to school. That and they were both scared that McGonagall was about to ask what Harry was doing to Hermione.

"Professor... I'm sorry..." Harry began hesitantly.

"I have a proposition for you, Mr. Potter," McGonagall interrupted. "As I said before, we'll be lucky if half of the students return. Such a low amount of students to teach will give the instructors' ample free time. When you two showed up at the castle a few days ago, Miss Granger asked to remain in the castle so that you can train and study in order to fight You-Know-Who. Seeing that I and my peers will have free

time, I am offering to give you and some of your friends special advance training. I'm certain that Filius and some of the others would be more than pleased to do the same."

"Oh w-wow," groaned Hermione. Harry knew that she was both pleased by McGonagall's offer for advance training allowing her to learn many new and fascinating things as well as being stimulated by his fingers at the same time.

Harry was honored; McGonagall was offering to give him special advance training. Even though he believed that whatever the Headmistress was going to teach him would be useful, he still needed to search for and destroy the Horcruxes. He couldn't do that if he was cooped up in the castle.

"Before you make up your mind, I want to tell you two things," McGonagall added. "The first is that I am officially offering Miss Granger the position of Head Girl and I want you, Potter, to be Head Boy."

Hermione shivered, the combination of McGonagall telling her that her dream about becoming Head Girl was going to come true and the ecstasy caused by Harry's fingers was driving her wild.

"But Ron's our year's Prefect," Harry countered as Hermione slowly wriggled on his hand.

"You don't need to be a Prefect to qualify for Head Boy, Mr. Potter," explained McGonagall. "Look at your father; Remus was their year's Prefect but James was Head Boy.

"The second thing I wanted to offer should be considered unofficial and between us," McGonagall went on. "Albus' portrait told me that if you did return, you'd need to make special trips throughout the term. What kind of trips, I don't know. But I trust Albus and I will allow you and your friends to make these excursions. I only ask that you don't take them while you should be in lessons."

Harry considered McGonagall's terms; he would get the training he needed and he would be allowed to continue his quest. He turned to



Hermione to see what her thoughts on the subject were. Of course he saw the look of desire in her eyes, she had dreamt of being the Head Girl the moment she had entered the castle doors.

“What do you say Miss Granger?” asked McGonagall.

Hermione let out a very low, long, and impassioned “YYEEESSS!”

Harry was amazed at his girlfriend, she was literally throbbing in his palm. The public sex act combined with his fingers working her quim along with the news McGonagall had just told her was making her reach the pinnacle of pleasure.

“And you Mr. Potter?” McGonagall inquired.

“I don’t know,” Harry said hesitantly. The Headmistress was being very giving in her offer, but Harry was still concerned that going back to finish his seventh year at Hogwarts would interfere with his quest.

McGonagall added in an undertone, “Did I mention that the Head Boy and Girl each get their own private quarters where neither one would be disturbed by any unwanted interruptions.”

“I’LL DO IT!” explained Harry joyously. The idea that he’d get his own room where he and Hermione could fool around without any interruptions was enough to seal the deal.

“Thank you very much,” McGonagall said genuinely and walked away.

A muffled moan emanated from Hermione and Harry could tell that she was about to erupt and that she wouldn’t be able to control herself. She was going to scream bloody murder and everyone at the table will find out exactly what they were doing. Harry couldn’t let his girlfriend be embarrassed in such a way; he had to do something to drown out her cries. Sadly, Harry came up with the perfect plan to do just that.

From across the table, Harry mouthed the words “I’m sorry” to Ron. The red haired wizard looked at his best mate in confusion.

“Ron and Luna had sex loads of times on their first date!” Harry announced loudly. All eyes turned to Ron and Luna. Ron looked like he was about to have a stroke but Luna’s expression looked calm and passive, as if Harry had just told everyone that the sky was blue.

“RONALD BILIUS WEASLEY!” Molly screamed.

Mr. Lovegood was glowering at the wizard who deflowered his daughter as Mrs. Weasley stalked over to Ron while everyone watched her in fear. The heat of rage coming from Mrs. Weasley was intense, but so was the heat of passion from Hermione’s flower. Harry’s girlfriend gripped the table and was obviously forcing her orgasm back until the proper time.

Mrs. Weasley started to scream at Ron. “HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING! DID YOU SLIP THE POOR GIRL A LUST POTION?”

Molly’s unnaturally loud voice drowned out Hermione’s cry of “SWEET BABY MAEVE!” as she came in Harry’s hand.

The twins blinked and shook their head as the magic from the ritual entered their bodies. Fred looked at his mother and his eyes almost popped out of his skull.

“Mum,” Fred screeched. “Put some clothes on!”

“Holy Shite!” George screamed while looking at Professor McGonagall. “Y-y-you’re s-s-sh-s-shaved?”

“What the devil is wrong with you two?” demanded Mrs. Weasley. Her twins’ outburst distracted her from the anger she was feeling toward her youngest son.

”What’s wrong with us, what’s wrong with you?” shot back George. “You’re naked!”

“As a jaybird!” added Fred.

“Aunt Gisele,” George murmured in fear as his eyes locked on the ancient witch that Harry had seen earlier. “W-w-wh-what’s with the piercings?”

Mr. Lovegood was still staring daggers at Ron – who looked like he was going to faint at any second – and Luna seemed fascinated by the pattern on the tablecloth. Mrs. Weasley was arguing with the twins that she wasn’t naked and that Fred and George better straighten up. As this was going on, Ginny shrugged her shoulders, picked up the plant Neville gave her, and sat next to Neville and proceeded to talk to him as if her family wasn’t having a knock-down-drag out fight around them. Or merely that this was pretty much an everyday affair for her family.

“Merlin, I wish my boyfriend was that brave,” sighed Courtney.

“Brave? What do you mean?” asked Harry.

“Brave enough to finger bang me in public,” the Auror in training explained and batted her eyes at Harry.

Hermione let out a pathetic whimper and Harry coughed uncontrollably. Their plan failed; Courtney saw them! And judging by the devilish smile on Tonks, she had seen them do it too.

“Oh, I think he’d have to be more kinky than brave,” offered Tonks.

“Oh, my boyfriend’s plenty kinky,” retorted Courtney. “He can do this thing with his tongue-”

“You saw?” Hermione interrupted. The panic and fear was evident in both her voice and her eyes.

“Of course we did,” Tonks snorted. “One of the first things we learn in the Academy is to spot, and more importantly, see through Disillusionment Charms.”

Harry tried to swallow the large ball that had formed in his throat. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Mr. and Mrs. Weasley lead Ron,

Luna, and Luna's father into the Burrow. The parents looked very somber as they left the table.

"You two are the kinkiest lot I've ever seen," Tonks commented and then added to Courtney. "This is the second time they done this in public."

"He's finger-banged her twice! Bravo, Harry," Courtney exclaimed while clapping softly.

"Although when I caught them doing it at Bill and Fleur's wedding the charms they used to hide Harry's hand and arm were much better," admitted Tonks.

"Actually, we... err... I did that one by accident," Harry said with embarrassment.

"How can you do that by accident?" asked Courtney. "Oh, I'm sorry, I just tripped and unintentionally pleased you to an orgasm with my finger."

"I could see that," Tonks offered. "Though he'd have to trip a lot to do so."

The two witches laughed at Harry and Hermione's expense. Harry was a little ticked at their attitude.

"It's called Pleasure Pressure Points," Harry defended.

"Pleasure what?" the two Aurors asked.

Lecturing was Hermione's area of expertise and she explained to Tonks and Courtney about "The Magic of Making Love" and its uses. After a few minutes of explanation, Courtney asked; "So that little finger bang was a ritual?"

"Yes, it makes the twins see through the clothes of witches, but only ones over fifty," Hermione clarified.

“And the book told Harry how he can do that thing with his Parseltongue?” inquired Tonks to which Hermione nodded. “That means not all the magic listed in the book has to do with rituals correct?”

“Well, the Parselmouth thing was a power boosting ritual,” Harry explained. “But we’ve done it a few times since then simply for pleasure.”

It seemed a little odd speaking so openly about sex in front of Courtney and Tonks, and Harry was surprised that he was offering so much information.

“Do you think I could borrow the book for a while?” asked Tonks.

“Why?” asked Harry.

“I want to see if it’ll help me grow bigger daisies in my garden,” Tonks said snidely. “Why do you think I want to? I want to use some of the stuff in there to shag Remus silly, that’s why.”

“I don’t know Tonks,” Hermione stated. “Harry’s power core is kind of keyed to the book and its rituals; we’ll be using it a lot and I don’t think I could lend it out just yet.”

As Hermione was speaking to Tonks, a sudden thought occurred to Harry; they could get back at Remus and the pink haired Auror for their practical jokes by using the book. His idea centered on somehow tricking Remus and Tonks into doing something embarrassing. Exactly what, Harry didn’t know just yet, but he could think of that later.

“Well, can’t we make them a copy of the book?” offered Harry.

“But magical copies only last a few days before disintegrating,” Hermione said.

“Who cares if it only lasts for a few days?” Harry asked with a knowing look in his eyes.

“That’s right, I’ll thumb through the copy and memorize the fun ones before it disintegrates,” Tonks added.

“All right,” Hermione concluded. It was clear by the look in her eyes that Hermione was curious as to what Harry was planning.

Harry, Hermione, Tonks, and Courtney talked for nearly an hour; discussing techniques and positions (Harry was desperately trying to memorize something that Courtney called “The Sunday Morning Scoop”). After the sun had set, Harry and Hermione decided it was time to head back home. The couple got up and started to head to the Burrow to fetch Ron and Luna when Ginny spoke up.

“I wouldn’t go in there if I were you,” Ginny said. She was still sitting next to Neville and had stopped her in-depth conversation with him to warn Harry and Hermione. “About fifteen minutes ago, Dad came out and ushered McGonagall in. He said something about making it official or something like that.”

Harry looked at Hermione and he could tell that she was wondering the same thing he was; make what official?

“Oh, by the way,” continued Ginny. “What the hell was wrong with Fred and George? They left a while ago looking like they had thrown up and soiled themselves all at the same time.”

A warm and happy feeling passed over Harry. Their revenge had worked perfectly. With any luck, the twins would be permanently scarred!

“I don’t know,” Hermione lied and had a huge grin on her face. It was obvious that she too was overjoyed that the twins were suffering. “We’re heading back to the castle, happy birthday, Ginny.”

Ginny waved goodbye and turned back to Neville. She then continued her conversation with Neville; the pair speaking in soft tones to each other.

“I guess we’ll Apparate to Hogsmeade and walk to the castle,” suggested Hermione.

With a crack, the couple disappeared from the Burrow and after what felt like being squeezed through a rubber tube, appeared in front of the Three Broomsticks. The moment they arrived, Hermione turned to Harry and demanded;

“All right, what do you have planned with the book?” she asked. “That look you gave me back there said you had something in mind.”

“I figured that we give them a copy of the special book, but we change a few things around,” Harry explained. “Basically trick them into pranking themselves.”

“That’s brilliant Harry,” exclaimed Hermione while they made their way to the castle.

“But I’m a little concerned about Remus discovering the prank like he did with our first try,” admitted Harry.

“Don’t worry, Harry; Detection Charms won’t work in situations like this,” explained Hermione. “For a Detection Charm to work, the caster has to be very familiar with the item he or she is casting the charm on. For example, Remus would’ve had to read the special book and know what it contained very well if he wanted to use a Detection Charm on it. Without knowing what was contained in the book in the first place, Remus won’t be able to tell what is different about it so any Detection Charms he’d cast on it would be worthless. So what kind of sticky situation are you planning on putting them in?”

At first Harry had no idea, but slowly, Hermione’s comment about a sticky situation sunk in. The Sticky Widget! He’d trick them into performing the ritual he had read earlier in the day!

“You are the most brilliant witch in the whole world,” Harry heralded and kissed his girlfriend. “I found a ritual in the book today where the two people will get stuck in mid-boink.”

“Why would anyone want to intentionally do that?” Hermione asked.

"I had no idea," answered Harry. "But I reckon we'll disguise it by mixing it with a stamina ritual and trick the two of them into doing it."

"And we can put a mild Compulsion Charm on that specific ritual. That way, they'd have to choose it," finished Hermione. "And don't worry about Remus finding the Compulsion Charm, a lot of books have them and it won't seem out of place."

"A lot of books have Compulsion Charms on them?" asked Harry in a disbelieving way.

"Yes," replied Hermione. "It's just a thing publishers do to make mediocre books sell well. Just look at The Da Vinci Code."

The young lovers spent the night making the copy of The Magic of Making Love with the altered ritual. The first thing in the morning, Harry sent the tampered book off with Hedwig to Tonks. Soon, revenge would be theirs.

He returned to the Common Room to find Hermione waiting for him.

"Have Ron and Luna come back yet?" he asked.

"No, not yet," Hermione replied. "They're probably just shagging like bunnies somewhere."

Hermione paused and her expression suddenly became somber.

"Harry, I just wanted to give you some time to prepare," Hermione stated. "The potion needed for my boosting ritual will be ready in four days."

As he stood there in the Common Room in front of his girlfriend, Harry's heart started to race. Not out of fear like it had the other day when he thought that they were going to make love right then and there, but out of excitement. Apparently, he was less afraid and more keen on the idea now.

"I just wanted to tell you so that you can prepare yourself," repeated Hermione and she walked up to hug Harry.



When she placed her arms around him, Harry could tell that she was both excited and nervous over the ritual where she will lose her virginity. In a show of support, Harry returned her hug.

But seeing that his heart was racing and he was excited over the thought of making love to the most wonderful witch in the world, 'Harry, Jr.' was suddenly very awake. The organ was jabbing Hermione in her hip as if it was saying that it was up for the ritual whenever she wanted to give it a try.

"Is that that your wand in your pocket?" Hermione asked saucily.

"No, I'm just really happy to see you," Harry replied with a lopsided grin.

"You know, I had all the fun last night and you didn't get any," stated Hermione and she eyed the bulge in Harry's trousers.

"Well, it was fun for me too," offered Harry truthfully. It was correct that he hadn't climaxed, but he really did enjoy pleasuring Hermione.

"Regardless, I feel I have to return the favor. Besides, I have to practice being Head Girl," she said while placing a great deal of emphasis on the word "Head". Hermione gave Harry a naughty little wink and lowered herself so that she was kneeling in front of her boyfriend.

Harry's heart was no longer racing but rather it was pounding away faster than he ever remembered! He was becoming light headed over the prospect of getting a blow-job from Hermione as well as the idea of making love to her in a few days. 'Harry, Jr.' was throbbing in his slacks and Hermione playfully stroked his length through his trousers. Harry's mind was filled with the image of Hermione's naked body underneath him and moaning out his name while they made love for the first time. With her dainty fingers, Hermione opened his trousers. The image of he and Hermione making love combined with Hermione kneeling in front of him with her fingers hooked around the waistband of his boxers ready to pull them down made Harry's heart feel like it was about to explode!

Unfortunately, Harry's heart wasn't the thing that did explode.

Harry grunted and his body shivered as he involuntarily climaxed and soiled the inside of his boxers. With her eyes wide open, Hermione looked up and said to Harry with a chuckle "I guess you were really excited?"

The young wizard slumped his shoulders dejectedly. Harry had been about to get another "birthday present" from Hermione, but he had suffered a bout of premature ejaculation.

"Ron's record is what... six in a row?" Hermione asked as she continued to look up at Harry. "Let's see if we can give him a run for his money?"

Hermione tugged Harry's boxers down and freed a messy 'Harry, Jr.'. She placed his softening manhood into her mouth and began to work it.

With a gulp, Harry said "You are the best girlfriend ever!"

With the organ still in her mouth, Hermione replied "Yes I am, aren't I?"

It took some effort on Hermione's part, but after a minute or two, she brought 'Harry, Jr.' back from his premature nap. She bobbed, suckled, and hummed Harry's theme expertly. But this time, Hermione added a new technique; she began to gently massage 'Harry, Jr.'s luggage.

Harry's knees were shaking a few minutes into Hermione's fellatio. He had never done this standing up and added to the fact that he had already cum, Harry was worried that he might fall down. Thankfully, Harry remained strong and he felt the pressure build up.

"Hermione, I'm gonna cum," he groaned out.

The brunette witch redoubled her efforts and Harry unloaded himself into her mouth. He collapsed on the couch after he was finished and panted heavily.

"I'd definitely say that my experiment to change your taste is working," Hermione said happily after swallowing. She crawled over to Harry on all fours and played with his penis. Her pretty hazel eyes looked at the organ hungrily.

"What are you doing?" Harry asked while still trying to catch his breath.

"I told you that I wanted to give Ron a run for his money and I meant it," Hermione replied with steely determination in her voice before popping 'Harry, Jr.' back in her mouth.

"Her...my...oh...neee!" Harry groaned.

To Be Continued!

Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor  
Chapter Sixteen: "... on a very special episode of..."

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Sixteen Summary: Prepare to shout "IT'S ABOUT TIME!" or "IT TOOK THEM LONG ENOUGH!"

Try as she might, Hermione wasn't able to get a third rise out of 'Harry, Jr.'. And boy, did she try; the witch worked on the flaccid organ with her usual determination until her tongue got slightly numb. Harry was ready for yet another go about forty five minutes later, but seeing that Hermione's tongue was a little sore they weren't able to do it. So the two lovers postponed the "Let's beat Ron's record" for another day. But Harry wasn't one to let a moment like this pass him by, so he ravished his girlfriend until his tongue got numb as well. Of course he used his love-core to boost his Parsletongue magic to do so... not that Hermione complained. Unless you'd consider the pleasurable gurgling noises she made before she passed out a complaint.

Harry laid next to Hermione on the couch while she slept and silently congratulated himself on how well he had satisfied her. After a while of just watching his girlfriend sleep peacefully, Harry got a little bored and he played with her boobs a bit. Mind you he didn't molest her or anything; he just squashed them together and imagined what it would look like to have his penis in between them. Her wonderful breasts weren't as large as Luna's – which Harry was happy about, Luna's tits were too damned big – but Harry reckoned that his girlfriend's boob were large enough to wedge 'Harry, Jr.' in between. Of course, he doubted that she would ever agree to such an activity. Harry decided to put that little fantasy away with the "Hello Kitty" lingerie as something that he'd never bring up to Hermione.

Early the next morning, Hedwig returned from delivering the altered Magic of Making Love to Remus and Tonks. Harry made a silent prayer that Remus wouldn't suspect that it was a tampered copy and would fall for his and Hermione's trap.

Harry's prayer was answered a little after supper that night, when the flames in the fireplace in the Gryffindor Common Room turned green and Tonks' face magically appeared. Just one look at Tonks and Harry could tell that she was a little haggard. Her hair was very messy and tossed this way and that. It was obvious that she had been sweating profusely. In other words; she looked like she had been shagged rotten.

"Hey you two, am I interrupting?" Tonks asked with a weary quaver in her voice. Harry noted that she didn't use her trademark greeting of "Whotcher."

"No, not really," Harry said, trying desperately to fight the smile that was threatening to split his face open. If he guessed right, Remus and Tonks were stuck in a compromising position as they spoke. "Are you okay, Tonks? You sound a little... spent."

Hermione suddenly became very interested in the book that she was reading; she held it very close to her face. Of course she was really trying to hide her snicker caused by Harry's "spent" comment.

"Um... no, I'm fine..." Tonks said with a hint of suspicion in her voice.

Harry was having a great amount of difficulty concealing his joy over the obviously successful prank. In his mind's eye, he could see Remus and Tonks in an awkward position, literally stuck together at the bits. Harry reckoned that the two lovers would have to be in the doggie-style position (or 'wolfie-style' in honor of Remus' lycanthrope condition) and that Remus was standing behind Tonks while she was on all fours with her head in the fireplace.

"Would you two mind sending over the original book you copied for us?" Tonks asked.

Apparently, Hermione had had enough and let out a tremendous belly laugh, sending Harry over the edge as well. In a fit of hysterics, Harry collapsed into his girlfriend's lap and sniggered at Tonks.

"Oh, you cheeky bastards!" Tonks yelled.

"It worked!" Hermione cried out triumphantly.

"Just send the effing book over here!" Tonks commanded.

"But Tonks, if we send it with Hedwig, it might take hours to get there," Harry pointed out with tears of amusement rolling down his face. "You don't want to be stuck like that for hours, now do you?"

After a moment where Tonks just scowled at the teens, she gave in. "Fine, floo over here and give us the book," she said in a defeated way.

"We can receive fire-calls here, but we can't travel through this fireplace," stated Hermione. "We'll have to floo from the Headmistress' office, so give us a few minutes."

"Fine," Tonks grumbled irritably. "That'll give us time to make ourselves more presentable."

And with a pop, Tonks' face disappeared and the flames turned red once more. Harry grabbed Hermione's hand and was about to make a mad dash to the Headmistress' office; he didn't want to give Remus and Tonks too much time to cover themselves. If they could hurry, he might be able to embarrass them even more if he and Hermione could come stumbling out of the floo while Remus and Tonks were still in an exposed position. But Hermione tugged him back down and pulled out her wand. She placed one of the throw cushions from the couch on the table in front of them and tapped it with her wand while she incanted; "Portus." Apparently, Hermione wanted to catch Remus and Tonks much like Harry had, but her way was much quicker.

After Harry and Hermione touched the cushion, they were transported to Remus' cottage – where Harry crashed to the floor as usual.

Unfortunately, Remus and Tonks were too fast for them and had somewhat hidden already.

Remus was sitting at the kitchen table, though Harry could tell that the table had been magically altered. It was much larger than the last time he saw it; the table used to be of a normal height and could sit two people comfortably. But now it had obviously been transfigured and was so tall that it covered most of Remus' chest and was wide enough to seat six people. It was also large enough for a grown witch to hide under.

"Hello you two," Remus greeted them as if nothing was unusual. "You got here quick."

Harry was amazed at Remus' cool poise; the werewolf was sitting calmly at the table and if Harry didn't know any better, he'd assume that nothing was out of the ordinary. Of course Harry couldn't completely see Remus' lower half of his body because of the oversized tablecloth obscuring his view, but it was obvious that Remus was sitting in a very uncomfortable way; the former DADA instructor appeared to be sitting on the very front edge of his chair and Harry could see Remus' feet sticking out on either side of the table which meant that he had his feet placed very far apart. It was clear that Tonks was under the table and was wedged between Remus' legs.

"Cut the bloody formality," a peeved Tonks cursed from somewhere beneath the table. "My legs are asleep."

Biting back his laughter, Harry waved his wand in Remus and Tonks' direction and incanted; "Conquiesco Fessus!" A painful sounding thud from under the table told Harry that he had successfully ended the ritual and that Tonks had fallen. Relief was apparent on Remus' face.

"Very funny, you two," complimented Remus who was smiling either at a well played out practical joke or the fact that his lover was no longer glued to his bits.

"Oh yeah, freaking hilarious," Tonks said from her hiding place mirthlessly.

Remus, Harry, and Hermione all laughed with each other while Harry imagined that Tonks was trying to rub some feeling back into her sleeping legs.

"But this is far from over," Remus warned and suddenly became serious. It was like someone had flicked a switch and Harry and Hermione stopped laughing. "The pranks I pulled on you were just the tip of the iceberg. You two will know true humiliation before I'm done."

Harry felt very cold. What would Remus do to them? Would it be horrific? An image popped in Harry's mind of a gender switching prank where he would be called "Harriett" or "Harri" (note the "i" instead of "y") for short and Hermione would be called "Herman." The raven haired wizard gulped in fear.

"Okay, off with you two," Remus said with a cheeriness to his voice. "Enjoy yourselves... while you can."

After Harry and Hermione took their Portkey cushion back to the Gryffindor Common Room, they rushed to the Library and studied as many Detection Charms and Wards as they could. They vowed that they would check every bit of food they ate and every post they received for any hexes or charms that Remus might have put on them.

The day after they met with Remus and Tonks (or rather the day after they pulled a prank on the older couple and Remus threatened them), Harry grew concerned over Ron and Luna's long absence. He had not seen or heard from either one since Gin-Gin's birthday. So Harry decided to use the floo to contact Mrs. Weasley at the Burrow.

After the flames in the fireplace turned green, Harry stuck his head into them and called out the destination; "The Burrow." His head spun and spun until he saw the familiar sights of the Weasley kitchen.

"Mrs. Weasley?" Harry called out. "Hello, anyone there?"



A moment later, a not very jolly looking Mrs. Weasley walked into view. In fact, she looked like she was alternating between crying hysterically and screaming in rage.

"Hello Harry," she said somewhat coolly. Normally, when Mrs. Weasley greeted Harry, her voice was usually warm and kind. This new tone made Harry a little worried.

"Um, is everything okay, Mrs. Weasley?" Harry asked hesitantly.

"I'm still upset with my youngest son," she said. The anger in her voice was barely contained. "When you and Hermione set Ron up with Luna, I know you two had only Ron's best interest in mind. But there are procedures we must follow."

"What kind of procedures?"

"I really can't blame you and Hermione," Molly stated. "You two grew up in the Muggle world, and it's such an old custom. You couldn't possibly know about it."

"What custom, ma'am?"

"It just infuriates me!" the Weasley matriarch growled, ignoring Harry's question. "Both Ron and Luna should've remembered! They had no excuse! They had this coming to them, I can tell you," Mrs. Weasley continued grumbling under her breath and walked out of Harry's view. He could still hear her seconds later mumbling for a moment; "Silly teenagers, never thinking about what could happen," then shouting at Ron as if he was standing right there in front of her; "I RAISED YOU BETTER THAN THAT, YOUNG MAN!"

Harry pulled his head out of the floo realizing that Mrs. Weasley was still too upset and wouldn't give him any information about Ron.

This was it; tomorrow was the day that Harry would make love to Hermione! The potion needed for the ritual would be complete and then Harry would have real sex! The idea of losing his virginity was a dream ever since hairs started sprouting out in 'Harry, Jr.' s attic.

Added to his puberty-long dream of sex, he was going to sleep with the most wonderful witch in the whole wide world!

Of course he was too nervous to bring up his excitement to Hermione. They spent the evening before the ritual sitting on the couch in silence. One look at Hermione told Harry that she was as anxious as he was. After an awkward goodnight kiss, Harry and Hermione went to their separate rooms for the night.

Of course Harry couldn't sleep. No, he was far too nervous for that. He found himself lying in his bed staring at the clock on his dresser; counting the minutes. 'Soon,' he told himself, 'it will be tomorrow'. And the moment the minute and hour hands touched the number twelve, Harry jumped out of bed and he started to bolt to the door. But then he regained his senses; it didn't matter if technically it was a new day. What was he going to do; run down to the Common Room and shout up the stairs leading up to Hermione's room and shout "It's tomorrow, Hermione, let's get cracking!"? No, that was just pathetic and sad.

Harry forced himself to lie back down and wait for the morning. He looked at the clock and saw that it was already 12:01; that meant that morning was just a few short hours away! In no time, he'd be making love to his girlfriend. He reasoned that if he actually fell asleep, those few short hours would just fly past.

So Harry closed his eyes and waited for sleep... and waited. After what felt like nearly an hour of tossing and turning, Harry rolled onto his back and stared at the canopy covering his bed. He tried to calm himself; he figured that he couldn't sleep because he was too nervous about the ritual and so he pushed the thought of he and Hermione giving each other their virginity out of his mind. Unfortunately, this led to Harry thinking of his performance.

Would he have the same problem he had when he had first thought that he was going to sleep with Hermione? 'Flaccid organ' was such a dreadful phrase to Harry at that moment.

Or perhaps he'd get too excited and finish before the ritual even started, like he had after Ginny's party. Harry imagined himself

cumming in his boxers again when Hermione wasn't even ready to start.

Or worst yet; would he suffer from both of these situations at the same time? Harry imagined that he would suffer from a panic attack where 'Harry, Jr.' would hide under its overcoat and spit out the contents of his baggage in a defensive action, much like how a baby vulture would vomit on its attackers.

Harry took a calming breath and tried to reassure himself; it was just nerves. He reckoned that once the moment came, he'd do just fine. And seeing that he had spent what felt like hours and hours berating himself over his performance, that moment would be just an hour or two away. Harry turned and saw that the clock was now reading 12:14.

This was going to be a long night.

Harry ended up having a horrible night. He'd finally fell asleep at a quarter of three, but was plagued by a bothersome dream. It was very similar to a dream he had a few weeks before where he was reading a book on lighthouses on the shore by the sea. But in this most recent dream, the book only contained pictures of lighthouses that had crumbled to rubble and the sea had dried up. What was even more bothersome was that he dreamt Hermione was criticizing everything he did. According to dream-Hermione's comments, Harry couldn't even turn the pages in the book properly.

"No Harry!" dream-Hermione snapped. "You're doing it all wrong! You'll never finish it if you can't turn the pages! I guess I'll have to let you start and finish it myself after you're done! And here I was hoping you'd be good enough, this just proves that I'll always have to finish it myself. Or maybe ask Dobby for help."

But Harry's worries over that silly dream vanished the moment he entered the Common Room to see the most wonderful vision he had ever seen; a smiling Hermione holding a vial of red liquid – mind you it would've been an even better vision if Hermione was naked instead of wearing some slacks and a blouse like she was, but Harry still liked it.

“Are you ready?” Hermione asked.

And Harry responded by squeaking, “Yes.”

“So am I,” agreed Hermione, although she didn’t squeak. “Let me just go over some Anti-Conception Charms.”

Hermione sat down on the couch and flipped open *The Magic of Making Love* to one of the pages near the end and quickly read.

“I read up on these before I started brewing this potion,” she said. “But it doesn’t hurt to be on the safe side. I love you, Harry, and I do want your children... but not right now.”

“Definitely,” Harry echoed.

Hermione paused and her eyes bulged.

“What’s wrong?” asked Harry.

“There’s a warning printed in the fine print under the list of Anti-Conception Charms,” she stated. There was a hint of panic in her voice and Harry was instantly worried that she would tell him that they would have to wait another week for the charms to work. He had a very difficult last few hours; he doubted that he could last another week. “It states:” Hermione began to read aloud, “If, for some reason you feel compelled to combine The Sticky Widget and Stamina rituals, you will have performed the Prewett Ritual as well – see page 769. This obscure combination of rituals make any and all Anti-Conception Charms moot.”

“What is this ‘Prewett Ritual’ and why would the charms be ‘moot’?” Harry asked with dread. As Hermione thumbed through the book looking for the Prewett Ritual, Harry wondered what he and Hermione had done to Remus and Tonks. He had simply wanted to prank them, and now he was concerned that something bad had happened.

“Here it is,” announced Hermione and started to read the passage aloud. “The Prewett Ritual – named after Guinevere and Sebastian

Prewett who were the first to accidentally perform this ritual back in 1784 – can also be created as a byproduct of combining two other rituals, The Sticky Widget and Stamina Rituals. This ritual causes several things to occur. Firstly, the wizard's healthy sperm output is increased nearly one hundredfold.”

Harry was about to breathe a sigh of relief; he could live with the consequences of tricking Remus and Tonks into performing this Prewett Ritual if all that happened was that Remus came a lot, but he stopped short when Hermione continued to read.

“Next the witch's reproductive cycle is magically altered so that she is...” Hermione paused in her reading and became very pale. “... so that she is ovulating.”

“W-what?” Harry stammered.

“Even if the witch is in the middle of her menstrual cycle, the ritual will cause her eggs to receive the wizard's sperm,” Hermione continued to read. Her voice grew weaker with each word. “Another aspect of the ritual is that it negates any and all contraceptives and anti-conception methods including all Muggle methods as well. This side-effect will insure that the witch will become pregnant. In other words; do NOT perform this ritual unless you wish to become a parent.”

“Whoops,” Harry muttered.

“Fourthly,” Hermione continued yet again.

Harry was about to scream “THERE'S A ‘FOURTHLY?’” but her recital of the passage cut him off.

“The Prewett Ritual will accelerate the growth of the fetus by five times, cutting the time of pregnancy down to fifty to sixty days. Note, once the baby is born, the ritual is completed. The new born baby will then grow at a normal rate.”

“So what does that means?” Harry asked on the edge of shock.

“Tonks and Remus accidentally performed the ritual three days ago,” explained Hermione in a monotone, apparently, she too was nearly in shock. “It means that she’s been pregnant for the equivalent of two weeks of a normal term. And that she’ll give birth in another seven to eight weeks – give or take a few days.”

“Whoops,” Harry repeated. His simple prank of having Remus and Tonks being stuck in an awkward predicament had just escalated into a life altering event. To Harry’s recollection, Tonks and Remus had only been officially dating for a few months, and now the two were going to have a baby in two months. Would this be a happy thing for the older couple? Or would it be considered traumatic and lead to them being torn apart?

“We have to tell them,” Hermione commanded and Harry agreed. Harry and Hermione, who had the special book clutched in her arms, dashed to the Headmistress’ office and Harry was the first one through the floo. He crashed onto the floor of Remus’ kitchen. Before he could get up, Hermione landed roughly on him.

“You know it’s rude not to ask if you can floo into somebody’s house,” Tonks informed the two teens as she sipped on a mug of coffee. Remus was busy reading the morning edition of the Daily Prophet and he nodded his head in greeting to Harry and Hermione.

“Is that regular or decaffeinated?” asked Harry indicating the coffee while he got to his feet.

“Regular,” the pink haired Auror replied.

“You’d better switch,” Harry muttered and he helped Hermione to her feet.

“Why?” Tonks asked.

Harry and Hermione looked at each other, both silently asking each other who should explain the situation to Remus and Tonks. And the two came to a decision on who that should be. You see, Harry was very brave and he reckoned that he should be the one. But Hermione

was brave as well, and more to the point; she had a way with words. Meaning that she could calmly explain what happened and ease the older couple into the news. Whereas Harry would blurt out “You’re pregnant. Sorry about that.”

“We have something very important to tell you,” Hermione said gravely.

Obviously picking up on the brunette witch’s tone, Remus folded his paper and suggested, “Let’s go to the parlor then.”

The two couples walked to the adjoining room where Remus and Tonks sat on the couch. Harry and Hermione stood in front of them much like criminals who were just proven guilty had to stand in front of the magistrate as they waited for their sentence.

“You remember that prank we pulled on you?” Hermione began.

“Of course we do,” Tonks responded. “I’m still sore.”

“Well, there’s a problem,” Hermione stated while wringing her hands.

“What kind of problem?” Remus asked calmly.

“Well, our prank had you unknowingly mix two rituals. But when they’re combined a third ritual is performed that we didn’t know about,” admitted Hermione.

“Are we in danger?” Remus asked, who was still calm.

Hermione looked at Harry for support. Seeing that Harry didn’t think being pregnant was “dangerous” per say, he answered, “No.”

Remus and Tonks sighed. It was evident that they both were worried that the teens were going to tell them something along the lines of “you have two days to live.”

“All right then, what’s this third ritual do?” Remus asked and sat back in his chair and looked very calm as if he was listening to Hermione give a school report.

"It's called the 'Prewett Ritual' and it causes the wizard to produce a hundred times the amount of sperm he usually does," explained Hermione.

"That would explain why you were so messy," Tonks playfully chided her lover.

"And it makes the witch ovulate," continued Hermione.

"I might worry about that if I hadn't placed half a dozen charms on me before we did it," Tonks said with a smile.

"But the ritual overrides all charms and methods," Hermione countered.

"Ri-i-ight," Tonks mocked.

"It does," argued Hermione.

"I'll admit that it was a good prank you two pulled," Remus stated with a happy little smile. "But this is a little juvenile. I expected something more from you two besides 'You're pregnant.'"

"This isn't a prank," Harry urged. He pulled the book from Hermione's arms and opened it to the page containing the Prewett ritual and handed it to Remus. "Look for yourself."

"And how do I know that you didn't alter this book like you did with the copy you gave us earlier?" a still smiling Remus asked. It was clear that he thought that he had caught and sidestepped Harry and Hermione's latest practical joke.

"But we're not joking!" Hermione pleaded with tears in her eyes. "It causes the fetus to grow rapidly and you'll give birth in two months!"

"Okay fine," Tonks said pulling out her wand. "I'll end this joke with a Pregnancy Check Charm."



The Auror wave her wand over her belly and incanted "Concepito Disquisitio."

A whitish haze appeared over her stomach.

"In a few seconds, it'll change color depending on whether I'm pregnant or not," Tonks explained. "If it turns red, which I'm sure it will because this is a weak prank, I'm not with child," she said humorously. "But if it turns green, well then I'll need a baby shower, won't I?"

It was clear by her tone that Tonks was not taking Harry and Hermione seriously.

"And where did you learn that little charm?" Remus asked in a fake disapproving manner.

"I had a near miss back in my seventh year at Hogwarts," admitted Tonks. "You should've seen the look on my boyfriend's face when I told him I thought I was preg-"

Any further remarks Tonks wanted to make were cut short when the whitish haze turned a rich green color.

"I'm pregnant," stated Tonks much like someone would state an obvious thing such as "water is wet."

"Yes, you are," confirmed Hermione. Harry was a little worried over the Auror's reaction. It was evident that the revelation of her pregnancy hadn't penetrated her mind; as if the phrase "I'm pregnant" held no real meaning to Tonks.

Remus was still smiling like it was a practical joke.

"I'm pregnant," repeated Tonks. However, her tone wasn't lifeless as before. No, her voice was full of panic and doubt. Tears of fear and trepidation shined in her dark eyes.

"Um, yes," Hermione reasserted apprehensively.

Remus was smiling as before, but this time, he was pitching backwards. His head hit the cushions of the couch and he fainted... while still smiling mind you.

"I'm pregnant," the Auror nearly shouted; her voice full of anger and her face twisted in rage.

"Y-y-yes," stammered Hermione with fear. Harry was genuinely concerned with Tonks' rapid and extreme emotional mood changes. The first time she said the phrase, she was emotionless, as if it had not sunk in. The second time she uttered the phrase, it appeared that being pregnant was a horrible thing that should be feared. But her most recent reaction put Harry on high alert. Tonks really didn't like the idea of being with child. In fact, it looked like she hated it and was in a rage. A rage she was going to take out on he and Hermione just because they had been the ones who had brought her the bad news.

Harry moved to pull his wand out; he was intending to Stun Tonks for both her sake – such an outburst of rage couldn't be good for the baby – and for his and Hermione's. But the moment his fingers touched his holly wand, Tonks said the phrase again.

"I'm pregnant," she said with tears cascading down her face. But this time, the tears were not caused by doubt or even anger, but pure joy. The biggest smile Harry had ever seen on Tonks spread across her face and her cheeks glowed with happiness. The pink haired witch's smile combined with her glow made her incredibly beautiful in Harry's eyes. He found himself dreaming of making Hermione that beautifully happy one day. Tonks lovingly held her belly in her hands and sobbed with joy.

"Are you okay?" Hermione asked. It was apparent by her voice that Hermione was uncertain whether or not Tonks would have another mood swing.

"Yes, I'm perfect," Tonks hiccupped and great globs of tears fell from her eyes. It was at this point that Remus regained consciousness. The Marauder stood on unsteady knees. Tonks turned to her lover and joyously heralded "We're going to have a baby!"

Remus placed his hands on Tonks' belly along with hers and he started to cry as well. Harry blinked and he noticed that he too was starting to cry out of happiness for his friends.

Hermione rushed to Remus and Tonks and threw her arms around them and joyously proclaimed; "I'm so happy for you two."

Tonks returned the hug and said; "You kids better take off," she paused to wipe her tears that were still streaming. "'Cus I'm gonna fuck this old wolf silly in about two seconds and I'm not like you lot; I don't want an audience while we're going to try to make twins."

With the prospect of a mind-blowing shag, Remus ushered Harry and Hermione to fireplace politely but rather quickly. The werewolf threw some floo powder in the fire and Hermione stepped in. She announced "Hogwarts; Headmistress' Office" and disappeared. Harry quickly followed her. But as he spun out of Remus' fireplace he heard joyous giggles coming from the cottage and Harry could have sworn he heard Remus and Tonks' clothing being discarded in a very quick fashion. When Harry fell out of the Headmistress' fireplace, he turned to Hermione and asked; "They can't make twins that way can they?"

"No," she said while dabbing the tears from her eyes. "Tonks was just kidding about making twins. I hope. But I don't think she was kidding about the silly shag."

Hermione helped Harry to stand and whispered in his ear: "Speaking of shagging, let's make love."

It was at that precise moment that 'Harry, Jr.' sprang to life. His penis instantly swelled to its full erect state in eager anticipation. Harry was more than willing to do it right then and there and a naughty idea occurred to him.

"Do you want to do it here?" he asked with a wicked grin.

Hermione returned the grin and it was obvious that naughty-Hermione was very keen on the idea of making love in the Headmistress' office.

But before Hermione could respond in the positive, a stern voice answered for her.

“I would advise against fornicating in my office,” Professor McGonagall stated firmly.

“Oh Professor, we didn’t see you,” Hermione said in a very embarrassed tone.

“Obviously,” the Headmistress said simply.

For a full twenty seconds no one moved or talked. Harry and Hermione stood in front of McGonagall nervously as she eyed them. It seemed to him that McGonagall didn’t officially approve of the idea of Harry and Hermione having sex, but that she also didn’t disapprove either. So he felt that the Headmistress was giving her silent approval to go ahead and shag... just not in her office. Harry took Hermione’s hand and led her slowly out of the office. After he closed the door behind him, he heard Dumbledore’s painting comment, “Ah, young love.”

The two lovers walked briskly back to the Common Room. Harry felt like sprinting there so that he and Hermione could make love all the sooner, but he realized that it would seem desperate. That and he reckoned that he’d be too winded to perform.

Harry became very excited as he saw the portrait of the Fat Lady come into view. In just a few short minutes, he and Hermione would share each other’s virginity.

But as in all things in life – seemingly more often in Harry’s life than most others – things don’t always go as planned.

With a loud crack, a small creature wearing a ridiculously large sombrero appeared between the two teen lovers and the entrance to the Gryffindor Common Room.

“Hola! Como esta?” Dobby heralded. The little house-elf promptly pitched forward and fell flat on his face due to the weight of the sombrero that he was wearing.

Harry was sorely tempted to just wave “hello” to Dobby as he stepped over the house-elf while heading to the Common Room so he could have sex. Despite how much he wanted to make love to Hermione, he couldn’t just ignore Dobby. Harry cursed his well mannered nature.

With a grunt, Harry hoisted Dobby to his feet.

“We’s be -” Dobby began but fell once again. The hat was rather large; Harry reckoned that if he wore the large hat that he’d hurt his neck because of the sheer weight of it. Hermione helped the house elf up this time and Harry placed one of his hands under Dobby’s arm to support him.

“We’s be back!” Dobby cheered. Harry shared a worried look with Hermione and he knew she was thinking the same thing he was; now that the house-elves were back, the little creatures would try to put a damper on their activities.

“We’s done telling every house-elfs in the world,” Dobby continued. “But we’s not finding Kreacher”

With a desperate gleam in her eye, Hermione suggested; “Well, take every elf and go tell him then.” It was desperate, because Harry knew that it would take the house-elves less than five minutes to Apparate to wherever Kreacher was, tell him, and return. Harry doubted that they could have sex in that short amount of time. Then he did a quick calculation in his head; if he and Hermione ran into the Common Room, bolted up the stairs while tearing off each other’s clothes, hopped into bed and if they were quick at the act, it just might work. Of course if he were Ron, he’d have no problem finishing before the house-elves returned seeing that he lasted around two minutes according to Luna.

“Oh, no’s, we’s can’t be finding Kreacher because Kreacher can’t be’s found,” informed Dobby.

“He must be somewhere under the Fidelius Charm,” offered Hermione.

"Is Dobby interrupting something, Harry Potter sir and Great One?" Dobby asked hesitantly.

"It's nothing," Hermione began and the house-elf's eyes bulged – well, even more than they usually do. Harry followed Dobby's eyes and saw that the little creature was staring directly at the bulge caused by an erect 'Harry, Jr.'. Apparently, Harry's organ had been hard ever since he offered to perform the ritual in McGonagall's office.

"Oh, Dobby is being sorry," Dobby said while blushing. "You's two is being busy," he said the word "busy" much like a six year old would say a naughty word; soft and under his breath. "Dobby will distract the others."

"Thanks Dobby," Hermione said with a smile. Harry thought that Dobby was a true friend.

The house-elf disappeared and the two rushed into the Common Room.

"Your room," ordered Hermione and Harry led the way. He ran up the stairs while Hermione followed.

Once they got in the room, Harry spun around with his eyes closed and kissed his girlfriend passionately. He moaned while his lips traced her wrinkly skin... then it hit him; Hermione didn't have wrinkly skin.

"Ah, Harry," Hermione said nervously.

Harry opened his eyes to find that he was passionately kissing the cheek of a fairly old house-elf. The old house-elf was standing on the shoulders of another house-elf. Apparently, Dobby's distraction hadn't worked.

"Gah!" Harry grunted as he recoiled. The two elves gave Harry the evil eye.

"We's knows what you's been doing!" the elf on the bottom scolded.

"You's trick us house-elves," the old one added with a hiss. "You's just tells us to go spread the word just so's that you's two could do nasty things together."

"Piss off!" Harry growled at them. His patience was wearing thin. These house-elves were impeding on his sex-time. The sooner these two house-elves left, the sooner he could make love to Hermione.

"No's," the old one said defiantly.

Hermione commanded: "Leave us alone!"

"Fabbie sorry, Oh Great One," the old one, apparently Fabbie, said rebelliously. "We's be here to be protecting the Great One's virtue!"

"But the Great One doesn't want her virtue any more," Hermione argued. It was strange for Harry to see her refer to herself in the third person.

"No, we's knows what's best," Fabbie stated confidently. "We's not be like the heathens who says the Great One can be making fun times with The One of the Mark."

Harry wondered briefly if it was even possible to make love to Hermione while these two house-elves physically blocked them from touching each other. In an attempt to see if it was feasible, Harry made a move toward Hermione.

Fabbie hopped off of the other elf and pushed with all of his weight against Harry. Thankfully, his hands were on Harry's hips, if Fabbie had decided to move his hand in a little, he'd be pushing on 'Harry, Jr.' and that wouldn't be good for Harry.

"Let's just go, Harry," Hermione said knowingly. Judging by her tone, Harry was positive that Hermione had a plan. He took her hand and the couple ran out of Harry's room and out through the Common Room into the hall. Hermione led the way down a familiar path; they were heading to the Room of Requirement! She was brilliant! Once they got there, they could just ask the Room not to let any house-elves in and they'd be unmolested... err... well they'd be molesting

each other kind of, but this way, they wouldn't be bothered by house-elves.

As they approached the area where the Room of Requirement was, Harry's heart sunk. The door was visible and open, which meant it was being used! The couple approached the door and the sounds of a party reached their ears. When they looked into the Room, it was packed with house-elves wearing party hats.

"Welcomes to 'The One of the Mark ain't gonna get any' party!" one tiny elf heralded and ushered Harry and Hermione in. Any doubt as to if the party's theme was directed at Harry was thrown out the window the moment he saw a giant poster with his likeness on the wall. On the poster version of him, Harry noticed that there was a very large international "no" symbol drawn over his crotch, as if it was warning everyone that his genitals were off-limits.

"Whose is that?" Hermione asked pointing to a large and very detailed painting of a vagina. Harry didn't need to ask who it belonged to; he had become intimately familiar with it over the past few weeks.

"It be the 'Bald Feline'," one elf answered and every house-elf bowed to the painting in prayer.

"That's my pussy?" Hermione asked, scandalized that a large group of house-elves were paying homage to her naked vagina. Harry, on the other hand thought it was very appropriate to worship her flower; he did it quite often. He wondered for a moment how the house-elves were able to paint an exact replica of his girlfriend's flower, but then he remembered that every single house-elf in the castle got to see it up close and in person when they had discovered that she was the Great One.

Realizing that they wouldn't be able to make love here or anywhere else in the castle, Harry led Hermione out onto the grounds.

"Was that an accurate painting?" Hermione asked.

"Very," replied Harry while he scanned the surrounding area that would be good enough to hide from the house-elves.



“There,” Hermione pointed off into the distance. Harry looked to where she was pointing and saw the Whomping Willow.

He really wanted to have sex, but under the Whomping Willow? Was Hermione so kinky that the thought of danger turned her on? Or maybe she was hoping that its swinging limbs would deter any house-elf from approaching them while they made love.

“You want to make love under something that could kill us?” Harry asked in amazement.

“No, the Shrieking Shack,” corrected Hermione. “It’s far enough off of school bounds that the elves shouldn’t bother us. That and I doubt that they’d look for us there.”

Harry believed that Hermione deserved a kiss for being so smart and he did just that. As he approached the Whomping Willow, Harry banished a hand-sized rock at the hidden knot at the base of the tree causing the Willow’s limbs to stop their deadly swinging. The two young lovers ran into the tiny opening under the tree and disappeared from view.

The only lights in the dark tunnel were the two thin beams of light emanating from Harry and Hermione’s wands as the two traveled through the tunnel in silence. Harry’s mind was filled with anticipation; what was it going to feel like? Would he feel different after he lost his virginity?

Harry pushed open the trap door and after he pulled himself into the Shrieking Shack, he helped Hermione in. Harry looked around the dark and dust-covered room before asking; “Um, where should we do it?”

“Upstairs, in one of the bedrooms,” offered Hermione nervously while she wiped the sweat from her palms onto her slacks. Harry copied her action because his hands were just as sweaty.

The stairs creaked as they walked up to the top floor. Harry passed the room where he had first met Sirius; the thought of losing his

virginity in that same room was almost sacrilegious to him. But a nagging voice in his head, sounding an awful lot like Sirius, was urging him to use that room.

“Do it, man!” the voice sounded. “Who cares about me? Take her wherever you can!”

Even with the voice’s support, Harry opted for another room. He led Hermione into a small bedroom that had an attached loo. From what he could see of the bathroom, the toilet was obviously broken; the pot had snapped off from the wall. Off in the corner of the bedroom was a bed lying on top of a broken frame. Everything in the room was coated in a thick layer of dust and grime.

As she walked to the bathroom, Hermione said “I’ll be out in a minute, I just have to perform an Anti-Conception Charm, and the process is a little awkward.”

After she closed the door, Harry surveyed the room. It really didn’t matter what the room looked like to him. He was a bloke and therefore didn’t care where he would do it just as long as he had sex. But Hermione was special to him; she deserved more than to have her first time on a broken and filthy bed. Thankfully, Harry was a wizard and could use magic to change the room a bit.

Pulling out his wand, Harry figured that he would clean the place and transfigure the bed into something a little more comfortable. Then he realized that with his power boost he could do more than just clean the dust away. Maybe he’d conjure up a few candles for a romantic effect.

He closed his eyes and tapped into his love core by focusing on how much he loved Hermione and waved his wand. Harry didn’t think of any spell in particular as he pushed his magic through his wand. Rather he only thought of turning the room into something more romantic so that it would be more pleasing for Hermione.

Harry’s eyes popped open when he heard thunderously loud sounds from all around him; it sounded as if dozens of planks of wood were being dropped on the floor. What he saw made him lose his breath.

The room was stretching and growing in width and height. New floor boards were appearing in mid-air and falling into the gaps that were created by the expanding room. The broken bed hopped up into the air and began to spin like a top. After a moment, it dropped to the ground with a thud. The bed was now enormous and was covered in the softest looking red satin sheets Harry had ever seen. Dozens and dozens of candles popped into existence – some were placed on top of elegant looking trays, sconces, and holders, while others just hovered in the air as if their were held up by invisible stings from the ceiling – and their wicks lit up. All the dust and muck vanished and a warm red color spread across the walls. Harry gulped in amazement at the room. He had no idea he had such power. Hermione would be so impressed when she came out of the dirty bathroom and saw the changes he made.

“Ah, Harry,” Hermione’s muffled voice sounded from behind the door leading to the loo. “What did you do?”

“I just wanted to make the room look nicer,” Harry answered with pride.

“Would you mind coming in here?” she asked.

Harry walked over and opened the door and what he saw made him a very happy wizard.

Hermione was standing in the middle of the room holding her wand in her hand and wearing not even a stitch of clothing. He really did like seeing her naked.

“What did you do?” Hermione asked again and pointed to the room surrounding her. Harry hesitantly took his eyes off her naked breasts – he’s a bloke – and took in his surroundings.

“Whoops,” muttered Harry.

Apparently, when he transfigured the bedroom, his magic went a little farther. What was once a tiny little loo with a broken toilet was now a

bathroom that made the Prefects' bathroom look like a public toilet in a trashy and rundown bar.

There was a shower stall with nearly twenty shower-heads of various shapes and sizes. In the back of the room was what Harry assumed was the tub. It was a large pool that looked like it could easily hold six people comfortably, and it was cut out of a large boulder. Water cascaded down from a waterfall in the back of the tub.

"I didn't know..." Harry mumbled.

"I think it's beautiful," commented Hermione. Harry felt pride at making Hermione happy.

"Why are you still dressed?" Hermione asked, pulling Harry out of his awe.

"Sorry 'bout that," Harry murmured while he shed his clothing.

"Now, about what's going to happen," Hermione began. "From everything I've read and heard about a witch's first time, it's going to be painful."

Harry could tell that Hermione was anxious and was explaining what was going to happen to ease her nerves.

"You'll need to go slow," she continued. "I've heard that a wizard sometimes gets carried and he goes fast, but you'll need to control yourself."

"I will," agreed Harry as he discarded the last of his clothing.

"Now the ritual is fairly simple," Hermione added. "I'll just take this potion, say an incantation and then during the... the act, our magics will mingle. Doing this will give me a fifty to one-hundred percent boost in my power."

"Okay," Harry said.

Hermione picked up the potion and drank it in one gulp. She then muttered; "Cornu Confodio Cruento."

Hermione nodded her head, indicating that she was ready. Harry led her to the large bed and kissed her. She sat on the bed and suggested, "Maybe you should do that thing with you tongue; you know, just to help me relax."

Harry was more than happy to comply. He helped her ease back onto the bed and then knelt on the floor in between her legs. Harry kissed, licked, and suckled her flower with his love charged Parsletongue magic for a few moments until Hermione was very wet.

"That's good enough," Hermione panted and Harry stood up. The witch repositioned herself so that she was lying on the bed and Harry took his place next to her.

"How do you want to do this?" asked Harry.

"You on top," she said. Hermione spread her legs and Harry crawled on top of her. He followed her hand with his eyes as she slowly reached down in between her own legs. With her fingers, Hermione gently pried apart her petals.

"Okay, I'm ready," Hermione announced. "Just go slowly."

Harry nodded and guided his manhood toward his lover's womanhood. Slowly, he pushed into her. He was able to put his crown just inside her lips when he felt a barrier.

"Go ahead," Hermione said. "I trust you."

Harry gently forced his way past her maidenhead and broke it. Hermione bit her lip to stop a painful groan.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked with genuine concern. If she said no, he would pull out even though he wanted to make love to her desperately. His need for this moment was not as great as his concern for Hermione's well-being.

“Just give me a second,” Hermione requested and Harry waited patiently. After a few moments, Hermione told him, “Go ahead, but slowly please.”

He slowly and carefully pushed himself into his lover; inch by inch, until he was fully inside her. Harry paused and checked on Hermione.

“How is it?”

“It’s not incredibly painful,” Hermione admitted. “It hurts a little and it’s slightly uncomfortable. How is it for you?”

He was ashamed to admit that he loved the sensation while she didn’t. It felt wonderful; she was so warm and the sensation of her wrapped around him was intoxicating. It felt perfect and he never wanted this feeling to end. Even though he hadn’t answered, it was obvious that Hermione knew what he was feeling. She tenderly stroked his face and said, “Don’t worry; I think I’ll grow to love it too.”

Harry kissed her and slowly slid back. With agonizing slowness, Harry moved back and forth inside Hermione. She was correct when she told him that most men got caught up in the moment and would just thrust away; Harry fought the urge to do just that.

Hermione’s face was a mixture of discomfort and happiness. The discomfort was obviously caused by this being her first time. Thankfully, Harry was so excited that he reckoned that he wouldn’t last much longer before climaxing and Hermione’s discomfort would lessen. But her happiness was a little hard to pin down for Harry at first. He had no idea how she could be happy in a situation like this that caused her pain. Then it hit him. She was happy because she was with him and she was giving him so much pleasure. She was in discomfort and some pain but she wanted to give him this out of love.

A sudden warmth filled Harry’s heart as he looked into Hermione’s beautiful hazel eyes. But before he could say the words, she said them first.

“I love you so much, Harry,” she said blissfully.

The warmth that he was feeling rapidly spread throughout his body and he could feel it flow into Hermione's. He continued to slowly pump and his vision became blurry.

"I love you too," Harry groaned out as he came and then he blacked out.

"Harry wake up," a happy Hermione stirred Harry from his dreamless slumber. It felt as if his eyelids were made of lead; he had to struggle to open them. He felt completely drained, as if he had just ran a marathon and then wrestled with Grawp. After a moment of internal struggle, Harry was able to open his eyes to find Hermione sitting on his lap. It was obvious that she had cleaned herself up and had put on her knickers and bra.

"How long was I out?" Harry asked groggily as he reached for his glasses.

"I'm not sure," Hermione said. It was evident from the tone in her voice that Hermione was very happy. Mind you, she wasn't as euphoric as the time Harry had hit her with the super-charged Cheering Charm, but Hermione was truly happy. "I lost consciousness right after you did. But I woke up about an hour ago and showered."

Harry looked at his girlfriend in wonder. Her skin was flush and she had a ridiculously big grin plastered on her face.

"I love you," Hermione announced and leaned down to kiss Harry on the lips. She lay on top of Harry, apparently content with just lying there while she playfully ran her fingers through his hair.

"Did the ritual work?" Harry asked.

"I don't know," Hermione answered. "I haven't performed any spells, yet."

Harry was about to suggest that she check out her power when something finally caught his eye. He was surprised that he hadn't

seen it when she had leaned in to kiss him. But now, as he looked into her eyes, Harry was very surprised to see that her hazel eyes had a number of prominent green flecks in them. The emerald patches even seemed to sparkle; whether the sparkle was magical in nature or just caused by her happiness, Harry didn't know. Hermione never said anything about expecting a physical change in her appearance after the ritual. Knowing Hermione, if there was a change caused by the ritual, she would have told him about it. So Harry reckoned that the prominent green flecks in her irises were unexpected.

“Ah, Hermione...”

To Be Continued



Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor  
Chapter Seventeen: It's Not Easy Being Green

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Seventeen Summary: It's amazing what one can stuff in a broom cupboard.

"You shagged my eyes green!" Hermione screeched. A part of Harry wanted to run very far away due to the anger in his lover's voice. The other part of Harry marveled at how her screams echoed off the marble floor of the expansive bathroom; it was a really large room.

Hermione was leaning over the sink and had her face very close to the mirror in order to examine her eyes more closely. Of course she was still wearing only her bra and knickers. The moment Harry had informed her about her new eye color, Hermione had jumped out of the bed and rushed to see for herself. And the fact that she was bent over the sink made her round bum stick out quite nicely. The part of Harry that was intrigued by the echo effect was also aroused by the sight of Hermione's bottom. That part wanted to have Harry run his hands over her flesh. Of course the part of Harry that had wanted to run away – the rational part of Harry's brain if you don't remember – realized that it would be a very bad idea judging at how mad Hermione was.

"You shagged my eyes green!" she repeated.

"I didn't mean to," Harry weakly defended.

"You shagged my eyes green!" Hermione repeated again.

"Not totally," Harry pointed out. "They're still mostly hazel. And I kind of like the green."

"My eyes have never been hazel, Harry," Hermione groaned out. "They've always been brown."

"There's a difference?" asked Harry. To him, hazel was just another way of saying brown.

"No, hazel is brown with a touch of green in it," explained Hermione. It was obvious by the tone of her voice that Hermione was truly worried by this change. "How long have you noticed that my eyes were hazel?"

"Um... since we've been together."

"What's happening to me?" Hermione asked.

Harry had no idea, and if Hermione was stumped, he reckoned that they were fairly well bugged.

"Let's go talk to McGonagall," Hermione stated.

"Do you think that'll help?"

"Well, maybe she can offer some suggestions."

Harry nodded his head in agreement and the two lovers got dressed. Hermione led the way out of the bedroom and stopped when she got into the hall.

"Ah, Harry," Hermione said while she looked up and down. "I think you changed more than just the bedroom and loo."

Harry joined Hermione in the hall and was stunned. What was once a dark, dank, and dusty two leveled shack was now an expansive three leveled mansion!

To Harry's left was a white-marble staircase with pure gold fixtures that looked like it belonged in a palace. To his right were seven doors

which led to what he assumed were more bedrooms. Above him was a domed sky light which flooded the stairwell and hall with warm light.

The two lovers walked down the stairs and surveyed the second floor. On this floor, there was a large library (which, much to Hermione's obvious and vocal disappointment, had no books; just empty shelves needing - or, according to Hermione, begging - to be filled) and a game room (complete with a snooker table, large chess table, and another table which looked perfect for a match of exploding snap).

The bottom floor now contained a massive kitchen, dining room, and parlor. At the front of the house was an impressive double door with ornate carvings on it. Harry opened the door and stepped out. The wizard was quite surprised to see that the exterior of the Shrieking Shack had not changed at all; it was still a crumbling hovel. He reasoned that it was now much like the magical tent he and the Weasleys had used when they went to the Quidditch World Cup.

"How does it look out there?" Hermione asked from the foyer while she looked up at the domed ceiling inside the Shack.

"It hasn't changed," informed Harry. "It still looks like the old Shack; but its bigger on the inside than it is on the outside. Kind of like the tent we had for the World Cup."

"Or like the Tardis," Hermione commented off-handedly.

"Who?" asked Harry.

"Exactly," Hermione answered.

"How did you do this?" Hermione asked when Harry re-entered the now-glorious interior of the Shack. "What kind of spells did you use?"

"None really," admitted Harry. "I just tapped into my love-core again and focused on the thought of making the room special for you... and this happened."

"Let's head back to the castle," Hermione volunteered in a distracted way as she chewed her lip and looked at the magical building around

her. It was clear to Harry that she was thinking about something but wasn't willing to share just yet.

The two lovers walked through the secret passage – which was now no longer a dark and crumbling tunnel, but rather a well lit cobblestone hallway – to the school ground. Apparently, Harry's magic altered the passageway as well. He wondered if his magic had changed the Whomping Willow as well. Was it now a harmless tree with brightly colored blossoms?

His question was answered as he approached the exit. Harry saw one of the tree's limbs swing wildly at a passing bird, knocking it out of the sky. Apparently, Harry's love magic stopped at changing the passageway and didn't touch the Whomping Willow. From inside the tunnel, Harry reached up and pressed the secret knot and caused the Willow to freeze in mid-whomp. He helped Hermione out and the pair proceeded to head to the castle.

"What's that?" Hermione asked as she pointed to a black lump in the distance near the edge of the forest.

"Don't know," said Harry while squinting to get a better look at the object.

"Was it there when we went to the Shack?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. To be honest, he was much too focused on the thought of making love to Hermione to have actually paid any attention to his surroundings. For all he knew, a battle could have broken out between the Acromantulas from the forest and the giant squid from the lake and Harry wouldn't have noticed.

"It's a person!" Hermione shouted and rushed to the prone figure.

Harry quickly followed his girlfriend. Just before Hermione was about to kneel down so that she could examine the person, Harry recognized the robes. He whipped out his wand and warned, "Hermione, get back! It's a Death Eater!"

Hermione jumped back at Harry's warning. Slowly, Harry approached the unknown Death Eater. With his wand still pointing at the prone person, Harry lowered the black hood to reveal a broken and bloodied Death Eater Mask. Harry flicked the mask off.

"It's Malfoy!" Hermione stated in surprise.

Lying right in front of the young lovers was none other than Draco Malfoy, the wizard who led a group of Death Eaters into the castle and aided in the murder of Dumbledore. His left eye was swollen shut, his nose was clearly broken in two places, and Harry felt it was safe to assume by the extensive amount of blood caked around his mouth that Draco had also lost some teeth as well. Malfoy was pale (well, paler than his normal morgue-like pallor) and looked as if he hadn't rested or eaten in a day or two. His Death Eater robes were tattered and torn, with pieces of twigs and branches tangled in them.

Judging by the fact that Draco's blood appeared to have been dry for some time, Harry guessed that Malfoy was attacked a few days previously and had escaped through the Forbidden Forest. Whether that was actually what happened or merely designed to appear so to whomever stumbled across Malfoy wasn't clear. For all Harry knew this was a trap.

"Let's get him to Madam Pomfrey," Hermione ordered.

"No," barked Harry.

"Harry, he's injured," argued Hermione.

"Good," commented Harry honestly. "He deserves some pain, and if you ask me, he deserves a lot more. Besides, it might be a trap."

"A trap? To do what precisely?" Hermione asked with her fists on her hips.

"Maybe Voldemort heard that they're going to open up the school again and he wants to send a message," Harry explained. "So they make Draco look like he's gotten the snot kicked out of him and dump him where someone will find him. Then he is taken to the Hospital

Ward where McGonagall visits him. Malfoy gives the signal, maybe a Flare Charm or something, then a bunch of Death Eaters Portkey to Malfoy's location and kill all the staff present and burn the school down. That way, the school would never open again."

"I don't know Harry," Hermione sounded. "It sounds a bit contrived."

"Contrived, is it? It's not as contrived as the plan where the Death Eaters entered the castle through the means of a magical teleporting cabinet which brought them into a magical room which houses stolen, hidden, or nefarious objects that have been collected over the ages," Harry countered. "When Draco and the other Death Eaters left this room, they use the just-invented Peruvian Darkness Powder, which Draco bought from the twins. No one can see through the Darkness Powder except for Draco because he finally has the Hand of Glory which is the perfect counter for the twins' product. The Hand of Glory, of course being something he's pouted for since before our second year. Then the Death Eaters conjured up a magical shield through which no one without a Dark Mark can pass. But even with this impassable shield, some of the Death Eaters stayed and battled the good guys so they can't get to the shield, which they couldn't pass even if it wasn't protected by Death Eaters. While those Death Eaters are fighting the good guys – the ones that couldn't pass through the shield but for some unknown reason, the bad guys still felt the need to keep the good guys from approaching it – one of the Death Eaters ran up to the top of the Astronomy Tower and casts the Dark Mark so that they could complete their plan to lure Dumbledore back to the castle. They knew he was away because their Imperioed spy alerted them that he and I had left. Mind you, the Death Eaters only had an hour or so warning, because no one, not even me, knew that Dumbledore was planning on leaving. Then once that Death Eater cast the Dark Mark, he ran back down and fought against the good guys to help make sure they couldn't reach the shield they couldn't pass anyway.

"When Dumbledore arrived, they sent Draco up to face him," Harry continued his analysis of the Death Eater tactics. "Miraculously, Draco, a sixteen year old kid, was able to disarm the most powerful wizard alive – probably because Dumbledore was busy casting a Full Body Bind on me, even though I saw him take out several fully

trained Wizards on two occasions in our fifth year which means he should've been able to cast the hex on me and take care of Draco easily. Next, a number of the Death Eaters left the fight to keep the good guys away from approaching the invisible shield they couldn't pass and join Draco up on the Astronomy Tower to simply watch him assassinate Dumbledore. But, Draco didn't have the nerve and none of these watchers did it either. Which is odd in itself, since they're all a bunch of bootlickers who would've loved the opportunity to kill an unarmed and defenseless Dumbledore so that they could gain their master's favor. They watched dumbly as this ponce," Harry paused and pointed at Draco, "shock and tremble. All the while, they could've easily killed Dumbledore themselves. Then they watched dumbly while Snape ran up and does the job for them and therefore gains their master's approval. They then initiate their well-thought out escape plan: either run back through the good guys in hopes of returning to the Room of Requirement where they had come in from and use the magical transport device, or run through the good guys and into the Forbidden Forest – of course they could have just as easily created a Portkey or two of them could have even use the brooms that Dumbledore and I flew on, I mean they were just sitting there in plain sight. But that wasn't in their brilliantly conceived plan and so obviously they couldn't do that. Now the major flaw in their well thought out escape plan is that all the good guys were concentrated at the entrance to the stairs of the Tower because of the plan to keep a Death Eater or two at the entrance to fight off all the good guys from approaching the shield they couldn't pass. So therefore, when the Death Eaters escape; they have to fight their way through every single one of the good guys. If they had simply left their impenetrable shield unguarded, the good guys would've known that they couldn't have passed through it. And since the good guys would need to find another way up the Tower, they would have left the entrance virtually unprotected during their searches.

"So, as you can see, this could be a trap," Harry concluded.

Hermione blinked slowly as she obviously tried to catch up with Harry's train of thought. It was clear by the expression on her face that she hadn't realized, until Harry pointed it out, that the person who came up with the plan to attack Hogwarts and kill Dumbledore had the mental equivalent of a twelve year old on a sugar high. Either that

or her expression meant she got a headache from trying to keep up with Harry's explanation.

"Okay, how about we Portkey him to the Ministry and let them deal with him," Hermione offered.

Harry tugged off one of Draco's shoes and placed it near the blond wizard's hand. Hermione tapped it with her wand while incanting "Portus."

After the shoe had been transformed into a Portkey, Harry lifted Draco's limp hand and dropped it on the Portkey. With a pop, Draco vanished from sight.

"Maybe we should've tested how powerful you are now on him," offered Harry. "You know, a Blasting Hex or two just to see if the ritual worked or not."

"Although that is a good idea and I'd love to get a chance to hurt the bastard; he deserves it how he gloated over Cedric's death and what he did to Katie and Madam Rosmerta," Hermione said. "I want him to be awake so he knows that it's a 'Mudblood' kicking his bigoted butt."

Now that that was out of the way, the two lovers continued their way to the castle.

They quickly went to the Headmistress' office and knocked on her door.

"Come in," McGonagall called out. When Harry followed Hermione into the room, he was relieved that McGonagall was alone. The conversation was going to be hard enough without an audience.

"Um, Professor... I..." Hermione stammered. It was obvious that she was nervous and was trying to find a more polite way of saying "Harry shagged my eyes green" to their stern Headmistress.

But before Hermione could continue, McGonagall demanded, "Miss Granger, what happened to your eyes?"



What followed was a very awkward conversation where Harry and Hermione informed McGonagall about the power boosting ritual – but Hermione was the one who did most of the talking because Harry still couldn't bring himself to discuss sex in front of McGonagall. Hermione kept stammering and using vague innuendoes such as “my first blossom.” Even though Harry knew what Hermione was describing, he had difficulty following her.

“You performed the Maidenhead Ritual,” McGonagall commented, effectively ending Hermione's awkward description.

“You know of it?” Hermione asked.

“Yes, it is somewhat uncommon, but some witches still do it,” McGonagall replied. “I did it myself,” she added with one of her saucy grins. Harry quickly blocked out the image of the Headmistress' first time. That was something he didn't want to see.

“But that doesn't explain why your eyes are green,” McGonagall stated.

“I think it has something to do with Harry,” Hermione speculated. “He's rather... powerful.”

McGonagall mulled over Hermione's theory for a moment. The Headmistress turned to Dumbledore's painting and asked, “Albus, what are your thoughts?”

“I once heard of an American mage who theorized that pure magic was always colored green,” Dumbledore mused aloud. “But I can't seem to remember his name. I recalled that he claimed to be some sort of a reincarnation of Merlin.”

“Wasn't that the fellow who had no legs?” McGonagall asked. “The one whose companion had a beard and who only had that one pullover that he constantly wore and carried some kind of glowing cricket bat all the time?” (1)

“Yes, that's the one.”

"I don't know, I ever heard his name."

"Well perhaps we'll discover his name at another time." Dumbledore continued, "But coming back to the situation at hand, I've always believed that Harry was powerful, as Miss Granger commented, and that his power has somehow seeped into Hermione and has altered the color of her eyes."

Harry blushed at Dumbledore choice of words even though he doubted that the venerable Headmaster had intended the word "seeped" to have such a double meaning.

"That's what I was thinking," Hermione agreed with Dumbledore. "Harry made a comment that my eyes were hazel ever since we've been together. I think his love based magic has been altering the color slowly and this ritual just accelerated that change. It's probably safe to assume that my eyes will be the same color as Harry's in a short matter of time."

A chill ran through Harry. His love magic was changing Hermione's eye color to match his. Did that mean that his magic was changing Hermione into a copy of him? Would Hermione slowly turn into a copy of Harry? That was something Harry did not like in the slightest. If Hermione turned into him, she'd lose her boobs, and Harry enjoyed playing with her breasts too much for that to happen. And Harry couldn't bear the thought of Hermione's flower turning into a replica of 'Harry, Jr.'

"They do say that the eyes are the windows to the soul," stated Dumbledore. "Harry's love has touched your soul and it is showing that love in your eyes. Besides, I doubt that any other features will change, Miss Granger."

"How can you be sure, sir?" Hermione asked.

"Because, Harry is controlling the change – on a subconscious level of course," Dumbledore replied. "And I can safely assume that Harry doesn't want the rest of you to change."

Both Harry and Hermione breathed a sigh of relief. They bid McGonagall and Dumbledore goodbye and left. But before they exited the office, Hermione turned and spoke to the Headmistress.

"Oh, I almost forgot, Professor," Hermione began. "When Harry and I were walking on the school grounds, we found Draco Malfoy."

"Malfoy?" McGonagall shouted. "What the hell was he doing here?"

"We don't know," Hermione replied. "He was unconscious. It was obvious that he was badly beaten and it looked like he had been in the Forbidden Forest for a few days. We created a Portkey and sent him to the Ministry."

"Why didn't you come and get me?" McGonagall asked.

"We thought it was a trap," Harry supplied.

"Good point," McGonagall agreed. "If it was, they'd never expect that we'd just send him to the Ministry without healing his wounds first."

Harry was quite glad that McGonagall agreed with him. He didn't want to repeat the same argument he had given Hermione earlier; just thinking of the overly contrived attack plan gave him a headache. Harry and Hermione said goodbye again and left the office.

As Harry and Hermione walked back to the Gryffindor Common Room, they discussed Dumbledore's revelation.

"That was really nice what Dumbledore said about you power," said Hermione with a bloom to her cheeks. "How you've touched my soul."

"Oh, I thought you were talking about when he said my love 'seeped' into you." Harry said with a wry grin.

"Harry James Potter," scolded Hermione. "You have a dirty mind!"

"It was funny," Harry defended.

After a moment, Hermione snorted “Well, there was a bit of seeping. But a quick Cleaning Charm took care of that.”

The two shared a laugh at their naughty joke as they entered the Common Room. They flopped on the couch and held each other as they chuckled. Harry stopped laughing suddenly when he saw a crest-fallen Ron stumble into the Common Room.

“Ron, are you okay?” Hermione asked after she regained her composure.

Ron mumbled a response and shrugged his shoulders.

“Ronald, carry me,” Luna’s voice requested from the hallway. “It’s tradition.”

The red haired wizard turned and walked out in the hallway. He returned a second later carrying Luna in his arms. It was fairly obvious what Ron and Luna had done judging by the way he was carrying her.

“Ron, you didn’t,” Hermione gasped. The defeated look on Ron’s face compared to the happy and glowing look on Luna’s informed both Harry and Hermione that they in fact did.

“It wasn’t my choice,” he argued. “Mum made me do it.”

“What do you mean?” Hermione demanded.

“It’s an old magical tradition,” Ron began. “If two people have any type of sex; even if it’s just a blow-job or a hand-job, the parents can force the two to marry.”

Both Harry and Hermione shared a worried look. Harry wasn’t opposed to the idea of marrying Hermione, but the concept of being forced to do so was distasteful. When he married her, it would be on their terms, not on else’s. He could tell that Hermione was thinking the same thing.

After setting Luna down, Ron sat on the couch and was lost in his thoughts. Luna eyed Harry and Hermione inquisitively before saying, "I wouldn't worry you two; it's only a pure-blood tradition. It was a way some families made sure their line remained pure. Besides, even if you two were pure-bloods, the tradition clearly states that at least one parent from each side must agree. Seeing that Harry's folks are beyond the veil, they can't really agree now can they?"

A wave of relief passed over Harry and he saw his girlfriend visibly relax. Luna walked up and hugged Hermione comfortingly and said, "Congratulations on consummating your relationship."

Hermione's eyes bulged in surprise at Luna's comment.

"Did you enjoy the sex?" Luna asked and then added, "That was directed at you Hermione, since I know Harry enjoyed it. He's a bloke so it's obvious that he liked it."

"Um... how'd you know?" Harry asked nervously.

"What kind of silly comment is that? I've known you're a man for a while Harry," Luna replied.

"No, no, how did you know about us making love?" Hermione corrected.

"It was clear the way you two reacted when you thought that you would be forced to marry now," Luna answered.

"It's about time, if you ask me," Ron commented dispassionately.

"So, how was the sex?" Luna repeated.

"It was nice, but a touch awkward," Hermione replied softly.

"You should've done what Ronald and I did when we first made love," Luna offered. "When you do it five consecutive times, you get past the awkwardness rather fast."

"Five times, I thought it was six?" Harry asked.

“Harry, please keep up,” Luna spoke as if she was speaking with a child. “Hermione and I are discussing intercourse. Ronald and I made love a total of five times – including the accidental sodomy. Yes, Ronald did ejaculate six times, but the first time was in my hand, and that’s not true intercourse,” Luna paused and caressed her husband’s face while commenting softly, “My virile man.”

Now that his concern was lifted, Harry turned his attention back to Ron. The red-haired wizard was so sullen looking that Harry thought he was going to cry. Harry didn’t know if he’d be able to handle being forced to marry Hermione like Ron was forced to do with Luna. Then it dawned on Harry; yes, he wanted to be married to Hermione on their own terms, but the idea of being married to her was actually very heart lifting. Harry realized that Ron should be happy. Even though it wasn’t his idea, Ron was married to a wonderful witch whom he loved and she loved him right back. In all honesty, Ron was overreacting. Harry was about to point this out to Ron when a sudden thought occurred to Harry; he hadn’t been invited to his best mate’s wedding.

“Why the hell wasn’t I invited?” Harry asked Ron in a jovial way. “I’m your best mate; I should’ve been your Best Wizard!”

“What about me?” Hermione added in an equally humorous way. “I was the one who introduced the couple. I should have been at least invited.”

“This isn’t funny you two,” Ron snapped. “I’m married.”

“Actually, it is kind of funny,” Luna said dreamily. Where Ron was upset and in shock over the marriage, Luna was taking her new marital status in her usual easy going manner.

“Why did Molly force you two to marry?” Hermione asked.

“My father made us as well, don’t forget,” Luna informed and plopped down next to her husband.

“I never met your dad, but I thought Molly wouldn’t hold to such an archaic pure-blood tradition? Why would your mum even consider

doing such a thing?" Harry asked. He always thought that the Weasleys didn't hold themselves to such beliefs.

"I think Molly was just upset her son had his way with me," Luna answered.

"So, you're saying that if Luna just stopped at giving you a hand-job on your first date, your parents could've still forced you to marry?" Hermione asked.

"Only if they found out," Ron replied giving Harry an accusing eye. "Why'd you do that? If Mum hadn't found out, she would have never insisted that we get married."

"Sorry about that," Harry said, not really believing that an apology was necessary. For one reason, the prank he and Hermione pulled on Fred and George was perfect. And the second reason, Ron should consider himself lucky to be with Luna.

"An interesting side note," Luna stated. "If a pure-blood fools around with a half-blood or a Muggle-born, the tradition doesn't apply."

"I can't believe it!" Ron snapped again. "How the three of you can take this so lightly?"

"What's the big deal?" Harry asked Ron.

"I'm married," Ron answered.

"Do you love Luna?" Hermione asked.

"Yes."

"So what's the big deal?" Harry repeated. "You're married to a beautiful witch who you love and she loves you -"

"And a witch who loves his penis," Luna added. "It really is wonderful; I could play with it for hours and hours."

"You have," Hermione made a comment under her breath about Ron and Luna's day-long shag-fests.

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Ron admitted and his worry melted away. Luna showed her appreciation for Ron's realization by snuggling up next to him. At first Harry was happy for his friends and was about to wish them well when he saw Luna's hand slowly inch down toward Ron's trousers.

Harry took Hermione's hand and started to make their way out of the Common Room; he was positive that Luna was going to whip out Ron's willy and Harry had no intention of watching his two friends go at it... again. A happy groan from Ron announced that Harry's speculation was right.

The moment the two lovers entered the hall outside the Common Room, a number of house-elves popped out of thin air.

"Yous be a very bad wizard!" one elf shouted at Harry in a mixture of rage and sadness.

"The bald feline done be violated," another added.

"The One of the Mark do be bad," a third wailed.

"Yous done defiled the Great One!" an elf sobbed.

Harry was stunned; how did they find out so soon? He turned to see if Hermione was as perplexed as he was only to find his girlfriend rolling her eyes at the house-elves comments.

"Yous will pay, One of the Mark!" one threatened.

"Oh, just stuff it," Hermione shouted. "I wanted the One of the Mark to 'violate' the bald feline. And I'm going to do it again!"

Harry jumped in the air triumphantly at Hermione's declaration.

"We's be stopping yous then," one house-elf said defiantly.



“Why bother,” Hermione countered. “It’s already been done! There’s no point in stopping it now.”

Hermione took Harry’s hand and they turned to face the Fat Lady. At first, it was Harry and Hermione’s intention to reenter the Common Room and make their way up to his room to make love. But remembering that Ron and Luna started to become intimate in the Common Room and how fast they worked, Harry imagined Ron already had his new wife bent over the couch and was taking her from behind. So obviously, going through the Common Room was out of the question.

Harry looked around desperately for another place to be intimate. Hermione had promised another go and ‘Harry, Jr.’ was already starting to wake up. If Harry didn’t find another place, ‘Harry, Jr.’ would be quite irate.

Thankfully, Harry saw salvation. He pointed and declared, “There!”

“A broom cupboard?” Hermione said scandalously as she eyes the small door across the hall. “You want to shag in a broom cupboard?”

“It’s a Hogwarts tradition,” Harry defended. “Like house rivalry, you have to shag in a cupboard.”

With a smile, Hermione replied, “Who am I to go against tradition?”

Harry pushed his way past the house-elves and led Hermione into the tiny and cluttered room. He quickly closed the door behind him and the elves pleas and cries became muffled. Hermione drew out her wand and waved it at the door. Suddenly, the elves cries were silenced as she placed a Silencing Charm on the door.

The only light in the cupboard filtered through the bottom of the door. It was a tight squeeze and Harry didn’t have much room to move, but he was up for the challenge.

He took Hermione’s face in his hands and lovingly kissed her lips. Their tongues played with each other for a while and Harry’s hand began to wander down. His fingers worked in the near darkness on

the buttons of Hermione's blouse. Because of the cramped space, Harry wasn't able to remove her bra fully. But that didn't stop him from pulling it down enough to expose 'Camilla' and 'Natasha.' He trailed kisses down her neck and chest until he reached her wonderful nubs. Hermione groaned pleasurably as Harry played with each of her nipples in turn.

Harry knelt down – which caused a couple of pails to rub against his back. He reached up inside of her skirt and pulled her panties down. Hermione had to place her hand on Harry's shoulder for support as she stepped out of her knickers. Harry took one of his lover's legs and guided it so that it was draped over his shoulder. Holding the front of her skirt up, Harry dove in. He worked his Parseltongue magic on her flower. Within a minute, Hermione was grabbing fistfuls of Harry's hair and her knee was shaking.

After she was good and wet, Harry stood and freed 'Harry, Jr.'. The organ sprang out of Harry's pants and was more than eager to play. Even though it was very dark in the cupboard, Harry was able to see a wicked smile on Hermione's lips. The brunette witch turned around and stuck her bottom out at Harry.

"Take me from behind," Hermione said throatily.

Harry gulped and braced himself. He was about to blindly follow through with Hermione's command. He knew it would hurt her, but he wondered how much it would hurt him. He reckoned that that particular entrance was rather tight. He knew that he'd have to lubricate himself up before entering her nether hole. Would his spit be enough for the job? Would it be considered uncouth to spit a loogie on his own willy? It was also supposed to be a very messy way to have sex. Would Hermione be mad if Harry performed a Cleaning Charm on her bum as if he was saying she wasn't hygienic enough?

But then Harry suddenly remembered something. He remembered that Hermione stated very clearly that she was in no way interested in anal sex. He was so caught up in the moment that he had forgotten that.

“Harry, I’m waiting,” Hermione moaned out and she playfully rubbed her bottom against him. Now Harry was very confused; he remembered that Hermione said no anal, but now she was propositioning him to do just that.

“Um, I thought you said never that way?” Harry asked, still confused as to what Hermione was suggesting.

“Take me from behind,” Hermione repeated in an annoyed fashion. “Not ‘take my behind’. Just go slowly, I’m still a little sore.”

“Oh,” Harry replied.

With one hand around the base of ‘Harry, Jr.’ and the other on Hermione’s round bottom, Harry rubbed his crown up and down Hermione’s vulva, smearing her juices on his tip. He felt Hermione shiver with delight and he decided to continue teasing his girlfriend. After a few moments of this action, Hermione hissed out “When I said ‘go slowly’, I didn’t mean this slowly.”

“You want me to stop this?” Harry asked playfully as he slid his crown over her nether lips again.

“Hurry up and stick that fucking thing in me!” Hermione commanded.

“Do you really want it?” Harry asked and he could see Hermione nod her head. Even though he was more than happy to comply with Hermione’s wishes, he was turned on when she used foul language and he wanted her to talk dirty to him some more. “Tell me how badly you want it.”

“I can’t handle it anymore,” Hermione began. “I want you to fuck me. I want your cock inside my wet quim.”

And that was good enough for Harry. Gently, he pushed his way inside of her. Hermione groaned out as Harry stretched out her inner walls. Slowly and rhythmically, Harry made love to her.

“Slowly, that’s it. It feels so effing good. I love it inside me,” Hermione moaned out. “Does my pussy make your willy feel good? Does it make you want to cum?”

He wanted to thrust and pound away inside of her. But she had warned him to go slow and Harry fought the urge. It didn’t help that Hermione’s dirty talk was driving Harry mad.

“Fuck me slow, Harry,” she purred and Harry felt his balls begin to seize up.

“Hermione, I’m gonna cum,” warned Harry.

“Do it Harry, cum in me,” she commanded.

With a primal shout, Harry released himself. Panting, he removed himself from Hermione’s flower.

“Did you like that?” Hermione asked and turned around.

“It was fantastic,” Harry said and pulled her to him. “Now, did you like it?”

“Very much so,” Hermione admitted. “It was much more enjoyable the second time. In fact, I was very close to climaxing.”

“How close?”

“Very,” Hermione answered. “I’d say about a minute or two, no more.”

Harry looked down and silently asked ‘Harry, Jr.’ if it was ready for another go. The organ struggled and bravely stood as if it was saying “I’m ready, Cap’n! For Queen and Country and all that!”

Confident that he could last for another minute or two, Harry guided Hermione so that she was leaning against the wall.

“Harry, what are you doing?” Hermione asked in surprise. When he reentered her flower, Hermione muttered a barely audible “Oh, my.”

He knew he wouldn't last long, but Harry wanted to make Hermione happy. He wanted desperately to return the pleasure she had given him. Every muscle in his body tensed up as he forced himself to stay erect for just a while longer. His cum and her juices coated his penis as he slid in and out.

In the dim light, Harry could see her now mostly green eyes sparkle with desire and love. He felt her walls tighten around his member. Hermione wasn't lying when she told him that she was close. In a short matter of time, Hermione screamed out as her ecstasy claimed her. She bucked and she reached out for something to grab on to help her remain standing.

Unfortunately, that something was a broom that was just leaning against the wall. Not only did the broom not support Hermione, but because of her orgasm, she accidentally swung the broom... directly at Harry's head. With a loud crack, the broom handle struck Harry's head – right above his left eye.

The two lovers began to crash to the ground. On their way down, their bodies hit a number of cleaning tools and supplies, sending them to the ground as well. Pots, pails, and brooms landed on top of Harry and Hermione.

Mind you, during the fall, Hermione was still riding her orgasm. She bucked and thrashed on top of Harry as the various items rained down on them.

After everything had settled – both the cleaning supplies and Hermione's orgasm, Harry asked "How was it for you?"

"Besides being pelted with brooms and whatnot," Hermione breathed out. "It was a little squishy the second time. But I really liked it."

It took them a while to untangle themselves from each other and the brooms, but when they stood, Hermione magically cleaned herself and Harry. After dressing, Harry opened the door to find that the house-elves had not left. In fact, they had set up an impromptu candlelight vigil. Each one of the elves was dressed from head to toe in black rags, some were even softly crying.

Hermione pushed passed the group and led Harry to the Great Hall.

“Let’s get something to eat,” Hermione said. “I’m hungry.”

When they arrived at the Great Hall, two plates of food were waiting for them. Harry assumed that one of the house-elves had heard Hermione’s comment about being hungry and they had prepared some food for them. Each plate had a note card with their names on it, indicating whose plate was whose. It was also obvious that the house-elves acted on their threat to get revenge on Harry for having sex with the Great One.

Hermione’s plate – the note card was marked “The Great One” in elegant writing – was loaded with luscious looking fruits, scrumptious kippers, and fluffy pastries. Harry’s plate – the attached note card had a very crude drawing of a stick figure being hung by its neck – was covered in rotting fruit, burnt-to-a-crisp kippers, and pastries that looked like they had been already chewed and spat out onto his plate.

“Well, I guess they don’t like you very much,” Hermione stated as she compared the two plates of food.

Seeing that Harry’s food was inedible, Hermione graciously shared her food with him. While they ate, Hermione continuously looked at the large bump and accompanying bruise on Harry’s forehead caused by the broom.

“Don’t worry about it,” Harry consoled her. “I’ve had worse.”

“Yes, but I’ve never cause one,” fretted Hermione.

“It was an accident,” Harry pointed out.

“But I still feel sorry,” Hermione pouted.

“Alright then, you can make it up to me,” offer Harry in a knowing tone.

Hermione blushed and scooted closer to Harry.

“Would you like for me to make it up to you right now?” Hermione cooed in Harry’s ear.

Harry was very keen on that idea. He imagined Hermione disappearing under the table and giving him head in penance for the accident. But he knew that ‘Harry, Jr.’ was too damn tired and it would be fruitless to do so.

“Maybe a rain check?” Harry asked.

In response, Hermione kissed Harry on the lips.

“Am I interrupting?” a familiar voice asked.

Harry looked up to see Tonks standing across the table. He was suddenly very happy that ‘Harry, Jr.’ was sleepy; if the organ had been up for Hermione’s offer, Tonks would’ve walked in to see Hermione slide under the table.

“Tonks, you look beautiful!” Hermione commented. At first, Harry didn’t notice anything unusual about the Auror. She was wearing clothes a punk rocker would wear and her hair was bright blue; it was her normal look and Harry didn’t think that merited Hermione’s comment. But then he saw a rosy glow to Tonks’ face that accented her natural beauty.

“Remus proposed,” Tonks stated and her glow grew brighter.

Hermione shot out of her seat and rushed over to Tonks. The brunette witch threw her arms around Tonks.

“That’s wonderful, Tonks,” Hermione cheered.

Harry followed Hermione’s lead and hugged Tonks.

“Of course, he had to because of the baby,” Tonks commented. “But I still said yes.”

The three shared a laugh for a moment. Tonks’ eyes bulged when she finally noticed the bruise on Harry’s head.

“Either you did something bad or you did something very good to deserve that,” the Auror said to Harry. Harry tried to act cool and composed, but he felt his face heat up. Out of the corner of his eye, Harry saw Hermione’s face become flush.

“Oh, he did something really good, then,” Tonks quipped. “Did he make you cum?” she asked Hermione.

“Tonks!” Hermione scolded.

Then a wicked grin appeared on Tonks’ face. She quickly looked directly into Harry’s eyes then into Hermione’s.

“He’s shagged your eyes green!” Tonks heralded at the top of her lungs.

“Let me see,” Luna requested as she and Ron walked into the Great Hall. The blonde witch walked up to Hermione and cooed “Oh, they’re beautiful.”

“Are they different?” Ron asked.

“Yes Ron,” Hermione said in a perturbed manner. “They used to be completely brown.”

“I never noticed,” admitted Ron.

Hermione rolled her eyes at her red-haired friend.

“Anyway, I’m here to drop this off,” Tonks said and she handed Hermione a small pink and blue envelope. “It’s an invitation to an emergency baby shower.”

“Who’s having a baby?” Luna asked.

“I am,” Tonks answered and raised her shirt so that she could proudly show her belly.



“And she and Remus are going to get married,” Hermione added and Tonks’ smile somehow got even brighter.

“Congratulations,” both Ron and Luna cheered.

“When are you due?” Luna asked.

“About two months,” Tonks said.

“Two months!” Luna said with surprise. “But you’re not even showing!”

“Yeah, these two effed up and tricked us into performing a ritual that made me preggers and accelerated the fetus’ growth,” explained Tonks. Luna nodded her head along with Tonks’ explanation while Ron just looked like he only understood “effed” and “preggers”.

“You know one of the things a pregnant witch needs is a lot of potassium, right?” Luna asked.

“Among a load of other things,” Tonks stated.

“Well a wizard’s semen has a high amount of potassium in it,” Luna said.

“Luna!” Hermione cried in shock.

“It’s true,” Luna defended. “At a certain point in her pregnancy, Tonks won’t be able to have sex, but she can still pleasure Professor Lupin and help herself out...”

“By swallowing,” concluded Tonks. Harry could tell by the mischievous look in her eyes that Remus was going to have a fun and enjoyable two months ahead of him.

Trying to get past the awkward conversation about oral sex and pregnancy, Hermione held up the invitation and said, “I’ll be there.”

“Oh, you can come too Luna,” Tonks said.

“Why can’t we come?” Ron asked indicating both he and Harry.

“Do you want to hang around a bunch of witches as we talk about dirty nappies and stretch marks?” asked Tonks.

“Um, no,” Ron answered.

“Besides, I thought about making it a shower for wizards and witches,” Tonks continued. “But when I fire-called your brothers Fred and George, they freaked out. They had blindfolded themselves for some reason and when I mentioned a shower they asked if any old witches would be there. I said that there would and they started to panic. So I decided to just invite witches.”

Harry felt a sense of pride warm his heart. The prank he and Hermione had pulled was still working and it had obviously scarred Fred and George.

“When is the shower?” Luna inquired.

“Tomorrow night,” Tonks informed her.

“That soon?” Hermione asked.

“I did say it was an emergency shower,” Tonks said.

“I’m sorry, I can’t go,” Luna said. “Ronald and I are having dinner with Daddy.”

“First dinner alone with your girlfriend’s dad, huh?” Tonks asked in a frisky way.

“Actually, we’re married now,” Luna corrected.

“Wow, you two move fast,” commented Tonks.

“You don’t know the half of it,” added Harry.

“Well the first meeting is always the most awkward,” Tonks began. “It was a disaster when I took Remus to see my folks. They weren’t too keen on me dating someone thirteen years older than me.”

“Hell, the first time I met Luna’s dad, he forced me to marry her,” Ron explained.

“Okay, you two win the awkwardness award,” Tonks retorted. “But my dad was pretty furious that Remus was about only ten years younger than him...”

As Tonks continued her story of the first time Remus met her folks, Harry noticed that Hermione had a peculiar look on her face.

“Are you okay?” Harry whispered in Hermione’s ear.

“Yes, but I’ve just realized that we need to do something,” Hermione paused and looked Harry straight in the eye. “I think its time for you to meet my parents.”

Being a true Gryffindor, Harry suppressed the urge to run like hell.

To Be Continued

Footnote (1): if anyone can guess this reference, they will receive an internet cookie!

Author’s Notes: Sorry about the long delay in updating, but I was having some issues with real life.

Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor  
Chapter Eighteen: Pass the Salt and the Awkwardness, Please.

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Eighteen: "Doctor, Doctor, give me the news..."  
After Tonks had left, Harry and Hermione had a very interesting conversation.

"B-but I-I already m-met your f-folks," Harry pointed out nervously.

"You said 'hi' to them from across the room five years ago," corrected Hermione. "That isn't what I'd call 'meeting them'."

"C-couldn't we do this a-after we defeat V-Voldemort," Harry suggested with a stutter. "I-I mean, I've got so much on my mind as it is; g-go to school, f-find the Horcruxes, f-face Voldemort. P-please, w-w-we'll meet y-your parents a-after I defeat V-Voldemort!"

At that precise moment, Harry was hoping that he'd lose the final battle with Voldemort. Death was a much more pleasing option to Harry than meeting the parents of the girl he was having sex with.

"Harry, you're the bravest person I know," said Hermione. "You face danger constantly. Practically every madman in Britain has tried to kill you. You went toe to toe with a fire-breathing dragon for pity's sake! How could meeting my parents be worse than that?"

"Because I wasn't boinking the dragon's daughter!" Harry pointed out.

“What, do you think I’m going to introduce you like ‘Mum, Dad, this is Harry. We’ve had sex in a broom-cupboard while a group of house-elves mourned outside’ or ‘This is Harry. I like to swallow his load’?” Hermione asked.

“Please don’t,” Harry squeaked weakly.

“Don’t worry Harry, my parents won’t know,” Hermione clarified. “It’s not as if I going to wear a sign that states we’ve had sex.”

“But your eyes are green,” Harry retorted. “They’ll want to know why your eyes have changed color.”

“I’ll simply cast a Glamour Charm on them so they look brown again. Besides, even if they did notice them, they’d never suspect how it happened. It’s not like they would ever associate eye-color change with sex.”

Even with Hermione’s reassurance, Harry was still nervous about meeting her mother and father. So, to help bolster his confidence, Hermione took a page out of Luna’s book. Later that night, Harry and Hermione commandeered the fourth year boys’ room – because Ron and Luna were already in Harry’s room shagging like rabbits... again. What followed was a very interesting scene. As Harry lay on his back, Hermione rode him like a pony. She was bouncing up and down which made her boobs jiggle quite nicely. But what was very unusual was that in between thrusts and grunts, Hermione would tell Harry anecdotes about how nice and loving her parents were.

“Um... my dad... oh... loves model trains... Merlin, that feels so-o-o-o-go-o-ood... and when... ah... I was eight... wow... I broke... yummy... one of his favorites... yeah, right there... he was mad at first and yelled... uh... but then he bought me a lolly... grrr... to say he was sorry for yelling.”

Harry wasn’t certain that he was feeling more confident about meeting her father or not, but he was becoming convinced that Hermione really enjoyed being on top.

“Yes-s-s-s... and my mum... play with my titties, Harry... bakes wonderful... oh fuck... cookies... warm and gooey... all warm and gooey....”

After they had finished, Hermione cuddled with Harry while she continued to praise her parents as they drifted off to sleep.

The next day, Hermione left early in the morning to go shopping for a present for Tonks and the baby. She told Harry that her errand would most likely be an all day event and that she would head over to the shower right after shopping therefore she wouldn't be back until late.

Harry was a little bored without Hermione. He had grown used to her company the past few days – in particular when they were both naked and in each other's company – and it felt a little odd that she wasn't there.

Thankfully, Ron and Luna were there to keep Harry company. Luna sat on the couch reading Harry's 'special book' while the two wizards played chess. Every once in a while, Luna would read aloud a segment of the book that she found interesting.

“It says here, there's a position that causes the witch to sneeze and have spontaneous bouts of accidental magic,” the blonde witch read. “And here's a ritual that causes plants and other vegetation to grow faster through the act of something the author refers to as 'double-dipping'.”

“That's nice,” Ron said dispassionately as he moved one of his pawns right in front of Harry's bishop. It was clear that Ron was still nervous about having dinner with his new father-in-law. Because of this distraction (or as one might call it; mind-numbing fear), for the first time, Harry was able to beat Ron.

Around four in the afternoon, Luna and Ron left for their dinner date with her father leaving Harry to head down to the kitchens for an early supper. Unfortunately, the one sect of the house-elves were still upset about Harry having sex with Hermione and showed this anger in how they prepared his food. The meal, if one could call it a meal, consisted of festering meat of some kind, a small pile of dirt, and a

boiled shoe. Although Harry had to admit that the shoe was very nicely garnished with some rosemary and thyme. It showed that the house-elves were still taking pride in their work.

Given his options, Harry decided to head out to Hogsmede to fetch his supper instead. He walked into The Three Broomsticks, which was under new management seeing that Madam Rosmerta was still in St Mungo's, and found Hagrid and Professor McGonagall sitting at a nearby table.

"ello there, Harry," the half-giant called out. "Good ter see ya."

"Come join us, Mr. Potter," requested McGonagall.

"Thank you," said Harry as he took an empty seat. After ordering some stew and a butterbeer from the waitress, Harry asked McGonagall, "Weren't you invited to Tonks' shower as well, ma'am?"

"Yes, I was," answered McGonagall. "But to be perfectly honest, those types of gatherings tend to bother me. It's an excuse for witches to gather together and complain about dirty nappies and stretch marks."

After the three finished their meal, McGonagall brought up an interesting topic.

"Draco Malfoy woke up earlier today," the Headmistress stated. "He claims that he was running from Death Eaters. It seems that Mr. Malfoy didn't have the stomach for it."

"Are they going to prosecute him for what he did?" Harry asked.

"Not likely," informed McGonagall.

"What do you mean?" Harry blurted out. "At the very least, he helped the Death Eaters attack Hogwarts and kill Professor Dumbledore."

"The moment Malfoy woke up he started talking," McGonagall explained. "He named a dozen previously unknown Death Eaters who were spying in the ministry. He also gave the location of a Hit-

Wizard named Ross Stone, who has been missing for almost a year now.”

“If ya ask me he was better left missing,” Hagrid commented after he took a massive gulp of ale. “For what e’s done, e’s an unbelievably arrogant bugger.”

“That’s not a very nice thing to say about Stone, Hagrid,” McGonagall chastised the large man before commenting under her breath “Even though it’s true.

“Because of this useful information that Mr. Malfoy supplied,” the Headmistress continued. “I believe that the Ministry is planning on giving Draco leniency.”

Harry, McGonagall, and Hagrid made their way back to the castle as Harry pondered the information on Draco. Even though Draco may have done some good in turning over a few Death Eaters to the Ministry, it still didn’t sit right with Harry. Dumbledore was dead in part to Draco’s actions. In Harry’s mind, Draco should have to do a lot more than turn over some Death Eaters in order to earn forgiveness.

Harry returned to his room and noticed that Hermione, Luna, and Ron had not yet returned. Picking up his ‘special book’, Harry headed up to his room to read up on some new techniques.

An hour or so later, Harry heard Hermione call out from the Common Room.

“Harry, are you in here?” she yelled.

“Yeah, in my room,” Harry called out. He could hear her run up the stairs and he set his ‘special book’ on the bedside table.

Hermione rushed in the room carrying a large paper bag. A huge grin was plastered on her face and her cheeks were a bright red.

“I take it you had a good time?” Harry asked.

“It was brilliant!” Hermione cheered.



“Really?” Harry asked. “I didn’t know a baby shower could be so much fun.” In fact, both Tonks and McGonagall had told him that all that happened at these gatherings were discussions about pregnancy and babies. That didn’t sound like fun to him. Actually, it sounded rather frightening.

“It wasn’t just a baby shower thanks to Courtney!” Hermione said and clutched the bag to her chest happily.

“What did she do?” Harry inquired. Courtney had a wicked streak in her and Harry knew that the Auror-in-training could do some mischievous things.

“Seeing how Remus and Tonks are getting married, Courtney officially declared that it was a bridal shower as well!” Hermione was as happy as a child on Christmas morning.

“What does that mean?” Harry honestly had no idea what happened at a bridal shower. He assumed that since everyone talks about babies and pregnancies at a baby shower that in a bridal shower is full of discussions about weddings. But that didn’t give Hermione a reason to be so happy. Did someone hit her with a Cheering Charm?

“Let me show you!” Hermione dumped the contents of the paper bag onto his bed. As the contents spilled out on his sheets, Hermione called out, “Courtney brought party gifts for everyone!”

As Harry looked at the various objects that were now on his bed, he realized that a baby shower is nothing like a bridal shower. These items would be completely inappropriate to give to an expectant mother or the soon-to-be-born child.

The first thing Harry saw on the pile was four sets of pink fur-lined leather cuffs. A long thin chain was attached to each of these cuffs. Hermione unsuccessfully attempted to force back a giggle when Harry picked up one of the cuffs. The next item looked like a short wand but it had a small ball on the tip. Harry had no idea why Courtney would give Hermione such a strange looking wand. A ping-pong paddle was lying alongside a red ball that was attached to some

sort of long leather strap. There were several other devices of various sizes and shapes, but one of the items was easily identifiable; a very large and fluffy quill. When Harry picked up the big and fluffy feather, Hermione sighed happily.

“Um, what are these?” Harry asked.

“They’re toys!” Hermione said exuberantly.

They were unlike any toys Harry had ever seen. He recalled his toys when he was a kid: broken toy soldiers and bent Frisbees; these items were nothing like his toys. Besides, even if they were toys, Harry had no idea what Hermione was so happy about. She was more a book person than a toy person.

Hermione pushed all of the so-called toys except for the cuffs and chains off of the bed. Harry watched as she sat on the bed and then proceeded to wrap one of the cuffs around her left ankle. She then repeated the process on her right ankle and then both of her wrists with the remaining three cuffs.

“Tap each one with your wand,” Hermione ordered with a touch of mirth in her voice.

“Okay,” Harry uttered and then complied. A second after he had tapped the last of the four cuffs, the chains sprang to life. They shot out in four different directions, causing Hermione to fall back onto the bed. As Hermione was flung back onto the bed, she made a fairly happy “whee-e-e!” sound.

Harry gulped and looked at his girlfriend in surprise. She was lying spread-eagle on her back. Judging by how taught the chains were, Harry assumed that Hermione could only move her arms and legs a couple of inches at most.

“Don’t just stand there,” Hermione said eagerly. “Get to work.”

“You want me to use one of these?” Harry asked disbelievingly and he held up the quill for example.

“No, I want you to make a cake,” Hermione said with a giggle. “Now get these clothes off of me and tickle me with that feather!”

Harry was stunned yet again at how kinky his girlfriend was; she wanted him to strip her and then tease her with the feather. Thankfully the happiness he felt about having such an adventurous lover surpassed his surprise and he grabbed his wand.

“Vestimentum Abripio!” Harry incanted and all of Hermione’s clothes disappeared with a pop. The only things she was left wearing were her socks and trainers.

Hermione craned her neck and looked at her exposed flesh. “Well, I was thinking that you would’ve done that slowly. You know, drag it out a bit.”

“I’m sorry, I thought you were in a rush,” Harry mocked. “If you’d like, I can put the clothes back on and we can start again?”

“To hell with that,” Hermione hissed. “I’m so randy that I’m practically dripping.”

To test Hermione’s word, Harry held his hand at her flower. Her heat radiated through his hand as it hovered less than an inch away from her petals.

“Not quite yet,” Harry commented on her state of arousal. “But you’re getting there.”

Harry held the feather over Hermione’s face and slowly brought it down so that it covered her nose and lips. With a deliberately unhurried pace, Harry dragged the toy down her chin, over her neck, stopping at the valley between her breasts. Harry began to draw a small circle in between her tittes with the tip of the feather. Tiny bumps blossomed all over Hermione’s skin and her body shivered as the feather tickled her. After a few seconds, Harry moved the tip so that it was circling her breast. Slowly, Harry closed the circle until it eclipsed ‘Carmella’. The bud rose up and poked out of the hair-like strands of the feather. Harry decided to congratulate ‘Carmella’s’ achievement of breaking through the feather’s fibers by giving it a

kiss. His lips encompassed her nipple and Hermione groaned out. Harry repeated this process on 'Natasha' because he didn't think it would be fair to leave the other nipple out.

Hermione shivered as the feather dragged down her tummy and circled her belly-button. She groaned out in anticipation as Harry ran the tip over her hairless mon-pubis. Then he traced the feather down the insides of her thighs, just barely touching her flower. Hermione ground her hips, silently begging for Harry to continue. He ran the tip of the feather along her labia and she moaned.

A sharp pain drew Harry's attention to his own groin. 'Harry, Jr.' was so eager to play that the organ was trying to force its way through Harry's trousers. Harry paused for a second to readjust his pants so that his penis had a little more room to expand.

Harry returned his attention to Hermione and continued the tactic of teasing her flower for some time. He marveled at how Hermione moaned and how she struggled against her restraints.

"Take me Harry," Hermione moaned out. "I need you inside of me."

Normally, Harry would have been more than eager to follow her request – in fact, 'Harry, Jr.' was begging him to obey her command – but he got such a thrill at teasing her that he wanted to continue at it. The soft sounds she was making and the way she was wriggling truly excited him. He needed to see more. So Harry continued to tickle her pussy with the feather. Harry was amused by her reaction, Hermione felt pleasure at the feather, but it wasn't enough. Her body was aching for release.

"Har-r-r-ry!" she mewed in frustration and lust which only heightened Harry's arousal and his determination to tease her. Her flower was glistening and the fibers of the feather began to clump and stick together.

Resolving to cause her even more pleasurable frustration, Harry used two of his fingers from his free hand to begin to gently pry apart her petals to expose her clit. Hermione quickly tried to move her hips in hopes of some sort of penetration and relief, but Harry denied her. He

spread her lips open and revealed her button. Hermione cried out when he touched the wet feather to her clitoris. She quivered and he traced her bud lovingly. It was something that he could do for hours... and he had every intention of doing so when Hermione looked at him with her beautiful brown-green eyes.

"Please Harry," Hermione cried pitifully. "I need you..."

Harry placed the soiled feather to the side and focused on the image of a snake in his mind. He lowered himself and placed his lips to her womanhood and reached into the love that he felt for Hermione. She flowed into his mouth and on the sheets the moment his love-charge Parsletongue power entered her. Her juices dripped down his chin as he licked and suckled at her.

He looked up at her as he worked his magic. Her entire body was glistening with sweat and her skin was flush and radiant. The chains were the only thing keeping Hermione from grabbing fistfuls of his hair. Harry could see her fingers claw at the air, looking for something to grab onto.

"Sweet Baby Maeve!" Hermione cried out and Harry lapped at her honey as she orgasmed. Her legs tired to clamp down around Harry's head but the restraints held them in place. He continued to eat her out as she rode her climax.

"Get that thing in me now!" Hermione growled and panted.

Not even bothering to undress fully, Harry lowered his trousers just far enough to pull his rock-hard member out. Harry slid himself into her sopping cunny and she squeezed him.

"Fuck me hard, Harry," she ordered.

Harry didn't let himself go completely; he doubted that he ever would, out of fear of hurting her, but he did allow himself to thrust away. He drove into his lover causing his hips to slap against hers.

"Do it!" Hermione cried out. "Shag me!"

Due to the speed of his thrusts, Harry didn't last long. He pumped away and grunted as he spilled his seed into her. He continued to pump even after he had stopped cumming. His arms were growing weak and his body wanted to rest, but Harry ignored it. The look on Hermione's face told him that she would be climaxing again soon and his exhaustion was nothing compared to his desire to pleasure Hermione.

She didn't make a sound when it hit her, but Harry felt and saw her body tense up. Her walls contracted around his organ.

After she had finished, Harry lay on top of her and kissed her lips.

"I love you so much, Hermione," he whispered fondly.

"I... love... you... Har...ry" Hermione breathed out as she fell asleep.

Harry stayed there on top and inside of her. He enjoyed the sensation of her around him as much as he enjoyed watching her sleep. He took a great amount of pride in satisfying her so completely. A soft snore escaped Hermione's throat and Harry smiled. He had no idea how much time had elapsed when a voice sounded behind him.

"There are very reliable Door Locking Charms, you know," Luna said.

Without pulling himself out of his sleeping lover, Harry looked back over his shoulder to see Luna and Ron standing in the doorway. Luna had her ever-present dreamy look to her eyes while Ron had his hand pressed firmly over his own eyes.

"If you didn't know of any, you could've written simple a 'Do Not Disturb' note and stuck it to the door," added Luna.

"Okay," Harry squeaked. He imagined that Luna was getting a very interesting and messy show from where she was standing. If he had his wits about him, he may have retorted that Luna should practice what she preaches because he had walked in on them as well.

"We just wanted to pop in and tell you we're back from our dinner with Daddy," Luna informed Harry.

“Okay,” Harry squeaked again. He was troubled that Luna wasn’t bothered by the sight of him lying on top of a bound and unconscious Hermione.

“Daddy and Ronald got on smashingly,” Luna said happily. “Didn’t you Ronald?”

“Yes,” Ron answered in a monotone with his hand still over his eyes. Harry was happy that at least Ron was bothered by seeing Harry lying on top of a bound and unconscious Hermione.

“I was going to wish you two a good-night,” Luna stated. “But it’s obvious that you have already had one.”

“Okay,” whimpered Harry.

Luna began to turn, as if she was finally going to leave the room, when she paused. Her large blue eyes were fixed on the pile of toys that Hermione had brought back from the shower. Leaving her boyfriend in the doorway, Luna trotted up to the side of Harry’s bed. The blonde witch bent over – Harry noted that her head was uncomfortably close to his and Hermione’s joined hips while doing so – and retrieved the short wand. She stood back up and held the device in front of Harry’s face.

“Can I borrow this tonight?” she asked exhilaration.

“Okay,” Harry muttered. He still had no idea what the item was used for, but it was clear by Luna’s excited expression that she knew what it was.

Once again, Luna turned to the door but stopped. Harry saw her eyes survey the wet sheets and she gave him the thumbs-up symbol.

“Smashing job, Harry,” she commented. “I know Ron’s not a Parslemouth, but you have to teach him some of your techniques.”

“Okay,” murmured Harry.

Before she left, Luna gave Harry a congratulatory pat for his job of satisfying Hermione into unconsciousness. Of course, the pat was on Harry's naked arse. This caused him to recoil away from the smack which led to him accidentally thrusting his hips into Hermione's, which caused her to snore loudly. Thankfully, Hermione was completely worn out. Harry thought it would be safe to assume that Hermione would be upset if she had woken up to find Harry still inside her while having a conversation with Luna.

"Night, Harry," Ron muttered with obvious embarrassment in his voice.

"We're going to be using this wand I borrowed in the Common Room, just to let you know," Luna informed Harry before disappearing down the hall.

Harry continued to lie in and on Hermione for a while. He was still in too much shock at having Ron and Luna walk in on the "after-glow" to move. After a few moments, Harry snapped out of his surprise and rolled off and out of his lover. He muttered a few cleaning spells and removed the cuffs from Hermione's ankles and wrists. Pulling the sheet over them, Harry cuddled with Hermione. As Harry drifted off into sleep, he heard a distant soft buzzing sound accompanied by Luna's giggle.

The first thing Harry saw when he woke up the next morning was Hermione's smiling eyes. He assumed that her lips would have been smiling as well if they weren't wrapped around his willy.

Apparently, 'Harry, Jr.' woke up before Harry did. And Hermione clearly wanted to thank the organ, and therefore Harry, on such a good job of pleasing her the night before.

"Morning, love," Harry groaned out.

Hermione raised her mouth off of Harry's organ to return the greeting. "Good morning," she said with a thin line of spittle connecting her lips to his crown. After she finished speaking, Hermione plunged back down and began to hum Harry's theme.



Harry wished that he could wake up to this every morning; it was so much better than an alarm clock. He felt pity for other wizards who had to rise out of their slumber to the sound of a ringing bell. Humming and slurping were much better sounds than any bell ringing.

“Oh by the way, Harry,” Hermione paused in her fellatio. “I stopped by my parents yesterday, before the shower.”

“Oh really,” Harry tried to sound like he cared, but all he wanted was Hermione to continue sucking. Perhaps she could talk while it was in her mouth? No, that might lead to a case of accidental biting.

Thankfully, Hermione returned to the task immediately after speaking. She bobbed a few more times and Harry could feel his balls begin to well up. Seeing how close he was, Harry reasoned that Hermione must have started to suck him off well before he woke up.

Once again, Hermione stopped and raised her head.

“I stopped by and talked to my parents before I went to the shower to ask them something,” she said while she stroked his length.

“That’s nice,” Harry murmured. He honestly didn’t care if she had popped over to Buckingham Palace to have tea with the Queen. All he wanted was for his lover to finish what she had started, and to finish soon. It wasn’t fair of Hermione to have a discussion with him at a time like this. She must’ve known that he couldn’t form coherent thoughts much less words when she was blowing him.

Hermione went back to pleasuring Harry. Something was nagging him, at the back of his mind. It was like his subconscious was trying to tell him something that had slipped his mind. He knew it was dreadfully important, but it obviously wasn’t as important as Hermione giving him head.

He was so very close, any second he’d be a happy wizard. But his joy was postponed yet again when Hermione paused to speak.

“I set up that dinner with my parents,” she said.

“Neat,” Harry forced himself to mutter. What he truly wanted to say was “Who the hell cares? I’m about to cum!”

Hermione enveloped his organ into her mouth once more. She was infuriating him with all this small talk. Why the hell would she start this if she wanted to talk? She was using her mouth for other things besides speaking. And when she talked, she only delayed his pleasure. Was this in retaliation for all the teasing he inflicted on her the night before? Harry realized that it wasn’t, because he had a feeling that Hermione would do a much better job of teasing besides pausing to have a chat. Perhaps she had an ulterior motive.

That nagging sensation grew in his head. It slowly dawned on Harry that it was something about Hermione’s parents. He knew that Hermione had a reason to talk to her parents and it was important in some way to Harry, but what it was had slipped his mind. Hermione’s wonderful mouth on his penis drove it and all other thoughts away.

He was on the edge of cumming. In a second or two, he’d be finished.

“Hermione, I’m gonna-”

Harry started to warn his lover of his impending ejaculation. But Hermione raised her head and said rapidly: “We’re going to have dinner with my parents tonight!”

She then swallowed Harry’s organ before he could realize what she had said to him. She bobbed and sucked. Harry grunted as he released himself into her mouth. The black-haired wizard lay on his back panting. He was very happy.

Then, Hermione’s words hit him; he was going to meet her parents in a few hours!

Harry shot upright in the bed and looked with horror filled eyes at his girlfriend.

“Bu-b-but w-w-what?” he stammered.

“We’re going to have dinner with my mum and dad tonight,” she repeated with a devilish grin on her face.

Harry looked between his still wet genitals and Hermione in surprise and disbelief. “You told me that while you were giving me head?”

“Yes,” she answered and the roguish smile grew. “You would have started to panic if I just brought it up. This way I eased you into the knowledge.”

“By giving me head?”

“I happen to think it went well,” Hermione stated. “If I wasn’t giving you fellatio, you would’ve tried to talk your way out of meeting mum and dad.”

Harry was about to voice his objections. Hermione had turned something pure and wonderful – the blow job – into nothing more than just a means to mask a conversation. But any protests he had were lost on Hermione when she stood and commanded, “We need to get you some decent clothes, so let’s hop in the shower.” With that, Hermione walked out of the room.

Harry sat in his bed. He hung his head low and sulked. He was going to meet the parents of the witch he was in love with and was shagging. He wondered if he would feel less awkward meeting them if he and Hermione hadn’t had sex yet.

After a minute or two, Harry walked into the bathroom. His sullen spirit was suddenly lifted when he saw a wet, naked, and suds-covered Hermione waiting for him. Normally, Harry could take a shower in less than five minutes, but seeing how he had to help Hermione wash up, it took him a little over fifteen minutes to do so. Of course, he had to bring her to orgasm with his tongue and fingers after he washed her hair; it was the polite thing to do.

Harry’s breakfast consisted of a large plate of steaming Thestral droppings. He reasoned that it was the winged horse’s excrement because he could see it but Hermione couldn’t. After stealing half of Hermione’s food, the two lovers set out for Diagon Alley.

First, they had to stop by Gringotts to pick up some money. Seeing how they were going to meet her parents, they realized that they couldn't shop for Harry's clothes in Diagon Alley. He had to be in proper Muggle-clothes for that. So they had to exchange a few galleons for pound notes.

Harry had not gone clothes shopping since he had to buy his first set of school robes (it also happened to have been his first time clothes shopping as well). Needless to say, Harry was completely lost when Hermione led him into a Muggle department store. There were hundreds of styles to choose from.

Hermione decided to let Harry pick out his own clothes. It was a mistake that many women make when they are first dating; they believe their boyfriends can have the slightest traces of taste and style without their input. Hermione realized her error when Harry showed her the plain white pull-over – which was four sizes too large – and the pair of jeans – again, four sizes too large. Hermione nearly dragged Harry physically through the store as she picked out over a dozen shirts and slacks for Harry to try out. She then marched him over to the fitting rooms and made him try each one on. Hermione demanded that Harry parade each outfit in front of her. After she had Harry turn around to show the clothes off, she dismissed all of her selections. They either didn't "suit" him or the color was suddenly "all wrong" for him. She then marched Harry back through the shop and selected another dozen set of clothes. Harry then had to try each one on and Hermione would examine him and then decided if Harry should buy it or not. She repeated this process countless times over the next four hours and three shops until she was satisfied with three dress shirts and two slacks for Harry. Before that day, Harry didn't realize shopping was such a demanding and tiring process.

After a light lunch at a Muggle restaurant, they headed back to the castle. When they arrived, Hermione supervised Harry as he dressed.

"No, not the polo," she said. "Try the blue button-up one... no the red one."

It took Harry half an hour to dress. Hermione kept changing her mind as to what he should wear. The seventh time she had him try on the blue shirt, he realized that she must have been just as nervous as he was.

After they had successfully dressed, Hermione created a Portkey out of an old piece of parchment. Harry landed gracelessly in the back garden of the Granger home. With a wave of her wand, Hermione cleaned Harry's clothes.

"Are you ready?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah," Harry said aloud while chanting internally 'Don't mention sex. Don't mention sex.'

Hermione was about to open up the back door when Harry stopped her.

"Hermione, your eyes!" he hissed. In all the excitement, they had forgotten to disguise her now mostly green eyes. Harry knew that Hermione was right when she said her parents wouldn't possibly guess the cause of this change, but he didn't want to take any chances. Hermione waved her wand over her face and the green was replaced by brown.

As Hermione tucked her wand away, the back door flew open with a bang. In the doorway stood a short man with curly brown hair, the same hair as Hermione's. He glowered at Harry angrily.

"You Potter?" he asked gruffly.

"Yes sir," Harry replied in a tiny voice.

"What are your intentions with my daughter?" he demanded.

"Daddy!" Hermione chastised.

"Richard!" a voice sounding very similar to Hermione's called out from inside the house. "Leave the poor boy alone!"

A woman, who had a very similar nose and mouth to Hermione, hauled the man away from the door.

"But Fiona, it's my job," the man objected as he disappeared from view.

Hermione led Harry into the house. Her parents were standing in front of the stove.

"Mum, Dad, this is Harry Potter. Harry, these are my parents; Doctor Richard Granger and Doctor Fiona Granger." Hermione introduced them.

"You can call us Fiona and Richard," Hermione's mother said warmly. It was clear to Harry that Fiona was trying her best to make him comfortable.

"No he can't," Hermione's father objected. Harry felt it was safe to assume that Richard had no intention of making Harry feel comfortable.

"Ignore him," Fiona commented. She then shook Harry's hand and said cordially "Hello Harry."

"Hi, ma'am," Harry returned the greeting.

Richard's greeting wasn't as warm and inviting as his wife's. In fact, when Harry extended his hand to Hermione's father, the man stared at it like it was something offensive. For what felt like an eternity, Harry stood there with his hand extended, waiting for Richard to shake it.

Harry saw Hermione give her mother a concerned look. It was clear that Hermione was both worried and embarrassed by her father's attitude. Picking up on her daughter's look, Fiona broke the awkward silence.

"Let's have dinner shall we?" Fiona said and led everyone out of the kitchen and into the dinning room.

It was a wonderfully prepared meal of roast chicken and potatoes. While they ate, Fiona would ask Harry polite question about himself and Hermione. Such as, "Do you two share a lot of classes?", "Do you like Hogwarts?", and "Do you know what you are going to do with you life after you're finished with school?"

Harry limited his responses to "Yes, ma'am" or "No, ma'am." He was afraid that if he said anymore than that he would blurt out something inappropriate. For example; "I can draw an exact replica of your daughter's vagina from memory!" Harry thought that would not be proper.

Of course, Richard just stared menacingly at Harry throughout the entire dinner. Which added to Harry's already massive case of nervousness. The young wizard was sweating bullets.

When Hermione and Fiona were almost finished with their meal, Harry noticed that he had barely touched his food. He didn't eat much simply because he was so nervous. But Richard took his lack of appetite as something offensive.

"Is our food not good enough?" Richard asked as he glowered at Harry.

"Richard, just what do you think you are doing?" Fiona demanded.

"My job," Richard said as if those two words unequivocally proved his point.

"And what is your job, exactly?" Hermione asked. Harry could see that his girlfriend was upset with her father's behavior.

"My job as your dad," Richard elaborated. "It's the job of all dads to give the blokes who are interested in their daughters a hard time."

"Oh come off of it Richard," Fiona chided. "My dad did the same thing to you when I brought you home. I distinctly remember that you hated the way dad treated you."

“That’s different,” argued Richard. “Your Dad was being unrealistic. Me, on the other hand, I’m protecting our daughter’s virtue from this bag of raging hormones.” This was completed with a finger jabbed in Harry’s direction.

Hermione just rolled her eyes.

“Besides, I’m just carrying on a tradition,” argued Richard. “Every dad has to consider the bloke who’s dating his daughter is a sex-crazed fiend. And it’s our duty as parents to protect our daughter from them.”

“Stuff it, Richard.” Fiona shot back. “Hermione’s got a good head on her shoulders and she’s known Harry for years. And it’s obvious that they care for each other deeply. So leave the boy alone!”

Richard grumbled something before hanging his head dejectedly.

After finishing dinner, Harry helped the Grangers clean up the table. The four then went into the parlor for drinks. Fiona sat on the couch while Harry and Hermione took two comfy chairs opposite of the couch. Richard poured a glass of wine for himself, Fiona, and Hermione. Harry however was handed a glass of warm milk by Hermione’s dad. The message was clear to Harry; Richard was saying that Harry wasn’t a man yet and didn’t deserve wine. Despite a glaring look from both Hermione and Fiona, Richard took pride in knocking Harry down a notch.

“Oh, I almost forgot,” Fiona called out. “I made my homemade cookies! Let me go fetch them.”

As Fiona went to the kitchen, Harry recalled that Hermione had told him that her mother made wonderful cookies, but he couldn’t remember when she had told him this precisely. Harry had a feeling that it was a happy time when she told him this little tidbit. Was it when he and Hermione had rode Buckbeak to save Sirius? Or was it after he had gotten out of the lake at the second task of the Tri-Wizard Tournament?

A moment later, Hermione’s mother returned with a platter piled high with chocolate chip cookies.



"I know cookies aren't the best with wine, but they are my specialty," Fiona declared proudly. She held the platter in front of Harry first and he took one. It was still warm.

"I just took them out of the oven," Fiona informed Harry while she took the tray over to Hermione. "That way the cookies are at their best; all warm and gooey!"

Then it hit Harry; Hermione had informed him about the cookies just the other day while she was bouncing up and down on 'Harry, Jr.'. She had heralded her mother's cookies as being "warm and gooey" during sex! This revelation brought up the happy image of Hermione during that conversation in Harry's mind; bouncing titties and all! Harry was remembering shagging Hermione in front of her parents! He was breaking the first rule of meeting your girlfriend's parents; do NOT think of your girlfriend naked – much less during intercourse – in front of her mother and father!

Harry tried desperately to block out the happy memory, but that just led to him recalling the incident in the broom cupboard. Tiny beads of sweat sprang up anew all over Harry's face. He clamped his jaw tight in fear of letting the knowledge of how far the two of them had gone in their love.

"Now, I know I may be jumping the gun here, but have you two thought about children?" Fiona asked with a glow. Thankfully, she had not noticed Harry's discomfort.

But Fiona's question brought up a terrifying concept: had Hermione's mum figured out that they had been practicing making babies? Harry felt very ill suddenly.

"Mother," Hermione groaned out. "I'm only seventeen."

"I know that, I was thinking years down the line. Perhaps after the two of you have careers," Fiona corrected and she sat on the couch next to Richard. "I want grandbabies, but not just now."

“Yes, but like you said; years from now,” Hermione said with a blush and Harry could see Richard become very uncomfortable and angry at the idea of his daughter having sex; even if it was to produce grandchildren. “Oh, that reminds me,” Hermione added. “Our friends are expecting a child soon.”

“Really, who?” Fiona asked.

“Remus and Tonks.”

“When are they due?”

“In a few weeks,” Hermione answered. “Which seems strange at first because they got pregnant just the other day when Harry and I tricked them into doing a ritual we found in a book.” Hermione chuckled at the memory of the prank. “We didn’t know it at the time, but the side effect of the ritual is that it accelerates the pregnancy so that it lasts only two months.”

“What kind of book would have such a ritual?” Fiona asked with obvious curiosity.

“A tantric book...” Hermione suddenly stopped and gulped in fear. It was clear that she had said more than she had intended.

Harry assumed that Fiona knew exactly what Hermione had meant when she used the word tantric by her expression. Her face was a mixture of anger and repulsion.

“Tantrirc!” Fiona seethed. “A book on tantric rituals! Please tell me you haven’t practiced any?”

Hermione and Harry’s guilt-filled silence answered Fiona’s question.

Whereas Fiona clearly knew what the term tantric meant, it seemed Richard was a little behind.

“Tantric, I’ve heard that somewhere,” Richard spoke aloud. “Isn’t that the thing Sting does?”

"Yes it's the thing Sting does!" Fiona hissed. "And it seems that it also happens to be the thing your daughter does as well!"

Richard shot a surprised and angry look directly at Harry before saying in a soft, yet baleful voice; "You touched my princess?"

"I cannot believe you had sex, young lady!" Fiona screeched.

"Mum, you just got through asking if we planned on having children!" Hermione shot back.

"Well, I didn't think that you'd be practicing so early on in your relationship!"

As mother and daughter argued, Harry was fearful of Richard. The older man had his hands balled into fists on his lap and he was visibly shaking. Harry wondered for a brief moment if he was going to have to Stun Hermione's dad.

"Mum, I've known Harry for six years," Hermione countered. "Don't tell me you and dad waited that long before having sex!"

"It's not the same thing, young lady! You father and I were already out of university and had our own practices when we met.!" Fiona shouted. "We were more mature when we had sex for the first time than you are now!"

Richard stood and Harry began reaching for his wand. He hoped that Hermione would forgive him for using magic on her dad.

"Mature?" Hermione asked. "How is the fact that Harry and I have slept together a sign of a lack of maturity?"

"You touched my princess!" growled Richard.

"You are far too young for such a relationship," argued Fiona.

"Too young? How can you, of all people, say I am too young to have sex?" Hermione asked.

“Because I am your mother!”

“Then maybe you shouldn’t have given me you boarding school journals when I went off to Hogwarts,” Hermione said in a threatening tone.

“What is that supposed to mean?” Fiona demanded.

“The Tumbleweed Dance...” Hermione said cryptically. At first, Fiona looked confused by Hermione’s response, so Hermione added two names. “Jacob and Charlotte.”

Suddenly, Fiona’s red angry face turned pale and she took a calming breath.

“Richard, sit down,” Fiona commanded.

“But he touched my princess,” Richard contested. It was obvious that he so wanted to hurt the boy who deflowered his little girl.

“Hermione is an intelligent young lady who has a level head,” Fiona pointed out. It was obvious that Fiona was still upset over the ordeal, but she was forcing herself to get over it for some reason. “She wouldn’t just hop into bed with any boy. Besides, as she said, she has known Harry for six years.”

Hermione stood up and said in a calm and dispassionate voice, “I think it’s time we should be leaving.”

Harry stood up and moved behind his girlfriend for protection. Hermione might have derailed her mother’s anger, but her father was still a powder-keg waiting to blow. Hermione bid her parents good night and led Harry out of the house.

Hermione and Harry used the Portkey to return to Hogwarts and as they walked to the castle, Harry asked “What was that all about?”

“What, my dad or my mum?” she asked.

“Your dad I understood. He made it very clear that he didn’t like the idea of me touching ‘his princess’,” Harry replied. “What did you say to your mother to make her stop her rant? Who are Jacob and Charlotte.?”

“Oh, that,” a bemused smile appeared on her face. “I was a little nervous when I was about to go to Hogwarts,” explained Hermione. “You know, first time away from home and whatnot. So my mum gave me her journals that she had kept back when she went off to boarding school. She said that seeing that she had gone through similar things, that it would help calm my nerves.

“I noticed that some of her entries were in code,” Hermione continued. “I wasn’t able to break the code until third year – which should tell you how difficult the code was to crack. I found out that they were mostly entries about boys and crushes.”

“So why did she freak out when you mentioned that dance?” asked Harry.

“Let’s just say that I got my kinky hair from my dad,” Hermione answered. “Everything else kinky about me came from my mum.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“My mum did...” Hermione paused, trying to find the right words. “She did something inappropriate at the dance with a boy and a girl... at the same time.”

Harry stopped dead in his tracks.

“A three-way?” he blurted out. “Your mother was in a three-way?”

“She was young,” justified Hermione. “And it was the Seventies.”

A warm glowing feeling passed through Harry. Hermione had just admitted two things. First, she joked that she got her wild and kinky behavior from her mother. And second, she admitted that her mother was in a threesome! Hermione had just inadvertently hinted that she might want to add someone to their little sex-romps!

"Don't get any idea about someone joining us, Potter," Hermione scolded, deciphering his look. "I'm a one wizard witch."

"Who said anything about a wizard," Harry said happily.

Hermione looked at Harry with her eyes bugged for two full seconds before saying; "Looks like someone will be sleeping alone tonight."

True to her word, Harry spent the night alone in his room. She was so angry with him that Harry doubted that she would be inclined to wake him up the way she did that morning ever again.

To Be Continued

Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor  
Chapter Nineteen: It's So Very Hard Being Sorry.

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Nineteen Summary: Harry and Hermione fight while Ron gets the point.

You Know Who Sends Minister Biscuit Bouquet of DEATH!

Special Report by Sarah Chambers for the Daily Prophet.

The body of Rufus Scrimgeour, Minister of Magic, was found in his office early this morning by the cleaning crew.

The Magical Law Enforcement has not released an official statement yet, but inside sources tells this reporter that the Minister received a gift from an anonymous citizen late yesterday.

"It looked like a bunch of harmless biscuits in a wicker basket," my source told me. "I gave one of them to the misses last year."

But alas, it wasn't harmless. Either He Who Must Not Be Named or one of his followers charmed the biscuits to be implements of a heinous murder! The tiny chocolate chip filled treats were bewitched to fly and cram themselves into the Minister's nose and mouth totally blocking the victim's air passages.

"Oh, it was 'orrible," Festus Montgomery, the janitor who found Scrimgeour's body, said sadly. "He 'ad two biscuits in each nostril and a couple dozen jammed in his gob."

With his airway blocked by biscuits, the Minister slowly suffocated in a horrible chocolaty and crispy manner.

The interim Minister is S. Pippin. Until yesterday, Miss Pippin was the Under-Secretary in charge of Wizard-Goblin relations. An emergency session of the Wizengamot will commence later this afternoon to elect a new Minister. Interim-Minister Pippin hopes to sway the Wizengamot in hopes of making her new position permanent.

As to the motive to Minister Scrimgeour's killing, there is talk in the halls of the Ministry that he was targeted in retaliation for the recent raids against suspected Death Eaters. A number of previously unknown Death Eaters were taken into custody when they were named by Hogwarts student turned Death Eater, Draco Malfoy. Malfoy could not be reached for comments as he is still recovering at St. Mungo's. Mr. Malfoy's injuries are said to have occurred while practicing what is commonly known as "rough sex" with his rumored life-partner, Harry Potter.

Harry was not in a jolly mood. To be more accurate, one would call his mood "angry" or even "pissed off." It wasn't just the news of Scrimgeour's assassination that brought him down so much. Nor the more troubling fact that the Daily Prophet was still convinced that he and Draco were gay lovers. No, his mood came from the fact that Hermione hadn't touched him in days. Yes, Harry was upset that Voldemort had struck such a blow. However Harry hadn't gotten any play since his hint at suggesting a three way.

Hermione was being very cool toward Harry. For two full days after he made the typical male mistake of actually speaking what was on his mind, Hermione made it a point not to stay in the same room as Harry. And as if she didn't think Harry was getting the hint that she was ignoring him, on the third day Hermione started to make it obvious by sitting opposite of him during meals but refusing to look in his direction or even acknowledge his presence.

A number of house-elves took a great amount of joy in Harry's suffering. Apparently it was big news with the house-elves that the Great One and the One of the Mark were on the outs. The tiny creatures would laugh at Harry while making obscene gestures at him.



Sometimes, Harry could even hear them sing in the kitchen as he walked by:

“The One of the Mark don’t be getting any!

Soon his nuts do be shriveling!

Which makes we’s all happies!’

The One of the Mark don’t be getting any!”

It wasn’t hard to believe, but ‘Harry, Jr.’ was taking this dry spell worse than Harry was. The organ sulked about all day long and would often take its frustration out on its luggage. It wasn’t long before ‘Harry, Jr.’s baggage turned an interesting shade of puce. Harry tried to alleviate his discomfort with his own hand, but ‘Harry, Jr.’ would have none of it. Whenever Harry would try to wank off, the organ refused to play. As if it was saying that it wouldn’t play with anyone but Hermione.

Over a week after the “three-way faux pas” incident, Harry was in a sour mood and sitting alone in the Common Room. Hermione was in the library studying while Ron and Luna were in his room having sex. Harry took offence at Ron and Luna’s actions; they were mocking the fact that he hadn’t had sex in days whereas they would seemingly only take breaks for a snack before going at it again.

A startled and painful scream emanated from Harry and Ron’s room. Harry grabbed his wand and dashed up the stairs to find a naked Ron staggering out into the hall while clutching his bottom.

“Ron, what’s wrong?” demanded Harry as he desperately tried to not look at Ron below his shoulders. “Are you hurt?”

“Yes I am,” snapped Ron. “Bloody hell!”

“Is Luna okay?”

“Oh, she’s fine,” Ron said bitterly. “She’s the one who hurt me.”

“What happened?” Harry demanded. He was irritated that Ron wasn't answering him directly... that and Harry was upset over seeing Ron naked... again.

“Well, Luna was... you know... while I was on my back...” Ron began. It was clear that he was very upset and deeply embarrassed.

“Riding you?” Harry asked for clarification. Ron's description of “you know” wasn't very enlightening. As Harry knew from experience, there were a number of things one can do on one's back.

“She was blowing me, okay!” snapped Ron. “Anyway, she stopped and she started talking. I don't know what she was saying because I wasn't paying too much attention to what she was saying, you know what I mean.”

Harry did in fact know what Ron meant this time. When Hermione pleased Harry, he never paid too much attention to anything else.

“But I thought she was talking to someone,” Ron continued while still clutching his bum. “Then I heard her say something like 'are you sure he'll like it?' Then the next thing I know... she...she... it hurt!”

“What did she do?” Harry asked. He was wondering if she had accidentally hexed him. Or perhaps she used her teeth. But that wouldn't explain why Ron was holding onto his naked backside.

“Ron, what the hell did she do?” Harry repeated when the red haired wizard hesitated to answer.

“It was that bloody ghost again!” Ron blurted out.

“What ghost?” Harry asked. But the sick and worried expression on Ron's face told Harry the answer. “Gryffindor!”

“He told her to... do something to me.” Ron said vaguely.

It slowly dawned upon Harry. He recalled the time Gryffindor watched and critiqued Harry's cunnilingus and Hermione's fellatio and how the perverted old ghost suggested that Hermione should stick her finger

into Harry's bum while she blew him. It was clear that Gryffindor had given Luna this same advice and, unlike Hermione, she had followed through.

"Ow," Harry mutter sympathetically.

"'Ow' he says," Ron grumbled. "You weren't the one who got a finger stabbed in his hole."

Grumbling about how "the mood" was ruined, Ron sulked off to the showers. A giggle sounded from the room Ron just exited.

"Hermione does get quiet wet doesn't she?" Luna commented happily.

Harry opened the door to find Luna, with a bed sheet wrapped around her like a improvised toga, sitting across from the ghost of Gryffindor. While Luna was being polite and looking Gryffindor in the eye, the ghost was staring directly into the blonde witch's ample cleavage.

"That boy has one powerful tongue," Gryffindor speculated. "Maybe you should have him give a go on you."

"Oh, no, I'd never do that," Luna said calmly as if it was a normal occurrence for a ghost of a Hogwarts' founder to suggest that she should cheat on her husband. "Besides, I've asked Harry to give Ronald tips on cunnilingus."

"Maybe they would let Ron... and me... watch Harry work?" Gryffindor said hopefully.

"I could join in and observe as well," Luna added dreamily. "It would be wonderful to learn something new. I am a Ravenclaw after all and I do so love to learn new things!"

"Great!" exclaimed Gryffindor. "And if the boy gets tired, you can hop in and finish Hermione off."

Luna responded by giving the ghost a disapproving eye. Seeing that Gryffindor was blatantly looking down her ample cleavage, he didn't see this look.

"I take it you got bored with Mrs. Black?" Harry asked and finally announced his presence.

"Goodness no, boy," the ghost exclaimed. "I tired her out."

"How the hell do you tire out a magical painting?" Harry asked and immediately regretted the question because Gryffindor replied by giving Harry a rather rude gesture with his tongue and two fingers.

"Harry, Godric brought up a good point," Luna stated.

Harry was stunned, Luna was agreeing with Gryffindor!

"Which point was that, love?" the ghost asked. "Was it about the bum-plug, gurgling, hammock, or watching?"

Apparently while Ron and Harry had been talking outside the room, Luna and Gryffindor had been discussing a number of things.

"The watching," Luna said dreamily.

"LUNA!" Harry ejaculated in surprise... not that way you dirty minded pervs.

"Harry, you are obviously very good at pleasuring Hermione with your tongue," Luna explained. "From what Hermione and I have discussed, a portion of your art lies in your technique, not just your Parselmouth abilities. And Ronald would be too embarrassed to talk to you about such techniques."

"But he would be less embarrassed if he watched me eat out Hermione?" Harry asked in shock.

"I could give him the proper motivation," explained Luna. "The reason wouldn't be out of pure perversion if Ronald and I watch; our relationship would benefit from what we learned."

"You noticed she said it wouldn't be 'pure perversion'," Gryffindor commented. "That means a part of her would like to watch."

“Yes, Harry and Hermione make an attractive couple,” admitted Luna. “However, my main interest is that Ronald is a visual learner; if he watches you perform cunnilingus, he may be able to use the techniques on me.”

Harry was completely stunned. He stood in the doorway with his mouth opening and closing like a fish. Luna was requesting a show! She tried to sugar coat it, but as Gryffindor pointed out, she still wanted to watch Harry eat out Hermione!

“Think about it, won’t you?” requested Luna as she stood up and walked to Harry. The blonde witch placed a friendly kiss on Harry’s cheek before adding, “Who knows, maybe Ronald and I will return the favor and you two can watch us?”

Harry was completely flummoxed; not only had Luna wanted to watch Harry and Hermione, but she offered to return the favor! Luna strolled out of the room and headed to the shower.

“Excuse me, but I have to go make up with my husband,” Luna said and disappeared into the bathroom.

“I like her!” Gryffindor offered. “She’s got moxie!”

“Just sod off you pervert!” snapped Harry.

“My, aren’t our knickers in a bunch,” the ghost mocked. “What’s your problem, not getting enough tail?”

Harry stared daggers at Gryffindor.

“Oh ho!” Gryffindor chuckled. “Hermione’s holding out on you!”

“Shut it!” Harry snarled.

“What did you do to piss her off?”

“Leave me alone!”

“Did you try knocking on the back door?” the ghost persisted and Harry did his best to ignore him. Perhaps, that way Gryffindor would grow bored and leave. “Did you bring up a threesome?”

“SHUT THE BLOODY HELL UP!”

“Harry, Harry, Harry,” the spirit said solemnly while shaking his head. “You can’t just go up to your witch and say ‘How about a threesome!’ You have to ease her into the idea.”

“Sod off,” Harry said under his breath.

“You have to start out subtly,” Gryffindor continued. “Let’s set up a little scenario, why don’t we?”

“Let’s not,” Harry muttered and walked out of the room. Unfortunately, the ghost followed Harry into the Common Room.

“For example, Luna is sitting on the other side of the room. You should whisper small things in Hermione’s ear like, ‘Isn’t Luna pretty in that dress?’ or ‘I prefer Luna’s hair up, don’t you?’ That way you get a feel if Hermione is attracted to Luna...”

“JUST SHUT UP!” Harry shouted. “IT WAS A MISTAKE, OKAY! I REALLY DON’T WANT TO SHARE HERMIONE, EVEN WITH ANOTHER WITCH! I SAID SOMETHING STUPID IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT!”

Harry stormed out of the Common Room and into the hall. He slammed the portrait closed but he could still hear Gryffindor shout, “What if the other witch is really hot?”

As he stomped out of the castle, Harry pondered over his mistake. He didn’t really want to bring another witch into bed. In all honesty, it would be very awkward before, during, and after the act at best. Would Hermione have been jealous if he spent too much time on the other witch? Conversely, would she be irate if he didn’t focus on their guest more than her because doing so would be rude and improper? Also, Harry’s performance would be put to the test. With Hermione

and another witch there would be four breasts and two vaginas and only one 'Harry, Jr.'. That's a lot of pressure for a bloke.

It was a stupid teenaged fantasy that Harry regretted voicing. For the rest of the day, Harry felt horrible. Guilt ate at his stomach until the bile crept up and burned his throat. He actually got physically ill because of his guilt. And Harry didn't even try to sleep. It would've been pointless to do so. His sleep would have been marred by a nightmare of a woman with too many breasts and an enormous vagina.

When he had returned to the Common Room, he saw Hermione begin to head up to her room. She looked at him contemptuously before she disappeared from view, which just made Harry feel even more pathetic and hurt.

The next morning, Harry was pleasantly surprised to have Hermione cuddle up to him on the couch.

"I heard what you said to... or yelled at... Gryffindor yesterday," Hermione informed him. "I'll glad you realized it was a mistake."

She showed Harry just how glad she was by kissing him passionately. He cupped her face and relished her kiss. He had missed her touch so much over the past few days that he was starving for more.

When they broke apart, Hermione's lips were swollen and her eyes were dark with lust. She bit her lip before saying huskily, "Let's get out of these clothes and use that paddle I got from Courtney."

The two lovers dashed up to his room and Hermione quickly opened his trunk and began rooting around in it. She pulled out his Invisibility Cloak and Marauders' Map as she asked, "You put the toys in here, right?"

"Yeah, it's under my robes," he replied and began to toe off his shoes.

In a moment, Hermione withdrew the paddle and held it high like a precious treasure.

“My bottom is going to be so-o-o-o red!” she cheered happily.

As Harry started to unbuckle his belt, a thought occurred to him; “Um, Hermione,” he began.

“Yes, love?” Hermione replied while unbuttoning her blouse which appeared to be a little difficult since she was still clutching the paddle in one of her hands.

“You said you heard me yell at Gryffindor yesterday?” Harry asked.

“Yes, I was up in my room,” she informed him. “I took a couple of books from the Library up there to read.”

“But later, you walked by me and shot me a nasty look,” Harry pointed out.

“Well, yes,” she said sheepishly while loosening another button. “I thought you needed to suffer just a little bit longer.”

“WHAT?” Harry cried out. “I was miserable! I was worried sick. I actually threw up! And you thought I needed to suffer even more?”

“Harry, that was in the past,” Hermione said in a soft tone trying to calm Harry’s anger. “But right now, I’ve been naughty and I deserve a good spanking followed by a wicked shag, okay?”

To prove her point, Hermione brought the paddle down on her bottom. ‘Harry, Jr.’ was more than willing to let bygones be bygones. All the organ really cared about was play time with Hermione. But Harry himself was quite upset. Hermione had let him stew in his own self-pity even though she had forgiven him in order to make him suffer a little longer. He buckled his belt back up.

“What are you doing?” Hermione asked.

“I reckon that I’m going for a walk,” Harry said as he slipped on his shoes. ‘Harry, Jr.’ was protesting, the appendage wanted to play, damn it!



"But we haven't had sex in eight days!" Hermione argued.

"I'm very mad right now," Harry said slowly and turned to the door. As he walked out of the room, Hermione called out;

"You can take it out on my bum!" she cried out. "There's even a paddle for Merlin's sake!"

Harry normally didn't hold a grudge, but Hermione had pushed his buttons too much. She had toyed with him and now he was paying her back. He was still angry that she had intentionally let him suffer. He ignored her much like she had done to him.

Mind you 'Harry, Jr.' did not like this at all. The organ voiced its complaints by strangling its baggage until they turned a nasty blue color. But Harry ignored the organ; he wanted Hermione to feel sorry for hurting him.

Hermione was a determined witch and she tried to sway Harry from his course. She first tried dropping hints in front of him by saying such things as "the dew is on the flower" and "I have an itch I can't scratch." After that failed, she resorted to less tactful hints like "Get over here, Harry, and shag me!" She even attempted to jump him while he was in the shower.

But Harry would have none of it. And he continued to ignore Hermione.

It was upon them; school was about to start.

McGonagall called Harry, Hermione, Ron and Luna into her office. It was very clear to Harry that the Headmistress was taken back by his and Hermione's appearance. Both of them had a scowl etched on their faces and bags under their eyes. It had been some time since they had last touched each other and it was showing.

"Are you two okay?" McGonagall asked.

"Fine," both Harry and Hermione replied. Well, Harry muttered a barely audible 'Fine' and Hermione bitterly snapped her response.

Pressing on, McGonagall explained, "I have created a Portkey to take the four of you to King's Cross station."

"Why?" asked Ron. "We're already here. What's the point of traveling to King's Cross just to take a train back?"

"First of all, you are a Prefect and Harry and Hermione are the Head Boy and Head Girl. Therefore at least the three of you need to be present on the train," McGonagall lectured. "Secondly, I feel that just the presence of the four of you on the train will make the other children feel comfortable. There still is a war on and if Mr. Potter is there, many people will feel safe."

"Will the Express be attacked, ma'am?" Luna asked.

"I doubt it," answered McGonagall. "The train has a number of charms and wards around it. But I think that Mr. Potter's mere presence will have a calming effect on many people."

"When do we leave?" Harry asked in a pathetic way. On one hand; his balls were aching so much that he was considering giving up on his quest to make Hermione suffer. But on the other hand, Harry was an obstinate little bugger and he wanted Hermione to pay.

"Right now," McGonagall said and pointed to a length of rope lying on the desk in front of her.

Harry saw Hermione look at Luna before the brunette witch requested "Can you give us fifteen minutes? Luna and I have to fetch something."

"We do?" Luna asked Hermione.

"Yes we do," Hermione said knowingly.

"Make it quick," McGonagall stated. Hermione grabbed Luna's hand and dashed out of the office.

In a few minutes, the two witches were running back into the office.

“Are we all set now?” McGonagall asked and Hermione nodded her head. “Very well, here are the things you and Harry need to discuss with the other Prefects on the train.” The Headmistress completed this statement by handing Hermione some parchment.

After Hermione tucked the parchment in her robes, the four teens touched the Portkey and landed at King’s Cross.

Over the next hour, students and their families wandered in. Harry noticed that the station wasn’t nearly as full as it had been in the past. He remembered that McGonagall had anticipated that less than half the student body would be returning. By the looks of it, Harry guessed that McGonagall was overestimating a good deal.

A minute before the train was due to depart, Molly and Ginny came scrambling out of the hidden entrance to Platform 9 3/4.

“How is it that with only one kid, you still manage to be late?” Ron asked his mother.

“Oh hush, Ron. Help your sister on board,” Molly retorted. The Weasley matriarch turned to Luna and gave her a kiss on the cheek. “Hello Luna, how are you, dear?”

“I’m fine, mother,” Luna replied. Molly glowed when Luna called her ‘mother’.

“Now keep Ron in line this year and make sure he studies,” Molly told her daughter-in-law. It was clear to Harry that Molly had gotten over her anger at Ron and Luna and had finally accepted Luna.

“I will, mother,” Luna kissed Molly on the cheek and climbed onto the train.

“You two behave this year,” Molly told Harry and Hermione as they too boarded the train.

Once they got on, Luna walked up to Hermione and said, “I’ll be in compartment six.”

"Thanks Luna," Hermione said and led Harry and Ron to the Heads' Compartment. In a few minutes, Harry and Hermione were scheduled to begin the Prefect meeting.

Before they reached the Heads' Compartment though, Hermione stopped in her tracks.

"Oh, I almost forgot something," Hermione announced. "I'll be right back."

The brunette witch turned and ran back the way they had just come from.

"You two still fighting?" Ron asked as they continued to the Heads' Compartment.

"Yeah," Harry replied.

"Hey you two," Ginny said after sticking her head out of her compartment. "Have you seen Neville?"

"I think he is near the end of the train," Harry informed her and pointed down the hall.

"Thanks," Ginny said with a smile and started to head in the direction Harry pointed to.

"Wait a tic," Ron commanded. "Why the hell do you want to know where Neville is?"

"None of your business," Ginny shot back.

"The hell it is," Ron countered. "I'm your brother."

"I'm a big witch Ron. I can do whatever I want."

"Well what is it that you want to do with Neville?"

"Like I said; none of your business."

As the siblings argued, Harry felt something brush past him. He turned to see what it was but he saw nothing.

After a moment, Ron gave up and moved on to the Head Compartment.

The Head Compartment was a set up like a meeting room. A desk was at the back of the room and a few rows of seats were placed in front of it. A tablecloth with the Hogwarts' seal covered the desk.

"I see you found it okay," Hermione commented distractedly as she entered the compartment.

Harry was taken back at Hermione's appearance. When she had left him just a few seconds ago, she was looking haggard and worn out. But now she looked well rested and relaxed.

"Are you okay, Hermione?" asked Harry.

"Of course I am, Harry," Hermione responded with a song to her tone.

She walked to the table and was about to take the left seat when she stopped and looked at something under the table. Hermione then proceeded to abandon the left chair and took the right seat.

"Sit here, Harry," she said and pointed to the chair that she had almost taken.

Harry took the seat and asked once more, "Are you sure you're all right?"

"Yes I am," Hermione responded after blinking very slowly. "It is very nice of you to be concerned."

In a few moments, the Prefects from all years and houses strolled into the compartment. Harry noticed that a number of Slytherin Prefects had not returned. After all the Prefects had been seated, Harry turned to Hermione. The brunette witch returned Harry's look.

"Yes Harry?" she asked while she stared at him with her eyes wide.

“Um, McGonagall gave you the list of things to talk about,” Harry pointed out.

“She did?” Hermione asked.

Harry was taken back. If he didn’t know any better, he would’ve sworn that Hermione was on drugs she was acting so strangely.

“Yes, you put it in your robe pocket,” Harry reminded her.

A rustling sound came from somewhere near Harry’s feet. A second later, Hermione reached under the table and withdrew the parchment. It was obvious to Harry that she did not retrieve the paper from her robes but from somewhere underneath the table. As if someone had handed it to her. But before he could inquire as to what was going on, Hermione began the meeting.

“Very good, let’s begin,” Hermione stated in a sing-song voice. “First; as you’ve probably noticed, a number of students have decided not to return this year...”

As Hermione talked, Harry felt something tug at his zipper. He was about to recoil away from the table and hex whatever it was that pulled on his zipper when a scrap piece of paper was placed in his hand. Harry read the note written in Hermione’s handwriting on the paper.

“Luna is using Polyjuice to look like me.”

Harry turned to Hermione to ask her what was going on. Before he could voice his question the brunette witch sitting next to him stopped reading and blinked very slowly before saying “Hello, Harry” as if she had just met him.

Then it dawned on him. The note said that Luna was using Polyjuice to look like Hermione! It wasn’t Hermione sitting next to him reading McGonagall’s note; it was Luna disguised as Hermione. That would explain Hermione’s dreamy and distracted tone.

Harry looked down at his lap and saw Hermione's disembodied hands working on his zipper. Hermione was obviously hiding under his Invisibility Cloak and sitting under the table. In a few seconds, Hermione's hands had freed 'Harry, Jr.'

"Since there aren't as many students this year doesn't mean we, as Prefects, have an easy job," Luna continued to read.

Hermione's mouth appeared out of thin air and she engulfed Harry's penis. The raven haired wizard gasped as Hermione worked her mouth and tongue on his flaccid organ. Mind you, it wasn't limp for long. 'Harry, Jr.' got so excited to play with Hermione again after such a long time that it almost instantaneously sprang to life in her mouth.

Harry stared with wide, terror filled eyes at the group in front of him. There were sixteen people sitting no less than ten feet away from him and Hermione was giving him a blow-job! She was giving him head in a confined and somewhat crowded public space! And Harry was terrified that they were going to be discovered.

"How would it make it harder for us?" a fifth year Prefect from Hufflepuff asked Luna disguised as Hermione.

A soft slurping sound from Hermione reached Harry's ears. To him, it sounded so loud that it echoed off the walls and he was positive that everyone heard it. Harry was expecting one of the sixteen Prefects to ask "what's that sound?" any second. If Harry was thinking rationally, he would have realized that the clanking sound of the train on the tracks covered Hermione's soft slurping. But as stated previously; Harry – and men in general – do not think rationally when they are being pleased.

"Professor McGonagall fears that because the small number of students, some bad apples will feel the need to act up," Luna answered.

"Why?" Ron asked with a touch of mirth in his voice. "Fred and George left two years ago."

A number of the people in the room laughed at the memories of havoc that the twins wrought. Harry wasn't one of them. He was trying desperately not to moan as Hermione continued to work his penis.

"That is true, Ronald," Luna offered in Hermione's voice. "But Professor McGonagall feels that some of the students who were too shy to do such things before will blossom, if you will, with a smaller class size."

Even though Harry was terrified of discovery, 'Harry, Jr.' couldn't care less about the other students just a few feet away. The organ hadn't played in so long that it seized this opportunity.

"Another issue that many people will not like is Quidditch," Luna continued.

"What about Quidditch?" Ron asked, his tone serious and deadly.

Tiny beads of sweat appeared on Harry's face. And he was quite sure that his skin was flushed and red as well. He was on the verge of a panic attack. Harry was positive that someone would somehow put two and two together, stand up and say "Hey everybody, Harry's getting a blow-job!"

"The Houses are very small this year," Luna pointed out. "I doubt that there will be enough skilled flyers from each house to form a proper Quidditch team this year."

"What?" Ron and a few other Prefects shouted out in disbelief and immediately started arguing with Luna.

"Harry, you're Head Boy," Ron shouted. "Do something!"

Harry, who had not been paying as much attention to the proceedings as he should have, only heard two of Ron's words. And those two words were "Harry" and "Head." Our hero immediately believed that Ron had called him out and exposed the oral sex.

"Bu-b-bu-but I-I-I" Harry stammered in panic.



"Listen, it isn't fair to us who don't have a lot of people," a Ravenclaw argued. "We have only one returning team member this year. The other four who were supposed to come back dropped out!"

"So what?" one of the Gryffindors challenged.

A full out argument erupted. Some people were contesting that it wasn't fair to continue the games if they didn't have full teams. While the other side argued that no one should be given special treatment just because of the small House size.

While the Prefects argued amongst themselves, Luna leaned over and inspected Harry's lap. Harry could see Luna examine the fellatio with Hermione's eyes. She watched the real Hermione suck and bob on 'Harry, Jr.' for a few seconds before turning her attention to Harry and saying, "She's really good at that, isn't she?"

"Maybe we can work out an arrangement with McGonagall," one Hufflepuff suggested. "Maybe have some players from one House fill in for another team to even out the numbers?"

"What are you crazy?" Ron demanded. "There's no way in hell I'd play for Slytherin!"

"Don't worry, Weasel," one of the few Slytherins countered. "We wouldn't want you anyway!"

With a muffled grunt, Harry came. It was like a floodgate had been opened inside of him. All the tension and stress that had built up over the past two weeks just poured out of him. That and he came a lot too. It had been building up for quite some time, you see.

Panting, Harry turned to see that Luna was still watching his lap.

"Oh, she really does swallow! You are a lucky wizard!" Luna punctuated her statement with soft but elegant clapping.

"FINE!" Ron hollered. "WE'LL TALK TO MCGONAGALL AND STRAIGHTEN THIS ALL OUT!"

All the Prefects except for Ron filed out of the compartment. Most of the prefects were still mumbling as they left. Luna, who still looked like Hermione, sauntered over to her husband.

“Ronald, I want you to take me to the loo and make love to me,” Luna said in Hermione’s voice.

It was as if she had slapped Ron hard across the face. He stared at her in shock. He then looked at Harry, his expression full of disbelief and worry. It was evident that Ron was worried that Harry was going to pummel him because Hermione had made a pass at him.

“H-H-Her-Hermione, are you m-m-mad?” Ron stammered.

“No, I’m not,” Luna said in Hermione’s voice. “I’m very randy however because I just watched Harry get oral sex and it turned me on.”

“Who gave him head?” Ron squeaked. It was clear the poor wizard was completely lost and didn’t have a clue as to what had just happened.

“Hermione did,” Luna pointed out. “Harry is very lucky; Hermione is a talented witch who apparently likes to swallow.”

“But you’re Hermione,” Ron stated. “How could you watch him get head when you were the one doing it?”

“I’m not Hermione, silly,” Luna chuckled. “I’m your wife.”

“Luna?” Ron asked.

Harry, who was still panting, only half listened to Ron and Luna’s conversation. He was still coming down from his ecstasy... and Hermione was still licking his bits clean, that was very distracting to Harry, but in a good way.

“Yes, before we left the castle, Hermione and I fetched some Polyjuice from the Potions Lab as well as Harry’s Invisibility Cloak,”

Luna explained. "Hermione wanted to make up with Harry, but he was being obstinate. So she came up with this plan, you see."

"Not really," Ron admitted.

"Well, that doesn't matter," Luna dismissed. "The Polyjuice only has a few minutes left and I want to make love to you in this form. It ought to feel extremely weird to have sex in a body with such relatively tiny titties. So let's get cracking."

Luna grabbed Ron's hand and ran out of the compartment.

"What just happened?" Harry asked.

Hermione got out from under the table and sat in her lover's lap.

"Luna is going to shag Ron," Hermione pointed out after lowering the cloak to reveal her face.

"But she looks like you," Harry stated.

"So?"

"Isn't that like cheating?" Harry speculated. "I mean, yeah, Ron is having sex with Luna, but she looks like you. So wouldn't that be like having sex with you?"

"Not really. It's sort of like a very complex form of role-play," explained Hermione.

"What's a role play?" Harry asked.

"Sometimes couples pretend to be something they're not, in order to spice things up," Hermione answered. Harry gave her a puzzled look so she continued. "For example, a couple will dress up in costumes and act like they are different people. The woman sometimes dresses up as a nurse while the man dons a patient garb. The couple acts like he's a sick patient in the hospital and she pretends to be a randy nurse who seduces him."

“Instead of dressing up as a nurse and a patient, Luna used Polyjuice to change her appearance. Luna will make sure that Ron understands it is really her and not me. So it won’t be cheating,” Hermione concluded.

The brunette witch kissed Harry’s lips before saying; “I’m sorry I hurt your feelings.”

“Don’t worry, you made it up to me,” Harry replied with a smile. “I’m sorry I hurt your feelings too.”

Harry was about to kiss Hermione when she suddenly got off of his lap and sat on the table in front of him.

“You’re not getting off that easily. I showed you I was sorry with that blow-job,” she said and spread her legs wide while hoisting up her skirt. Harry gulped when he saw that his girlfriend wasn’t wearing any knickers. “Now it’s time for you to show me you’re sorry.”

Harry closed his eyes and quickly thought of a snake before saying in Parseltongue “Yes-s-s, Hermione.”

The brunette witch shivered with desire as Harry bowed his head into her lap. Harry could tell that she too needed release after such a long time. And he was more than happy to give it to her.

But because of the sounds of the train’s brakes being engaged and the subsequent lurching caused by the vehicle’s abrupt stopping, Harry wasn’t able to complete his task. Instead, Hermione went sliding off the table and landed directly on his face as they both crashed to the ground. The breaks continued to squeal and Harry could hear (albeit muffled) people screaming in shock and surprise.

It took Harry and Hermione a moment to untangle themselves from each other, but the moment they did, the door to the Heads’ Compartment blew up in a thousand little pieces.

“Time to pay, you little bastards,” a Death Eater threatened as he stepped through the remains of the door.

To Be Continued

## Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

### Chapter Twenty: Train Rides and Mad Monkeys

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Twenty: Harry and Hermione face off against the Death Eater Threat and then face off against their dry spell.

"Awww.... Did we interrupt?" the Death Eater asked mockingly as he pointed at Harry's crotch. Harry looked down at his lap and found 'Harry, Jr.' sleeping in the open air, oblivious to the danger around it. Of course, 'Harry, Jr.' didn't really give a damn about the danger. The organ was pleased as punch that it had finally gotten to play with Hermione after such a long dry spell and nothing else mattered. As quickly as he could, Harry stuffed his penis back into his trousers.

A scream sounded from somewhere on the train behind the Death Eater. It was clear that there had to be other Death Eaters throughout the train and that they were terrorizing the students. Somehow, they had broken through the various wards and protections around the train and were able to board it.

Two more Death Eaters stepped over the rubble that used to be the door and walked into the Head Compartment. With a growl, Hermione stood and boldly leveled her wand at the first Death Eater. Harry went to pull out his wand but found it missing. Looking around, he spotted it lying against the wall about four feet away. The wand must have popped out of his pocket and rolled away when the train came to a screeching halt.

"Ooooh, doesn't she look mad," one of the Death Eaters who had just entered said with fake fear. In all honesty, Harry wouldn't have been

surprised to see steam shoot out of Hermione's ears she was so angry.

"Why is she so upset?" the third asked with no sincerity.

"It looked like the Boy Who Lived was about to shag her," the first Death Eater informed his cohorts.

"But.... but I thought... isn't Potter gay?" the second Death Eater asked in confusion.

"Yeah, he and that Malfoy boy are supposed to be an item," the third voiced.

"Maybe she was trying to 'convert' him," the first offered.

"I'll give you three seconds to leave," Hermione threatened. Her voice was dripping with malice and her face was twisted in anger. Harry slowly inched his way toward his wand while the three Death Eaters had their attention on Hermione.

"My, oh my," the first said lightly. "I was right; this little witch was about to try and sway the poof away from Malfoy with her feminine wiles."

"One," Hermione counted off.

"And she's a little worked up over it isn't she?" the second added.

"Deary, he's a lost cause," the third pointed out.

"Two," continued Hermione.

"The boy obviously likes sausage," the first stated.

"No box lunch for that one," the second commented.

"Three," Hermione said and then incanted the Stinging Hex: "Mordeo Acuo!"

Normally, a Stinging Hex would be nothing more than a mild annoyance. But this would be the first time Hermione had cast this simple hex since she had performed the power boosting ritual with Harry. Needless to say, this (quite pleasurable to Harry) ritual would increase the effectiveness of the Hex. Added to this, Hermione was pointing her wand at someplace that could cause a lot of pain no matter how powerful the hex; the first Death Eater's groin. Apparently, Hermione was quite irate that they had interrupted her and her selection of a target gave proof of her current mindset.

The Death Eater dropped to the floor clutching his bits and screamed. At first, his scream was manly; a deep, rumbling cry of pain. But very rapidly, the scream got higher and higher. It had gotten so high pitched that it hurt Harry's ears and he reckoned that dogs all along the countryside were howling madly at the odd noise.

The two other Death Eaters looked in fear at their fallen comrade for a full three seconds. Then, in unison, they both looked at Hermione for one second. And finally they looked at their own crotches in dread before slowly backing out the ruined door.

"Sorry about the interruption, Miss," the second Death Eater said with nervous politeness.

"Yes, please continue as if we were never here," the third added with an equal amount of cordial fear. It was clear that neither of them wanted to suffer the same fate as the Death Eater who was still screaming shrilly on the floor. As they left the compartment, one of the retreating Death Eaters tried to make amends by magically repairing the ruined door.

"I'll put up a 'do not disturb' sign up, for you two," one stated through the door. "That way no one will bother you again."

Another terrified scream filtered through the door and Harry shared a look with Hermione. Even though they both wanted to end their dry spell as soon as possible, they knew it would be wrong to do so when the other students were in trouble. 'Harry, Jr.', who had just woken up, was arguing that the students could handle things themselves. But Harry ignored his organ's protest and fetched his wand.



Hopping over the injured Death Eater – who was now curled up in a tight ball while clinging to his... well, balls – Harry and Hermione dashed out of the Head Compartment. The first car they entered had two Death Eaters in it. Each villain had a young witch under each arm and Hermione quickly dispatched them with two powerful Stunners that sent the Death Eaters crashing into the wall. Harry quickly conjured some chains and bound the villains before heading further down the train.

In the next car, Harry found Ron and Luna – still polyjuiced to look like Hermione – tying up three more Death Eaters. Ron looked quiet upset as he tied up one Death Eater. As Harry and the real Hermione rushed passed their friends, Harry noticed that even though Ron and Luna were wearing their school robes, they were noticeably naked underneath. Unfortunately for Harry's sake, he was also able to tell that Ron was still fully aroused. Harry guessed that the married couple only had enough time to do the deed twice, which just meant that Ron was just getting started, before they were attacked. The unfortunate interruption accounted for Ron's temper.

The third car Harry and Hermione entered only contained frightened students huddled in various compartments. Some pointed toward the opposite end of the car and muttered, "They went that way."

Glancing outside the window Harry noticed that the train had stopped on a bridge over a large valley and that the earth was a hundred feet below them. The Death Eaters must have chosen this spot for their attack because it ruled out any chance for the students to hop off the train and run away. The students were effectively trapped.

In the fourth car, Neville and Ginny were facing off against one Death Eater. Apparently, the villain had disarmed both Neville and Ginny. But being unarmed did not stop the two teenagers. Neville had a hold of the Death Eater's collar and was throwing the villain back and forth between two walls. The Death Eater was bruised and bloodied and was shouting "OW! STOP IT!" repeatedly as he hit the walls. Ginny kept busy by occasionally slapping the Death Eater as Neville tossed him about.

“Harry, they’re trying to take the younger students,” Hermione announced as they rushed toward the last car. Harry had noticed that two more girls had been huddled next to Neville as he continued his violent and very physical assault on the Death Eater. He didn’t know why they wanted children, but Harry was determined to stop them.

When Harry and Hermione entered the final car, they found four Death Eaters attempting to mount brooms. Each one was carrying a bound first or second year. Harry quickly leveled his wand at the Death Eaters’ heads and shouted “Stupefy!” while focusing on his love for Hermione.

A red arc erupted from Harry’s wand and collided with three of the Death Eaters. Harry had aimed high in order to avoid hitting any of the girls, but he had missed the fourth thug. The fourth Death Eater hopped on his broom and started to take off. Hermione reacted quickly and hit him with a Stunner. The Death Eater pitched off his broom and landed on the steps but unfortunately, he dropped his hostage. Realizing that the girl was going to fall into the chasm below, Harry jumped out of the car and grabbed onto the girl’s hand as she started to plummet into the ravine.

“I’ve got you,” Harry grunted and pulled the screaming girl back onto the train. Once inside the train, the tiny girl grabbed onto Harry as if he was the only thing stopping her from falling to her death. She wrapped her arms around his chest and her legs around his waist and refused to let go.

Now that the immediate threat was over, Harry decided to check on his fellow students and the captured Death Eaters. He and Hermione went from car to car and they re-stunned the Death Eaters as they passed. The couple, as Head Boy and Girl, would also speak words of comfort to the most frightened students. It was fairly difficult for Harry to do this for two reasons. First, he wasn’t a wizard of many words and his idea of comforting the younger students was to say something along the lines of, “You’ll be okay.” Which really doesn’t work very well on a screaming eleven year old. The second thing that made his task difficult was that the girl Harry had rescued was still firmly wrapped around his body. He had to lumber from car to car with a first year clinging to his midsection.

A team of Aurors arrived shortly after Harry and his friends dealt with the Death Eaters. They told Harry that the Express stopped because the Death Eaters had removed several feet of rail further down the track. Then the villains had used various counter-charms to negate the protection around the train and entered.

The girl wrapped around Harry had still refused to let him go by the time the Aurors repaired the tracks and the train started its journey once again. This meant that even when the Death Eater threat had been neutralized, the prisoners had been removed, and the train continued on its trek to Hogwarts, Harry was not able to properly ravish Hermione. Harry was a patient man, but he hadn't gotten a chance to play with Hermione for a while. Added to this, Harry felt strangely energized by the battle with the Death Eaters. He felt as if he had loads of extra energy that was demanding to be used. That, and he was literally hard as a rock. Harry considered for one short moment stunning the frightened girl so he could have his way with Hermione. But he begrudgingly realized that it would be bad to do such a thing to the poor girl.

When the Express had finally arrived at Hogsmeade station, Hagrid had to pry the girl off of Harry. Of course the girl just clamped onto Hagrid.

After he was freed of the girl, Harry eyed the Threstral drawn carts happily. Even though the ride to the castle was short, he and Hermione could perform what is colloquially known as a "quickie." But alas, Harry's plan was aborted again. Just as he started to kiss Hermione and fondle her breast through her robes, Neville, Ginny, Ron, and Luna piled into the cart after them.

"Isn't there another cart you could've taken?" Hermione asked. It was clear that she too wanted to spend some time alone with Harry; even if it was just a "quickie."

"Did you see what Neville did?" Ginny said with a mixture of pride and excitement. "The Death Eater used a Disarming Hex on him. But that didn't stop him, no! Neville just ran up to the ponce and punched him in the jaw!"

"That's nice," Harry murmured dispassionately. He was happy that Neville dealt with the Death Eater, but he was upset that he wasn't able to take Hermione. Harry was also a little concerned that his friends would notice his aroused state, even though his robes were doing a good job of concealing it. 'Harry, Jr.' was standing proud in his trousers. The organ was trying to convince Harry to take Hermione right there in front of their friends. Harry imagined his appendage pleading with him: "Go on, they won't mind. Besides, you'd just be proving to them how much you love her!"

"Ronald performed a wonderful Impediment Jinx," Luna announced.

"It wasn't as good as Ginny slapping that Death Eater around," Neville countered.

"I've never seen someone use a Sponge-Knees Curse as good as Luna did," Ron added.

"Neat," Hermione breathed out, sounding like she too was regretting their friends' arrival as much as Harry did.

When they finally arrived at the castle, the first years were quickly sorted. Then McGonagall gave a lecture. She said something about how Aurors would be guarding the castle and that the wing where the Room of Requirement was located had been blocked off earlier in the day. She reassured the students that the attack on the train earlier was a fluke and that the castle was impenetrable.

Harry wasn't paying too much attention to what the Headmistress was saying. Instead he was focused on his girlfriend who was equally focused on him. It was clear that she was just as eager as he was. Her eyes were dark with lust and Harry couldn't wait to be alone with her.

Then a very happy thought came to Harry. This was the first night Harry and Hermione would be spending in the Head Boy and Head Girl apartments. In just a few minutes, they would be alone. Right after the Welcoming Feast, Harry would be making love to Hermione; their first time after a prolonged dry spell, without fear of interruption.

Professor McGonagall ended her speech and food magically appeared on every table. Harry wolfed down his meal in a few gulps. Once he had satisfied his hunger, he grabbed Hermione's hand and said "Let's go find the Head Boy and Girl's chambers!"

Harry started to stand up, but Hermione tugged him back down.

"We have to wait until the feast is over," Hermione pointed out.

The raven haired wizard groaned pitifully. He wanted to make love to Hermione and the damned feast was stopping him from doing so. He glared at his fellow students, silently willing them to eat faster so that the feast would be over. Harry shot a hateful eye at a group of fourth year Hufflepuffs who were talking instead of finishing their meals.

'Damn then,' Harry thought bitterly to himself. 'They're dragging this out on purpose. They know the longer they take to eat the more I suffer.'

Finally, after what felt like hours, McGonagall declared the feast over by announcing that everyone should head to their Common Rooms.

"Mr. Potter, Miss Granger, a word," McGonagall called out.

Harry fought the urge to shout "HELL NO!" and run out of the Great Hall with Hermione in tow. But Harry realized that doing so would be terribly rude. So, he forced himself to shuffle up to the Headmistress.

"Here is a map leading to your chambers," McGonagall said as she handed Hermione a piece of paper. "As Head Boy and Girl, a house-elf has been assigned to you. I took the liberty and selected Dobby to be that house-elf. He has a small room in-between your rooms. The password to get into the chamber is 'Bublerboth'."

Harry was happy with the Headmistress' choice of elf; Dobby wasn't part of the house-elf sect that wanted to kill Harry for deflowering the Great One. And Hermione would be happy that Dobby was chosen because he was the only house-elf being paid.

“Now, you two need to be up early in the morning, so don’t stay up too late,” McGonagall said with her now-patented saucy wink.

“Don’t worry, we won’t,” Hermione said rapidly before grabbing Harry’s hand and ran out of the Great Hall.

The two lovers dashed through the halls. Harry was quite surprised; ‘Harry, Jr.’ was still very hard. Even after all this time and McGonagall’s wink, he was still erect! Harry thought with amusement that he must have looked like something akin to a divining rod as he ran to his new room.

They rapidly approached a door with the Hogwarts crest carved on it. Hermione said “Bublerboth” and threw the door open and entered.

If Harry had bothered to take the time to look around him, he would have noticed that he and Hermione had entered a small room, about a quarter the size of the Gryffindor Common Room. He would have also noticed a comfy couch, two comfortable looking chairs, two desks for homework, and a fireplace along with two doors placed on either side of a small door. But as stated previously, Harry wasn’t paying attention to his surroundings. No, his mind was firmly set on the task of making Hermione a very satisfied witch.

The moment they entered the room, he pushed Hermione onto the couch and leapt on her. He kissed her passionately, their tongues played in each others mouth. While they kissed, Hermione tugged at her clothes while Harry pulled his own off. Once they were both mostly naked (Harry still had his trainers and socks on and Hermione had her skirt hanging off of one of her ankles) Hermione commanded with a smile “Get to work.”

Harry was getting so used to activating his Parselmouth ability that he found himself not even needing to close his eyes. He slowly slid down Hermione’s body while hissing softly, which just caused goose-pimples to blossom all over her milky flesh. As he lowered himself between her legs, she started to make soft mewling sounds in anticipation. Her soft mewling instantly turned into a very enthusiastic “YES!” the moment his tongue and love magic touched her flower.

He twirled his tongue around her bud and Hermione clamped her legs around his head reflexively. She squeezed her legs tighter when he gently pried apart her petals and ran his tongue up and down the inside of her labia. The brunette witch – although from Harry's current viewpoint it would be more accurate to describe Hermione as "the completely shorn witch" – didn't last very long. Apparently, she had wanted to end their dry spell just as much as Harry did. She had obviously been building up a lot as well.

"SWEET BABY MEAVE!" she cried out as her orgasm struck her. Harry lapped up her love happily.

Hermione relaxed her legs, freeing Harry to climb back up her body. The two lovers locked eyes and she reached down and guided Harry into her. 'Harry, Jr.' was so happy to be back where it belonged that it almost started crying a few seconds after it slid into Hermione's flower. Thankfully, the organ fought the urge to finish early and valiantly continued.

"Talk dirty to me," Harry whispered in Hermione's ear.

Clearly, Hermione was more than happy to comply with Harry's request. Her mouth spewed such foul and creative phrases as "ram me," "I'm a dirty witch who needs to be spanked," and many naughty words like "fuck" and "pussy" (a word which Harry was almost positive that she didn't use in reference to Crookshanks). Harry let out a animalistic grunt as he climaxed and Hermione gave a very cheerful "YES! THAT'S IT!"

With both lovers panting and momentarily satiated, Harry pulled out of Hermione.

"Well... that... was... fun," commented Hermione in between pants.

"Yeah... it... was," Harry breathed out.

Then our hero discovered something unusual. Generally, when 'Harry, Jr.' was done playing, it'd trot off to bed for a kip. Harry was quite

surprised to see his organ was still awake and... ahem... up for another go.

"It would be a shame to let that go to waste," Hermione said as she eyed Harry's erect state.

"A dreadful shame," agreed Harry.

What followed could be best described as "Mad Monkey Sex." Both made odd noises consisting of "oooh's," "aah's," "eee's," and half a dozen "ook's". They also didn't just restrain themselves to using only the couch. No, they tried to "break in," so to speak, as many pieces of furniture as possible. After they left the couch, Hermione was bent over one of the desks, a position that Harry thoroughly enjoyed because it gave him the opportunity to massage and fondle her round bottom as he took her from behind (and to Hermione's pleasure, he got a few good, hard swats against those heavenly cheeks). A few moments later found Harry lying on the rug in front of the fireplace while Hermione rode him like a pony; another position that Harry found enjoyable because it gave him the chance to stroke and rub her boobs. After that, Harry took Hermione as she lay across the other desk, a position that couldn't have been comfortable for Hermione. But judging by the happy sounds she was making and her cheers of "YES," "RIGHT THERE!" and "FASTER," Hermione didn't seem to mind the hard desk pressing into her back. And at one time, both Harry and Hermione were somehow dangling from the chandelier.

Unlike their first go at lovemaking that night, Hermione climaxed. And she did so before Harry did. Harry knew that she had an orgasm because he felt her inner walls clamp down around him. That and she cried out her usual idiom when it happened: "SWEET BABY MEAVE!"

Harry came shortly after she did. Both of them were dripping with sweat and breathing heavily at this point. Harry was beyond satisfied. Not only did he and Hermione put an end to their dry spell, but they nearly made up for any lost time in just one session. He was proud of his accomplishment but he was also ready to fall asleep. Twice in a row is very tiring for a bloke.



However, even though he was ready for a long rest, 'Harry, Jr.' wasn't even slightly sleepy. The messy member looked up at Harry with its one eye as if it was proudly declaring "I'm ready for another round, sir!"

"Bloody hell!" exclaimed Harry.

Then Hermione made a noise. It was soft and rapid. Harry didn't hear it clearly, but he could have sworn that she had just said "yippee!"

"What was that?" asked Harry.

"Oh, nothing really," Hermione said with a very happy grin. He gave her a disbelieving look and she defended herself. "I was just commenting that all that adrenaline you had during the fight with the Death Eaters must be giving you this virility."

"Do you think it'll ever go down?" Harry asked.

"Hopefully not anytime soon," Hermione uttered under her breath.

"Excuse me?"

"Sit on the chair and let me take care of that," commanded Hermione. The tone of her voice told Harry that it would be best not to argue with her. So Harry obediently sat in the chair and Hermione promptly straddled him. She started by slowly raising and lowering herself on Harry. Then, after a bit, she increased her pace. Next, she began to grind and gyrate on 'Harry, Jr.' in new and interesting ways. Hermione was making sweet and enjoyable sounds as she moved up, down, this way, and that. Harry just sat back and enjoyed the show.

"Hermione... I'm... gonna..." Harry began to warn her.

"Not just yet, Harry," she moaned out. "I'm almost there."

Harry fought it with all of his might. His face screwed up in concentration and he hoped that Hermione wasn't lying, because he was about to lose his fight and cum.

“Oh... oh... oh...” Hermione panted.

Harry fought the urge to shout “Would you just finish already!”

“So-o-o close,” she muttered. “Almost... there.”

Sweat poured off of his body and he grunted. He was now starting to hurt. His body begged for release.

“Oh, Merlin Harry,” she cried. “Now, do it now.”

With a shout, Harry let go and Hermione screamed once again. She collapsed on him and her body shivered with delight.

They sat there silently, basking in each others’ warmth for some time. Then Hermione began to giggle softly in Harry’s ear. That’s when he noticed that he was still hard inside of her.

“Damn my virility,” Harry murmured in exhaustion.

“Looks like someone’s up for round four,” she said joyously and began her luscious grinding once again.

To Be Continued

Author’s Notes: Sorry about the long delay. My inspiration was chased away by issues with real life and it is slowly coming back to me.

# Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

## Chapter Twenty-One: School work and oral exams

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WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Twenty-One: Term starts and Harry's workload bogs him down. Thankfully a friend gives him an idea on how to relieve his stress.

The first few days of term were very stressful for Harry, to say the least. Every one of his instructors started their lessons by reiterating the fact that the seventh year students would be taking the aptly named N.E.W.T.'s in the near future. Each warned the students that this year would be particularly difficult. The professors gave a hint at just how difficult the year would be when they gave out their first assignments. Slughorn's assignment required the students to read four lengthy chapters focusing on eight potions. The students then had to write four feet of parchment on each potion by the end of the week. McGonagall warned her students that they would have to master human transfiguration by end of the lesson on Friday. Even the usually jolly Sprout was deadly serious as she informed her students that they would be pruning the treacherous "Tithwillow Sponge-Shrub" causing a fair a number of Harry's fellow students to shiver in fear.

The only classes that didn't immediately overload Harry were Charms and DADA. Flitwick informed his class they would be mastering the difficult Patronus Charm. Our hero smiled triumphantly when Flitwick announced this assignment to the class with the ego-boosting comment of: "If you are having difficulty with the charm, you can talk with Mr. Potter, as he has already mastered it."

But Harry's pride was knocked down a little as the little professor continued: "Also, if you are concerned that you cannot focus on a happy enough thought required to cast a Patronus, take heart. I personally know of an Auror by the name of Nymphadora Tonks who was able to cast a wonderful Patronus even while being in a lasting and severe bout of depression. Clearly, if a severely depressed witch can successfully perform the charm, than it isn't as hard as your peers, teachers, family, and politicians may have told you."

The workload in DADA was even less than Charms. In fact, there was no workload whatsoever. When Harry and his fellow students walked into the classroom, they found this year's instructor, a wizard by the name of Herbert Johnson-Thames, sitting behind his desk with his nose buried in a book. He didn't bother to look up and greet the class as they entered. Nor did he even make a single sound acknowledging their presence. Hermione tried to get a response out of the wizard by walking up to the professor's desk and introducing herself – of course she had to point out that she was Head Girl; she earned that right and she was going to do it, by Merlin. But apparently the fact that the Head Girl had just introduced herself to Johnson-Thames did not impress him. The wizard continued to stare directly at his book and disregard her existence.

Harry was starting to wonder if the professor was even alive. He hadn't moved an inch, causing Harry to believe that Johnson-Thames must have had an aneurism right at the desk and died. But Harry's speculation was dashed the moment the bell sounded and the professor began to read aloud from the lesson book.

"This year you ... higher spells and hexes in order to ... yourself and others. Some of these spell ... very difficult to ... and many of you ... it incredibly difficult. But ... not ... This incredibly informative book ... you how to ... even the most difficult charm."

On and on he went. He read in his odd broken way and still refused to look up from his book. Harry reckoned that Johnson-Thames must have been very nervous; that would explain the odd breaks as he spoke and why he wouldn't look up. After about fifteen minutes of Johnson-Thames' reading, the majority of the class began to fidget.

Some of the students even began to do homework for other classes. Not that the professor seemed to care, he continued to read from the text.

“He’s just reading from the book?” Ron asked incredulously.

“It looks like McGonagall had to scrape the bottom of the barrel to get someone to teach Defense this year,” Harry sounded. “And all she could find was someone who can only read the book aloud.”

“Oh, he doing worse than just ‘only reading’,” Hermione said with unhidden anger. “He’s reading the text, but for some reason, he’s skipping over all of the verbs.”

The bespectacled wizard was curious to see if his girlfriend was right. So Harry turned the pages in his book until he found the one that Johnson-Thames was reading from. Harry followed along as the professor read.

“For example, even a poorly ... Shield Charm ... effective against lower hexes and charms like Jelly-Legs. But a low powered Stun Hex ... easily ... through a poorly ... Shield Charm. If you ... how to ... a Shield Charm correctly, you ... as well not ... it at all.”

Sure enough, Johnson-Thames was dropping every single verb.

“Maybe he was hit with some sort of jinx that makes you skip over verbs?” speculated Harry.

“Or he has a phobia,” Ron hypothesized. “You know, the thought of verbs terrifies him so much that he can’t bear to read them.”

“Or perhaps he’s just a blithering idiot,” Hermione said contemptuously. It was clear she had no respect for Johnson-Thames; the wizard was wasting valuable time where Hermione could be learning something new. The idea of missing out on learning simply made her blood boil.

When the bell rang announcing the end of the lesson, Johnson-Thames simply stopped reading. He didn’t even bother to look up. All

of the students waited patiently for their assignments... and waited. But the professor refused to speak. Hermione was so upset that not only had Johnson-Thames wasted a double lesson, but he didn't hand out any homework either that she stomped to her next lesson in a huff.

Despite the fact that Harry had already mastered his Charms work and there was no DADA work, the assignments for the other classes were heavy enough that even Hermione balked at the sheer size of it.

Added onto this workload, McGonagall held true to her word. The returning class this year was so small that the professors didn't need to break up lessons between the lower years and were able to lump all of the Houses from each year into one class. This gave McGonagall and all the other professors a lot of free time. Free time that the Headmistress used to tutor Harry and his friends.

She had spent an extra three hours everyday with Harry and his friends going over how to use basic Transfiguration in battle. The Headmistress reasoned that basic transfiguration was easy for a seventh year like Harry, but it wasn't so easy in battle while your enemy is trying to hex you. For the first two days, Harry spent hours and hours trying to transfigure a beetle into a button while Ron, Luna, and Hermione fired off hexes at the bespectacled youth. The exercise proved very difficult. Harry had a hard time focusing on the proper incantation and wand movements while ducking and dodging his friends' various hexes. What added to the difficulty Harry faced when trying to concentrate on the incantation was the realization that it was an utterly useless transfiguration. After all, Harry wasn't a big fan of learning in small steps. On Wednesday, Flitwick joined McGonagall and the duo trained Harry, Hermione, Ron, and Luna how to combine Charms and Transfiguration so that they could animate objects much like Dumbledore had done when he had fought against Voldemort in the Ministry of Magic (this at least Harry found to have immediate and intrinsic benefits).

Harry's stress was increased even further by his duties as Head Boy. Every night, he and Hermione had to patrol the halls of the castle after curfew, making sure no students were sneaking about. Every

once in a while, he would see one of the Aurors that were assigned to protect Hogwarts. It felt good having the extra security.

By the fourth day, all the extra work made Harry look exhausted. His hair was a mess – more so than usual – and he had heavy bags under his eyes caused by lack of sleep. However, he was better off than his girlfriend. Hermione's hair was a mess – more so than usual – and she, too, had heavy bags under her eyes. But Harry was better off than Hermione in one aspect: he could sit down properly. Even though it had been four days since the Welcoming Feast, Hermione was still sore from the four-in-a-row shag-fest she and Harry had that night. The poor girl still had a noticeable limp. Of course, she had an ear-to-ear smile that accompanied that limp, so she wasn't complaining.

One thing that made Harry's days a little better was that he shared the same bed with Hermione. Mind you, they didn't have sex because she was still sore (and he was too damn tired to perform), but it was still nice to simply cuddle and then wake up next to the woman he loved every morning.

Friday night, as Hermione patrolled the west wing looking for any students out past curfew, Harry searched the east wing, he came across Tonks' friend and Auror-trainee, Courtney. She bounded up to the raven haired wizard and gave him a hug in greeting.

"Hiya, Courtney," Harry said. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, this is my class' week to patrol the castle," she answered. "I've been stationed on the grounds since I got here. But this is the first time I've gotten the assignment to come inside. I haven't been in here since I graduated; it feels so weird."

"So how's Tonks?" asked Harry.

"She's as huge as a house and absolutely gorgeous," Courtney answered with a big grin. "Tonks and Remus are so effing happy it's contagious. She's due any second now, thanks to that prank you and Hermione pulled."

“That’s great,” Harry said with a smile.

The two began to walk down the hall and they continued their conversation.

“Oh, by the way, did anyone find out why those Death Eaters were trying to kidnap the girls from the train?” Harry asked. “Was it for a dark ritual or some form of blackmail plot against the Ministry?”

“Actually, we found out something very interesting when the prisoners were interrogated,” Courtney answered. “The girls weren’t nabbed for a ritual or for blackmail. The prisoners confirmed that You-Know-Who had no idea about the attack. Which makes sense; if he did know of the attack, he would’ve sent more than just a few of his followers.”

“Then why did they attack?” asked Harry.

“Well, according to the prisoners, You-Know-Who does a little contest every year to boost morale in his followers; it’s called ‘Little Miss Death Eater’,” the Auror in training explained. “It’s basically a talent show for the Death Eaters’ daughters. The winner’s family gets a hundred galleons and a private dinner with He Who Must Not Be Named.

“Apparently, the Death Eaters who were involved in the attack on the train either didn’t have any daughters of their own, or their daughters were so ugly and untalented that they didn’t stand a chance in the competition,” Courtney continued. “These Death Eaters were so eager for their Master’s praise that they concocted a plan to kidnap a bunch of girls from the Hogwarts’ Express and pass them off as their own daughters.”

“You’re kidding,” Harry said. “They planned to kidnap children just so they could have dinner with Voldemort? They somehow found a way to break through the wards around the train and decided not to launch a full scale attack that would’ve devastated the Ministry and every witch and wizard in Great Britain. Instead, they just wanted to win a talent show?”



"Yep," she responded. "No one ever accused Death Eaters of being the smartest bunch of people."

"Let's change the subject to something more enjoyable than dim-witted Death Eaters," Courtney continued. "So, have you and Hermione used all those toys I gave her?"

"Um... just two," Harry admitted with a touch of embarrassment. He wasn't ashamed that he and Hermione had only used two of the toys, but he was hesitant about speaking so openly about sex with Courtney.

"Which ones?" she asked. Harry didn't immediately respond, so she gave him a playful pinch on his arm and asked again. "Which ones did you use?"

"The feather and the cuffs," Harry said, blushing.

"Ooo, I've got to know; did she tie you up or did you tie her up?" Courtney asked with excitement.

"Well, she kind of tied herself up," Harry said and felt his cheeks heat up even more.

"You mean you didn't tie her up?" she asked.

"Well, she showed me the cuffs and told me to tap my wand on them," he explained. "Then she told me to use the feather on her."

"Does she tell you what to do a lot of the time? I mean when you're being intimate?" she asked.

"Yeah," Harry admitted. "She pretty much tells me what to do in those situations." After a beat, he added, "Not that I mind."

"Of course not. You're a bloke," Courtney commented. "But you've got to take the reins once in a while."

"Excuse me?"

"You know," Courtney continued. "Take control; be dominating once in a while."

"What do you mean by 'dominating'?"

"Well, I'm not suggesting you tie her down and spank her..." Courtney paused dramatically before continuing. "Unless she likes that sort of thing."

"But I like to... well, please Hermione," Harry said, still a little shy about the topic of conversation. "She tells me what to do to make her... happy and that makes me happy, you know."

"Yeah, it's nice to have a girlfriend give you pointers; that way you don't mess up," Courtney agreed. "But it doesn't hurt to just do it to please yourself every now and then. I mean, I'm sure if you made yourself happy, that it would please Hermione as well. Besides, most witches wouldn't mind a wizard that takes control once in a while."

"What would you suggest?"

"The next time you two are alone, push her on the bed and shag her rotten. Don't light candles or play some romantic music, just tug on her hair and bang her brains out," suggested the Auror in training. "Do something for yourself. Fulfill one of your fantasies. Have her dress up, maybe as a nun. Hell, I fulfilled my muggle-born boyfriend's fantasy. I dressed in this weird bronze metal bikini, something he saw in a film once. Or if you want, just cum on her tits. Whatever floats your boat."

Harry felt as if his face was on fire at Courtney's comments. He tried to avert his eyes, but it was too late.

"You want to titty-shag her!" she exclaimed, correctly interpreting Harry's increased discomfort. He looked around in a mild panic, worried that someone had overheard her statement. Apparently, Harry's embarrassment only made Courtney want to rib him even further. "You want to wedge your willy between her boobs and cum on her, don't you?"

What Harry wanted right that moment was to run away and hide; he was beyond embarrassed by Courtney's comments. The forwardness of the witch caught him completely off guard.

"Then you should do it," the rambunctious witch demanded. "Mount her chest and use her jugs to wank off."

"I can't ask her to do that," Harry said, imaging the mortified look on Hermione's face at the mere suggestion.

"If she has a problem with it, just tell her to lie back and enjoy the show," Courtney argued.

"I... I dunno," Harry said doubtfully.

"You'll never know if you don't try," Courtney said, giving Harry a pat on the shoulder. "Well I'm off. Have fun with Hermione. Remember, if she's really opposed to giving you a titty-shag, have her give you a hummer while she's dressed up in a costume. It really can be fun!"

As Courtney walked away humming an oddly aggressive marching tune (a tune that seemed somehow familiar to Harry; perhaps it was done by that John Williams fellow that Hermione had mentioned), Harry pondered over her suggestions. Besides his fear of Hermione being appalled over the notion of a titty-shag, Harry doubted it could work in a practical sense. He wasn't overly endowed and although, Hermione's breasts were a nice handful (very nice handful at that), Harry doubted that they could get that particular fantasy to work properly. He'd imagined for that act to work that he'd need to be hung like a hippogriff and Hermione would have to be closer to Luna's prestigious (and slightly overbearing) size.

But one thing that Courtney suggested struck a cord inside Harry; "Have her dress up..." He remembered that Hermione had discussed the notion of "Role-Playing" with him when Luna used polyjuice to make love with Ron. Harry hadn't given it much thought, but now that Courtney brought it up, it started to intrigue him. The idea of dressing up and acting like different people began to sound raunchy and exciting.

As Harry walked back to his and Hermione's room, his mind wandered over different scenarios. Should he dress up as a criminal and Hermione as a cop who decides to interrogate criminal-Harry in new and fascinating ways? Or should they play a particularly naughty version of 'Doctor' (not that 'playing Doctor' has been anything other than naughty)?

Then, like a bolt of inspiration, an image of pleated skirts entered his mind. Harry had the perfect idea! It would just take a little time to plan out and execute.

When he finally reached his room, he found Hermione already asleep and in bed. As he crawled into bed with his lover, his mind went over his plans.

Harry assumed that Hermione was no longer sore the next morning judging by how frisky she was. The moment he opened his eyes, the brunette witch pounced on him and began tickling him. Up until that moment, Harry hadn't realized how ticklish he was. One could say that he was very ticklish, while others could argue that he was ridiculously ticklish and not be incorrect. While he was laughing, the raven hair wizard thrashed and tried to scoot away on the bed which led to an interesting occurrence. You see, Hermione wasn't content with just tickling her boyfriend. No, she had to do so while completely naked. And all of Harry's movements – the thrashing and scooting – caused his pajama bottom to be pulled down, thereby exposing his bits. And seeing how 'Harry, Jr.' was not one to let an opportunity pass, the organ sprang to life. Within a few scant seconds of waking up, Harry found himself making love to Hermione... who was still tickling him incessantly... which just caused him to thrash about; an action which Hermione seemed to really enjoy.

It was a truly wonderful way to wake up. Maybe even better than the time she aroused Harry from his slumber with her skills in fellatio. At that particular moment, as Hermione simultaneously rode and tickled him, Harry couldn't decide which one was the better way to wake up. Was it the tickle and shag or the straight forward blow-job? He reckoned, joyfully, that he needed to compare each of the two activities a few more times to make up his mind.

With all the jostling about, it didn't take Harry too long to become a happy wizard. He was a little disappointed that he had reached his orgasm before Hermione did. But Hermione didn't appear to be let down; she had a beautiful smile on her face as she leaned forward and whispered in Harry's ear "Good morning."

Hermione was being such a good sport about him finishing before her that Harry decided to return the favor and tickle her. He found that she wasn't as sensitive as he was when he used the traditional and time honored technique of tickling (or at least, when not cuffed to the bed and being teased with a feather). So Harry tried a different style of tickling on a very sensitive area on his lover which brought out a very positive response out of Hermione. In other words; he finger banged her.

After all, she hadn't orgasmed before he finished. And it was his duty and privilege as her boyfriend to make her satisfied. After she cried out in passion, it was Harry's turn to whisper "Good morning."

After cuddling for a few minutes, Hermione got up to take a shower. As his girlfriend washed up, Harry snuck out of the bedroom. He had to find Dobby so that the house-elf could help him. When Harry entered the outer chamber, he found Dobby about to enter the small door leading to his room.

"Hey Dobby," Harry called out while walking up to the house-elf.

Dobby rapidly shut the door leading into his room. Before the door closed, Harry caught a glimpse of a number of shelves on the back wall of Dobby's room. He also noticed a number of tiny glass vials filled with some kind of silver liquid placed on the shelves before the door closed.

"Yes, Harry Potter sir?" Dobby asked. The tiny creature's voice was a little more nervous than normal, but Harry brushed it aside.

"Could you do me a favor?" Harry asked and the house-elf nearly cried with happiness at the thought of being able to help the black haired wizard.

“Anythings for you, Harry Potter sir,” Dobby squeaked.

“I need you to transfigure that bedroom,” Harry pointed to the spare room. “And I need you to create some costumes.”

Harry could’ve easily transfigured the room and conjured the necessary clothing himself. But he still wasn’t used to his heightened power and he was worried that he would mess it up and ruin it.

“What do’s you be wanting it transfigured into, sir?”

Harry spent the next fifteen minutes giving Dobby very precise instructions. He ended the conversation with another request: “Hermione can’t know about it, okay?”

The house-elf nodded his head emphatically.

Harry returned to his and Hermione’s room just in time for his girlfriend to step out of the shower. Her skin was still wet and he fought the urge to lick up her excess moisture. He wanted to save his energy for later that night. After Harry showered and dressed, he and Hermione went to the Great Hall for breakfast.

They found Ron and Luna already at the table waiting for them. A short while after they arrived, Ginny entered the Great Hall with Neville at her side. The two sat on opposite sides of the table a dozen feet away from Harry, Hermione, Luna, and Ron. Neville and Ginny didn’t even bother putting food on their plates. Instead, they began speaking to one another.

“What the hell does Neville think he’s doing?” Ron asked with his mouth full of partially chewed food. Tiny bits of his breakfast sprayed in Neville’s direction.

“He’s talking to your sister,” Luna stated. “And don’t speak with your mouth full, dear.”

“That’s not just ‘talking’,” Ron accused, dribbling some scrambled eggs out of his mouth. “He’d wouldn’t be leaning over the table is he was just ‘talking’.”

Usually, Ron wasn't the most observant person in the world. But Harry noticed that his red haired friend was spot on in his observation this time. Neville and Ginny were leaning over their empty plates and speaking softly to each other.

"He should watch it," Ron threatened in between bites of kipper. "He'd better not touch my sister."

"Why not? Many wizards have touched her before he came along," Hermione commented under her breath so that only Harry could hear her. Harry almost choked on his juice as he fought back laughter.

Ron was, as usual, overreacting. Harry could tell by their body language that Ginny and Neville hadn't done anything intimate. There was a nervousness about the two that gave Harry the impression that they hadn't done much besides talk. Of course that same nervousness told Harry that both Neville and Ginny wanted to do more than talk, but each was hesitant. Harry could understand Neville's hesitation; the young wizard was still coming out of his shyness. Ginny, on the other hand, made Harry wonder. He had her pegged as the type of witch that would just take what she wanted – much like she had tried to do when she molested him a few weeks before. Her actions during Harry's sixth year and what she did over the summer was such a drastic change from the shy girl he knew before. For the first few years that Harry knew her, Ginny was just as shy as Neville was.

But as he watched Ginny and Neville talk, Harry came to realize something. Perhaps Ginny had acted so strangely over the past year or so as some sort of overcompensation against her shyness. Maybe she felt the need to act like a "scarlet woman" to quell her natural timidity. She could have thought that boys wouldn't pay attention to a timid girl like her so she re-sculpted herself as a free spirit (read: slut).

Harry speculated that Ginny changed herself because she believed that other people wouldn't like her for who she was. She must've felt that no one would understand her. But with Neville, another person who was just as shy, Ginny could be herself. Perhaps that's why she hadn't tried to molest Neville... yet.

“Did he just touch her hand?” Ron spat and began to stand up. It was clear that he wanted to stomp over to Neville and pummel him for touching his sister. Thankfully, Luna restrained her husband and forced him to sit back down.

“So what if Neville and Ginny are dating,” Harry stated. “Good for them.”

“That’s not your sister,” Ron hissed. “I have to protect her virtue!”

“You’re a little too late for that,” murmured Hermione.

“What was that?” Ron snapped.

“I said ‘you don’t have to worry about that’,” Hermione lied. “Neville’s a gentleman. He proved it when he took Ginny to the Yule Ball. And he risked his own safety trying to protect her from Draco’s thugs at the end of our fifth year. He’d never take advantage of Ginny.”

“Besides, after what happened to you and me, Ginny knows better than to go too far,” Luna pointed out. “If she did, Molly would pounce on her and force her to marry Neville.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right,” Ron huffed.

“So you two, what are your plans today?” Luna asked Harry and Hermione.

Harry fought the urge to happily announce “Hermione’s not sore anymore!” but wisely held his tongue. Such a statement would be inappropriate and would lead to another dry-spell.

“Well, I’m going to the library to study a bit,” Hermione answered. “We’re going over spell and ritual creation in Arithmancy and I want to do some work outside of the classroom.”

As she spoke, Hermione gave Harry her patented lustful and longing look. It gave him the impression that she had an itch that she wanted to scratch and had made up the story about going to the library and



studying so that their friends wouldn't know that she and Harry were going to spend the day shagging.

However, Harry must've misinterpreted Hermione's look. Instead of sneaking away to make love after breakfast, Hermione led Harry to the library to study.

He was a little taken back at his mistake. He was positive that she had just given him her "shag me eyes" and he had seen them enough recently to spot them. How he mistook that look was a mystery to him. To perplex the young wizard even further, every once in a while, as Hermione read tome after tome and took very detailed notes, she would look up at him and give him that same look.

Perhaps she was trying to give him clues that she wanted to be naughty and do it in the library. Seeing how it was early Saturday morning, there were no other students around. Harry reckoned that he could do the deed without alerting Pince, the librarian. But when Harry started to kiss her, Hermione gently brushed him away.

"Not now, Harry," she whispered with her eyes dark with lust. "I'm busy."

"Then why are you giving me that look?" he asked.

"What look?"

"Your 'come shag me' look," Harry answered.

"I have a 'come shag me' look?" she asked incredulously.

To prove his point, Harry conjured a simple hand held mirror (of course his power boost had made the mirror less simple and more ornate with jewels and intricate carvings, but he was gaining more control. When he first got his boost, he would've created a wall of mirrors). He held the mirror in front of his girlfriend's face.

After examining her now mostly-green eyes, Hermione agreed; "So that's my 'come shag me' look."

“Yes and you’ve been giving it to me since breakfast,” Harry pointed out.

“I’m sorry I’ve been giving you mixed signals, Harry,” Hermione apologized. “It’s just that I’ve been thinking about sex while I’m studying.”

“Okay, so let’s push these books off of the table and take care of that,” Harry suggested.

“Harry, I’ve been thinking about sex, not wanting to have sex,” Hermione clarified.

“There’s a difference?” Harry asked, completely stumped. To him, and most every male in the world, there wasn’t a difference between “thinking about sex” and “wanting to have sex.” The two were synonymous concepts: one couldn’t think about sex and not want to do it, it just wasn’t done.

“I was going to wait to tell you what I’m doing, to see if my theories were possible first. But I’ve been studying to see if we can create new tantric rituals of our own,” explained Hermione.

“New ones? Like what?” he asked.

“Well, I believe we can make an intelligence boosting ritual. But the effects would only last a day or so. Also, I think we can do protection rituals, but it would be complex,” she stated.

“Complex in what way?” Harry asked.

“We would need to do some exercises and serious stretches before we attempt some of them or we’ll hurt ourselves,” Hermione proved her point by showing a crude drawing of two stick figures intertwined she had made sometime during her research. Harry idly noticed that Hermione’s artistic talent wasn’t that far from Gryffindor’s.

“What’s that circle thing?” he asked pointing at the drawing.

“That’s my head,” she said.

“And that circle?” he asked and pointed at another shape.

“That’s your head,” Hermione explained.

“But it looks like I’m facing away from you,” Harry pointed out.

“Yes, the upper part of your body will be turned, facing away from me,” Hermione confirmed. “Like I said; we’ll have to do some stretches before we can do these.”

“Wow,” Harry uttered as he memorized the drawing.

Hermione spent the rest of the day in the library taking voluminous notes. Harry acted as her assistant; running to fetch one book on magical theory or another. They only paused in their activities for lunch and dinner.

After supper, Harry and Hermione headed back to their rooms. Each of them was carrying a large stack of books and notes. When they entered the outer chamber, Harry saw Dobby waiting by his miniature door. The house-elf gave Harry a thumbs up signal.

Harry quickly deposited his stack in the room he and Hermione shared before dashing back to the outer chamber.

“It’s be done, Harry Potter sir,” Dobby said happily.

“Fantastic!” Harry heralded. “Do you have the costumes?”

“Yes, sir,” he squeaked.

“Great,” Harry said before rushing to one of the desks and jotting down a note. It stated:

“Hermione,

Put this on and meet me in the other room.

Love,

Harry.”

He handed the note to Dobby and said “Give this, along with the girl’s costume, to Hermione, please.”

With a bright smile on his face, Dobby nodded his head and walked into the Bedroom.

Harry went into the other room and was pleased with Dobby’s work. It was almost an exact replica of one of the castle’s classrooms. A large chalkboard was on one wall and a large professor’s desk was placed in front of it. But unlike most classrooms, there was only one desk for the student.

Harry quickly stripped naked and donned his professor’s costume (a long black robe with a pointy black wizard’s hat). Once he was dressed, Harry took his seat behind the professor’s desk and opened one of the drawers. He was happy to see the object lying in the drawer just as he requested of Dobby. Harry came to the conclusion that he’d have to reward the house-elf for such a bang-up job.

A few minutes later, Hermione walked into the “classroom.” Much to Harry’s pleasure, she was wearing the outfit Dobby had made (or given Dobby’s... unique hobby, Harry hoped that Dobby had created the outfit instead of pilfering it from some schoolgirl). Hermione was wearing polished penny-loafers with knee high white socks. His eyes slowly traveled up to her blue Bedford checked pleated skirt which accentuated her lovely legs. Of course, the skirt accentuated her legs simply because of its length. Or lack thereof. The modified schoolgirl skirt barely covered Hermione’s cheeks. The light blue blouse, adorned with an unfamiliar white horse logo, was also undersized, as displayed by the amount of bare midriff and the tension on the buttons. Hermione’s bra-less state was confirmed by ‘Natasha’ and ‘Carmella’ standing at firm attention for roll call; Harry knew that the classroom couldn’t be that cold and assumed she was excited.

“Role-playing? How adventurous of you, Harry,” Hermione said with a smile. “I’m very proud.”

“Take your seat, Miss Granger,” Harry said with a chuckle. It felt odd and funny for him to refer to Hermione in such a forced and formal way.

“Yes, Professor Potter,” Hermione said with equal amusement.

“Did you forget your homework again, Miss Granger?” Harry asked after Hermione sat at her desk.

“Oh, please, Harry,” Hermione said. “Like I would forget my homework, of all people.”

“Hermione, stay in character,” Harry ordered. “You’re a bad student who forgot her homework and needs to be punished.”

“Punished how?” Hermione asked, her curiosity clearly piqued.

Instead of answering her, Harry opened his desk drawer and withdrew the small wooden paddle that Hermione had gotten from Courtney. He held the toy up in the air for Hermione to see.

“Oooo, a spanking,” Hermione cooed. “Wait a moment; let me get into character properly.”

The brunette witch pulled out her wand and waved it over her head. Her kinky hair sprang to life and began to move. A part formed in the middle of her head and her hair was pulled into two bushy pigtails on either side of her head. Her new hairstyle added with her undersized school uniform made Harry’s heart race. The whole idea of a professor seducing a student was so taboo and it excited Harry, even if it was just make believe.

“Okay, I’m ready,” she announced. “Ask me about my homework again.”

“Where’s your homework, Miss Granger?” he asked again with an overly forced sternness.

“I’m really sorry, Professor,” Hermione responded with fake sadness. “I worked on it so hard last night that my fingers got numb. I swear I

finished it. But when I got up this morning, I found out that my cat ate it.”

“Miss Granger, that’s the fifth time you haven’t completed your work this month,” Harry chastised.

“Really... fifth time?” she asked, dropping out of character. “Am I that bad of a student?”

“Yes, you’re that bad,” Harry answered then went promptly back into character. “I’ve tried to convince you that you need to do your homework time and time again. And still you continue to fail. What should I do with such a terrible student?”

“Not another spanking, sir,” she pretended to plead. Even though she tried to act scared of punishment, it was evident in her voice that Hermione was more than eager for a paddling.

Harry got out of his chair and stood next to the large desk. While holding the paddle in his right hand, he pointed at his desk with his left and commanded: “Assume the position.”

Hermione walked up to the desk with a frown and her head held low in shame. Of course she couldn’t hide the happy bounce to her step. She may have been the smartest witch of their generation, but she was a dreadful actor.

The brunette witch bent over so that she was half lying on the desk and her feet were still on the ground. This position caused her too-short skirt to hitch up even further on her bum. As he examined her scarcely covered bottom, Harry hoped that Dobby had in fact created the costume. If the house-elf didn’t, that meant a preteen school girl somewhere in Great Britain was missing her school uniform because Dobby stole it.

Harry focused on his girlfriend’s bottom and started slowly by giving gentle swats to her posterior. The first five spanks were soft and light. But then he began to pick up the pace and the force. In a matter of moments, the paddle was flying and smacking her (barely) skirt

covered bottom. Hermione squealed joyously as her bum jiggled and shook from the blows.

After a minute or two, Harry hoisted up her skirt to reveal her red and heated bottom. Her white knickers were visibly damp around her flower. He gently peeled off her knickers and discarded them. Once her bum was exposed, Harry returned to paddling her. The wooden toy made loud smacking sounds as it struck her unprotected skin. Hermione was moaning and purring with pleasure.

Obviously, Harry was so aroused by Hermione's naked bottom and the eliciting sounds she was making. 'Harry, Jr.' was standing proudly under his robe.

Harry placed the paddle down and walked over to the side of the desk so that he was standing in front of Hermione's face. He gestured to the bulge in the front of his robes and scolded: "Look at what you have done, Miss Granger. Get on your knees and take care of this."

"Take care of this'?" Hermione asked with a snort of laughter. "Did you get that line from a porno?"

"Yes, a very bad porno that had the audacity to try to have an actual plot," Harry said. "Now take care of it."

"Yes, Professor."

Hermione hopped off the desk and knelt in front of Harry. The raven haired wizard quickly pulled his robe off and tossed it to the side. Amazingly enough, his tall pointy hat remained on his head somehow so that he was standing in front of Hermione completely naked save for that silly hat.

The witch licked her lips before opening her mouth and swallowing his organ. As she bobbed back and forth, Harry acted on a naughty compulsion; he grabbed hold of her pigtails. He wondered idly as he held onto her pigtails as if they were handlebars if Courtney had been speaking literally or figuratively when she had told him that he should "take the reins once in a while."

A few moments later, Harry ordered "Lie on the desk, Miss Granger."

He helped Hermione stand and then guided her onto the desk. He was a gentleman after all even if he was playing a stern professor. Harry crawled up on the desk and kissed her neck while he unbuttoned her blouse. Slowly, he trailed kisses down her neck, over the swell of her breasts, down her tummy, until he got to her skirt. With one swift motion, Harry tugged the pleated skirt off and Hermione squealed in surprise.

Before she got a chance to react, Harry dove at her flower. Once again, he easily activated his parselmouth magic and tapped into his love core and began to eat her out.

"Oh... oh... yes Harry," Hermione moaned out.

"No, that is not the proper manner to address me, Miss Granger," Harry sternly informed her after effortlessly switching to English. "Call me 'Professor Potter',"

"I'm so sorry, Professor Potter," Hermione pled. "Please, Professor, please lick me."

Satisfied that Hermione had returned to character, Harry triggered his special ability and returned to his cunnilingus. He lapped, licked and suckled on every centimeter of her flower. He continued to stimulate her even after she cried out. Her fingernails scraped against his scalp when she grabbed fistfuls of his hair and knocked off his hat.

"M-mo-more," Hermione panted. "I... n-n-need m-more. W-want you inside... Professor, p-p-lease. I'm a b- bad student. I need more... I... I w-w-want you inside... Please."

Harry ignored her pleas and continued to work his magic on her flower. He kept his hands busy by gently massaging her red and swollen bottom. Hermione was groaning as he twirled his tongue inside her. A few moments later another orgasm struck Hermione.



Now Harry reckoned it was time. He once again crawled on top of his girlfriend and gently pushed his way into her. She purred into his ear, "Yes, Professor, I'm a bad student... teach me how to be good."

"That sounds like it came from a bad porno," Harry commented.

"Is there such a thing as a good porno?" Hermione asked rhetorically.

The two shared a chuckle and Harry began to move. Hermione wrapped her legs around his waist as Harry took her hands in his.

Another wicked thought occurred to Harry as he slowly pumped. He remembered when he used Pleasure Pressure Points on Hermione and accidentally brought her to orgasm during Bill and Fleur's wedding and he felt devilishly compelled to repeat his actions. While still sliding back and forth, Harry began to rub his thumb on the back of Hermione's hand.

Much like his skill had grown with activating his parseltongue abilities, Harry had become more adept at tapping into his love core since the first time he used Pleasure Pressure Points on Hermione. In fact, he had reached into his love core quicker and deeper than he had at Bill and Fleur's wedding. It was so powerful that Hermione climaxed a few seconds after Harry began applying his magic to her.

But she did not call out her usual phrase of "SWEET BABY MEAVE!" when she climaxed. No, this time Hermione shouted "THAT'S CHEATING!" when she orgasmed.

Harry paused and let his girlfriend ride out her ecstasy. After she had caught her breath, he asked in a jovial way "I'm sorry, would you like for me to stop 'cheating', as you put it?"

"Hell no!" she growled. "Keep doing that. Cheat some more!"

"Call me 'Professor Potter' again and I'll see what I can do," Harry said roguishly.

"Please, make me cum, Professor Potter," purred Hermione.

“Oh, that’ll work,” he said before he continued to make love to Hermione and use the Pleasure Pressure Points on her.

If someone were to walk by the room that Harry and Hermione were using, they would’ve assumed that a wild beast was being held against its will and was struggling violently versus the chains that bound it. In other words, Hermione was literally howling she was in so much pleasure.

Just as he was about to become a happy wizard, Harry stopped.

“What’s... wrong?” Hermione panted. “You... didn’t... finish... yet...”

“I... ah... well...” stammered Harry. He was trying to tell her about his fantasy. But his fear and doubt was holding him back. “I... want... to... um...”

“Harry, what is it?” Hermione asked, her voice full of concern. “What do you want?”

“Well...” despite his best effort, Harry couldn’t bring himself to vocalize his thoughts. So instead, he reached forward and gently pushed Hermione’s breasts together, hoping that she’d get the clue.

“You want to play with my titties?” she asked.

“Sort of,” he said nervously.

“Harry, you can tell me anything,” she said sweetly. “I won’t get mad.”

“You promise?”

“Of course I do,” she replied.

“Well, I kind of want to use your boobs... in a special way...” he said vaguely.

Cocking her eyebrow, Hermione speculated “You want to wedge your penis in between my breasts?”

“Yes,” Harry admitted weakly.

Hermione chewed on her lip for a second before saying “Why not.”

“Really?”

“Yes, why not,” Hermione added while still panting slightly. “I’ve had more than my share of fun today... thanks to your ‘cheating’. Why not let you do something for yourself. Beside, I hear semen is good for the skin; tightens the pores. Not that I’m planning on replacing my moisturizer with your seminal fluid. That would just be wrong.”

Harry barely contained his happy laughter as he crawled up Hermione’s body. He knelt so that his knees were on either side of her ribcage. Hermione then pushed her breasts together and enveloped his penis. Much to his ecstatic surprise, Harry’s assumptions of not being able to do the act due to Hermione’s smaller breasts and his average size were proved false. He awkwardly began sliding back and forth. Harry had been so close before he stopped that he didn’t last long. In just a few moments, Harry came.

“Did you like that?” Hermione asked after Harry curled up against her. Her eyes were so full of love that Harry had to smile.

“Yeah,” Harry breathed out. “I did.”

“Good,” Hermione cooed and she cuddled even closer to her lover. “I’m glad I made you happy.”

To Be Continued

Author’s Notes: Thanks to Ultimate Auror for helping with some of the dialog in this chapter.

Also check out the massive ego trip that is my forums! You can find a link to it on my bio page.

# Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

## Chapter Twenty-Two: Pretzel Lovin'

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Twenty-Two: Harry and Hermione attempt their first original ritual.

In order to prepare themselves for the rituals that Hermione had created, the brunette witch devised a comprehensive workout routine. This routine consisted of several yoga postures as well as various calisthenics. Both of the young lovers would practice the same yoga postures, but they would perform different calisthenics. Harry found some of the standing yoga postures very easy due to his innate sense of balance. But the couple found out something they did not know before; Hermione was naturally very flexible. She could perform postures like the Shooting-bow Pose, Half-moon Pose, and Plow Pose very easily. This pleased Harry very much, especially when Hermione would do the Standing Forward Bend because it gave him a spectacular view of her delicious bottom.

As for their individual calisthenics, Harry would do full push-ups while Hermione would practice modified push-ups where her knees were allowed to touch the floor. The pair also did several types of sit-ups and stomach crunches. But one callisthenic Hermione would perform puzzled Harry. The young witch would either sit in a chair or simply stand in once spot while Harry did his pull-ups. She did not move any part of her body; she didn't even look like she was straining herself. When Harry would ask her what she was doing, she'd always reply "I'm doing my exercises."

At first Harry didn't think she was doing any exercises at all. But after a week of Hermione's motionless work-out, Harry had discovered the benefits. He had vowed to search for this Dr. Arnold Kegel and thank him profusely for creating such an incredibly versatile and rewarding exercise.

One night while going over his notes for Transfiguration, Harry's mind wandered to the rituals that Hermione had created and realized something.

"Hey, Hermione, I just thought of something," he began. Hermione looked up from her notes and he continued. "Do you think that our power boosts will affect these rituals you've made?"

Hermione was silent for a moment before speculating, "It's possible."

"Maybe we should get somebody to do the rituals as well," Harry opined.

"That's a good idea, Harry," Hermione agreed. "We would need a couple to perform the ritual so we could have a baseline."

"What's a 'baseline'?"

"A standard to which we could compare and measure our success," Hermione clarified. "We would need to know what should happen based on a normal powered couple compared to our boosted abilities."

"Oh well, that makes sense," Harry replied. "And we can get Ron and Luna to do the rituals. Neither of them has performed any power boosting rituals."

"They'd be perfect," Hermione added. "But we'll have to make them do the same exercises we do so that they can be prepared."

"Yeah, you're right," Harry said.

After a moment, Hermione added; "You still want to do the rituals though, don't you? Regardless of our how our power boosts might affect them?"

"Oh, definitely," Harry replied. He was one never to pass up an opportunity for sex. "In fact, I think we should practice for the ritual."

"Practice in what way?" Hermione asked coyly.

"Just the basics," Harry replied. "You know, simple stuff like I place my penis into your vagina and go on from there."

"Ah, you're such a romantic, Harry," she said with a randy smile. Harry could tell that she was more than willing to push her notes to the side so that the two of them could bang each others brains out on the table thanks to her patented 'come shag me' look. But Harry felt like toying with his lover a bit.

"Yeah, you're right. Never mind," he turned his attention back to his notes. "Pretend I didn't say anything."

"Uh uh, Mr. Potter," Hermione said while unbuttoning two buttons on her blouse. "You said you were going to put your penis in my vagina. And I'm going to hold you to it."

Even though it was just a quickie, Hermione was very energetic. She cheered and encouraged Harry with phrases such as "Insert penis faster!"

Ron and Luna were very interested in helping Harry and Hermione test out the new rituals. The reason for this drive was that Luna, being a Ravenclaw, was intrigued and excited by the notion of helping test new magics. On the other hand, Ron, being a bloke, was intrigued and excited by the notion of boinking his wife in new positions. The married couple joined in on Harry and Hermione's morning exercise routines with a passion.

After a few weeks of exercises, the two couples progressed to higher repetitions of calisthenics and more advanced yoga postures. Because of his balance, Harry was very good at the one-legged pose

and Hermione's flexibility let her perform the camel pose easily. Ron and Luna were progressing fairly well also.

Both couples noted that the exercises gave them extra energy. Which Hermione and Luna were quite happy about since it gave them needed energy to deal with their heavier class loads. The outcome of the exercises made Ron and Harry happy because they now had extra energy which they used on Luna and Hermione, respectively.

During this self-imposed training period, the extra lessons that Flitwick and McGonagall had offered had progressed as well. Harry and his friends were now performing cross-species transfiguration and advanced charms used to animate various inanimate objects even during battle simulations.

One Saturday early in this training phase, after they had finished their exercises, Harry, Hermione, Ron, and Luna were busy doing their homework in the Head Boy and Girl's chambers. The four friends had agreed to do their work in this room as opposed to the library because they were allowed to talk to each other in the chambers. A knock on the door interrupted their studies.

"Wotcher, kids," a ridiculously happy Tonks said, albeit very quietly. The reason for Tonks' joy as well as her lowered volume was cuddled up in her arms asleep.

A chubby, bald-headed, little baby softly snored in his mother's arms.

Luna and Hermione began making high-pitched sounds that told Harry they were overjoyed to see the infant. The two witches rushed the pink-haired Auror and silently asked to hold the baby.

"Let me introduce Sirius Romulus Tonks-Lupin," Tonks introduced her son as she gently handed him to Hermione. The brunette witch immediately began making soft cooing sounds and Luna waited patiently for her turn.

"When was he born?" Harry asked.

"Three days ago," Tonks said.

“Did you and Remus get married in time?” Hermione asked as she eyed a modest gold ring on Tonks’ finger.

“Barely,” the Auror replied with a chuckle. “Let’s just say I said my vows in between contractions.”

“Speaking of Remus, where is he?” Ron asked.

“Last night was a full moon,” Tonks answered. “So he’s resting.”

“Oh,” Ron muttered.

A sudden tension filled the air. The four teenagers looked at the slumbering baby with a touch of sadness.

“Don’t worry,” Tonks reassured them. “Sometimes Lycanthropy doesn’t get passed down. Hopefully we’ll be lucky and lil’ Sirius won’t get all fuzzy every month.”

“When will you know for certain whether or not it’s passed him by?” asked Harry.

“The disease usually surfaces when the child turns five or so,” the new mother answered. “So we’ll just keep our fingers crossed and hope for the best. If not, then Remus will have a play buddy on full moons.”

Tonks was surprisingly upbeat. She talked to the two witches about the joys of motherhood; stretch marks, swollen breast, and sleepless nights. It was plainly obvious that Tonks couldn’t have been happier.

While Luna was holding Sirius, Tonks turned her attention to Harry and Hermione and asked; “So did you get to cum on her tits like you wanted to?”

Harry blanched and Hermione’s face turned beet red. Luna began to giggle softly and Ron looked in between Hermione’s chest and Luna’s. It was clear that he was wondering if he could do the same act.



"You told Tonks?" Hermione hissed in between her gritted teeth at Harry.

Before Harry could stammer a response, Tonks decided to help him and spoke up: "Actually, Courtney told me about it."

"You told Courtney?" Hermione growled. Obviously, Tonks' attempt at helping the young man out of a predicament was actually making it worse.

This time, Harry was able to stammer a response.

"Well... err... I... ah... sort of."

"What did you just start up a conversation and say 'Great to see you, Courtney. Oh, by the way, I want to give Hermione a titty-shag'?" Hermione asked in a scandalized way.

"No, that's not how it happened," Tonks defended Harry. "Courtney and Harry were talking about innocent things when she brought up sex – you know how she gets. Anyway, she was able to wriggle that tidbit of information out of Harry."

Hermione huffed. She was still clearly upset and embarrassed.

"Did having a penis in between your breasts feel good?" Luna asked.

"Honestly, not really," Hermione admitted and then offered a smile to Harry. "But it made Harry feel good, so I was pleased."

"I hear it's good for the skin," Luna began. "Does it really tighten up the pores?"

Hermione huffed again at Luna's crude question. But after a second, she couldn't help but to crack a smile.

"It does; wonderful," Luna announced. "Ronald, I'll have to test this out for myself, so get ready."

Judging by the happy smile on Ron's face, he was ready to give it a go right then and there.

"So how were you able to do it?" Tonks asked. "I mean, Hermione's got such small titties I'd imagine it was a little difficult."

"Hey, your tits aren't much bigger than mine," Hermione jested.

In retaliation, Tonks screwed her eyes shut and her breasts began to expand like balloons. They grew and grew until they reached Luna's size – which made the fabric of her "Weird Sisters" pullover stretch to near ripping.

The four teenagers stared wide-eyed at the now overly endowed Tonks.

"Being a Metamorphmagus does have its benefits," Tonks said impressively. "Yep, Remus is one lucky man. He can shag a different woman every night without cheating. Before my whirlwind pregnancy, Remus and I were masters at role-playing. He didn't like it much though when we played Stern "Professor and Naughty School Girl" because I decided to make it as real as possible and made myself look like a fifteen year old. It freaked him out."

Tonks and her son left a few minutes later. As the pink haired mother left the teenagers, she bragged, "I've got to show my son off to a load of other people."

"We'll be leaving now," Luna announced suddenly to Harry and Hermione.

"We will?" Ron asked.

"Is there something you have to do?" Harry inquired.

"Yes, I need to see how effective Ronald's seminal fluid is as a skin moisturizer," Luna stated casually. "I'd be more than willing to test it right here on the couch, but I know how shy you and Hermione are when it comes to such public displays. So I figure that we'll go back to Ronald's room. Ta."

With that, Luna and Ron left the Head Boy and Girl's chambers. Ron had a look of absolute happiness on his face as his wife led him out. It was clear that he was going to enjoy using his wife's enormous breasts in a new way.

"She certainly is a unique girl," commented Hermione.

"That's one way of putting it," added Harry.

Hermione suddenly laughed out loud. "I just realized something," she said. "Remember what I said about not replacing my moisturizer with your seminal fluid?"

"Yeah," Harry answered.

"Well, judging by Ron's apparent unending virility, it is possible for Luna to do just that," Hermione said with a smile.

Harry felt very queasy for Hermione's statement caused a mental image to pop up in his head. In this vision, Luna came bounding up to Harry and Hermione, every inch of her exposed flesh coated with a translucent and glossy liquid as she proudly declared: "It really does work as a moisturizer!"

During the pair's hectic training and school schedules, the second week of September rolled around, and Harry began making plans for Hermione's birthday. It was after all, her first birthday as his girlfriend and he wanted to make it as special as possible. Not only was Harry planning on buying a number of gifts for his lover, but he was also planning on a romantic candle lit dinner. He got two of her presents from Owl Catalogs but for the most important gift he snuck out of the castle one morning while Hermione was in Ancient Runes and made a quick trip to Diagon Alley.

When they woke up on the 19th of September, Harry kissed Hermione before saying "Happy Birthday." He handed her his first present and Hermione smiled sweetly after she opened a finely caved box used to hold her writing materials; it had a felt lined compartment for her quill and several jars filled with different inks.

At lunch, Harry presented Hermione with her second birthday gift: a soft leather book bag with a Featherweight Charmed imbued in it. Before Harry could begin to explain the nature of the gift, the brunette witch squealed joyously and she held the bag over her head.

“It’s the ‘Notably Toteable Library Satchel!’ she exclaimed. “I’ve wanted this for so long!”

When dinner time came, Harry led Hermione into the hidden passageway under the Whomping Willow and into what used to be the Shrieking Shack – the interior of the house was still a magnificent mansion. Harry took Hermione into the Shack’s spectacular white marble dining room where Dobby was waiting for them.

During his preparations, Harry contacted Dobby and some of the other House-Elves (from the sect that didn’t want to castrate him for touching the Great One) and asked them to help prepare a dinner for Hermione. They were more than happy to make a outstanding meal for their prophesized savior. Dobby and the other Hogwarts’ House-Elves contacted their peers across the globe to help out in the meal.

After Harry held Hermione’s seat out and the brunette witch sat down, Dobby snapped his fingers and the large oak table was suddenly covered with several silver platters of exotic looking foods.

Dinner started with delectable appetizers made by a House-Elf from Nice. Then the couple moved onto the main course; a duck that was prepared by one of the finest House-Elf chefs in China. Dessert was a Key Lime pie made by a very talented elf- pastry chef from Liverpool.

“That was lovely, Harry,” Hermione said with a happy smile. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” he said before getting up and walking over to his girlfriend. He handed her a long thin case and said once more; “Happy birthday.”

“You shouldn’t have,” Hermione said and opened the case. Inside was a thin silver chain necklace with a small diamond dangling from it.

Tears welled up in her eyes and she said, “It’s beautiful.”

“May I?” Harry asked while gesturing to the necklace. She nodded her head and Harry pulled the jewelry out of the case. He unclasped the chain and Hermione held up her kinky hair, allowing him to place it around her neck and clasp it.

Harry had thought about buying her a ring, but he was afraid that she would mistake it for an engagement ring – not that he wasn’t ready to propose to Hermione. They had already decided to wait until they were done with school before making it official. Besides, Harry thought that proposing to her on her birthday would be too cheesy and clichéd.

Dobby bowed to Harry and Hermione and snapped his fingers once more. The food disappeared from the table and the house-elf walked out of the room.

“I feel so rotten,” Hermione pouted. Harry gulped and wondered if she didn’t like his presents. “You give me this gorgeous diamond necklace and two other truly thoughtful gifts for my birthday and all I gave to you on your birthday was a lousy blow-job.”

With a chuckle, Harry informed her, “It was in no way lousy. That was the single best birthday present I ever received.”

Hermione’s face began to glow and she said, “That may be, but you gave me three presents today and I only gave you that one. So I think I should start making it up to you.”

The brunette witch smiled wickedly as she slid off of her chair and knelt in front of Harry.

“Happy Birthday to you,” she sang as she started to undo his trousers. “Happy Birthday to you,” she continued and pulled ‘Harry, Jr.’ out into the open air. “Happy Birthday, dear Harry.”

She then popped his organ into her mouth and hummed the rest of the song. She had to repeat the tune several times before he climaxed. The naughty witch made a show to Harry of presenting his seed in her mouth before swallowing it.

“That is the best Birthday present,” Harry reaffirmed. He decided to give Hermione a fourth present. It was a present that kept on giving; multiple orgasms.

After guiding her onto the oak table which Dobby had just cleared, Harry tapped into his love core and activated his parsletongue abilities. He didn’t stop devouring her until his tongue became numb; she was the birthday girl and this day needed to be special after all.

After an early morning exercise one October morning, Harry, Hermione, Ron, and Luna made their way to the castle’s kitchen for a light snack. Even though they could’ve just asked Dobby to get some food for them, Hermione didn’t like the idea of overworking the house-elf. But their trek to the kitchen was aborted when two people came stumbling out of an unused classroom.

Normally, when two people came stumbling out of a classroom, Harry and his friends wouldn’t give them much heed. But when the two people happened to be Neville and Ginny and both of them had mussed up hair and puffy, red lips as if they had just finished snogging like crazed teenagers, then Harry and his friends would stop and give heed.

“WHAT THE BLOODY EFFING HELL!” Ron screamed as he leapt toward Neville.

As Ron flew through the air, Harry recalled how Neville had physically thrashed a Death Eater on the train ride to the castle. Harry instantly came to the conclusion that if Ron started a fist fight with Neville, that the red hair wizard would get his arse handed to him. So, relying on his reflexes, honed by years of Quidditch (and dodging the Dursleys), Harry tackled Ron to the ground.

“Harry, gerroff me!” Ron growled. “I have to protect my sister’s virtue!”

Once again, Hermione apparently felt the overwhelming desire to point out that Ron was belated in his actions of trying to protect Ginny's chastity. "It's a little too late for that," she commented. However her comment wasn't soft and under her breath like it was when she had muttered a few weeks before. This time everyone around her heard her clearly.

"Hey!" Ginny said loudly. "I'm not that much of a slut!"

Hermione countered with a "pfft" sound.

"Ron, your sister's a big girl now," Harry tried to explain as Ron struggled to get up. "She can make decisions for herself."

"Besides, Ronald, we've discussed this," Luna said in a dreamy and soothing tone. "Ginny learned from our mistake; she cannot do anything with Neville besides kissing without being forced by your mother to marry him."

After a moment, Ron acquiesced. "All right, fine," he grumbled.

Harry got off of Ron, which was a mistake. The instant Harry had released him, Ron jumped up and charged at Neville.

"YOU TOUCHED MY SISTER!" he shouted.

Thankfully, Harry was able to grab his friend around his shoulders. He was trying to hold Ron back, but the red haired wizard continued to struggle.

"Ron, you're taking this 'over-protective brother' thing a little too far, don't you think?" Hermione reasoned. "Anyway, quite a number of people have touched your sister before Neville got his chance."

"I don't know what you've heard, but I am not such a loose witch!" Ginny tried to defend herself.

Another "pfft" noise filled the air in defiance to Ginny's remark. This time however, it was Luna who had made the sound.

“Ginny, I love you like a sister – which technically you are, now since I am married to Ronald,” Luna said sweetly. “But Michael Corner and I are in the same House and he talked about that night in the Greenhouse.”

Ginny gasped. “He said he wouldn’t tell!”

“Oh, my poor Ginny, you’re so very much like the Amazonian Lake Fortainian; you’re far too trusting. And as everybody well knows, those misfortunate creatures were driven to extinction because of their trusting nature. Not only did Michael tell what you did in the Greenhouse, he wrote poems about it,” Luna added. “And you should know you’re not supposed to pull Mandrakes out of the soil that way.”

“Hey, although I really love to hear disturbing stories about the girl I used to date,” Harry interjected as he struggled with Ron, “I need some help here.”

“Should I stun him?” Hermione offered.

“No, I can take care of Ronald,” Luna said and walked in front of her husband. The blonde witch tugged her robes open and exposed her massive breasts. It was quiet effective. Ron stopped struggling all together and Harry felt his friend’s breath slow and his pulse lower as the red haired wizard stared dumbly at his wife’s boobs.

“Merlin, they’re huge,” Ginny murmured in awe as she became transfixed with her sister-in-law’s enormous mounds.

“Come here, Ronald,” Luna said coyly. “Your wife wants to spend some special time with you.”

Luna backed up toward the classroom Neville and Ginny had just left and Ron followed like a puppy. After the married couple disappeared in the room, Harry turned to Neville.

“Don’t worry about him,” Harry said in a reassuring way. “He’ll come around sooner or later.”

“Thanks Harry,” Neville began. “I appre-”



Neville had his statement cut short because loud moaning began to emanate from the classroom.

"They're all ready going at it?" Ginny asked in a mixture of disbelief and horror.

"And at it and at it and at it," Hermione added.

A muffled yet impassioned "Yes, right there!" filtered through the door, causing the four teenagers to feel even more uncomfortable than they already were.

"Let's go fetch a snack," Harry offered to Hermione, Ginny, and Neville. The three quickly agreed with Harry and the two couples rushed as fast as they could away from the loud and various noises coming from the classroom.

A few days later, Hermione came to the conclusion that they were ready to perform her wit-enhancing ritual. When asked about the need for the baseline as performed by a non-boosted couple, Hermione replied that the baseline could be examined later; she was ready (and randy) now. She and Harry went over the logistics of the ritual for two full hours. She drew a fairly detailed (it was an advanced form of stick figures, mind you, but that was very detailed given Hermione's artistic abilities) drawing showing their position during the ritual. And she made sure that Harry had memorized the simple incantation he was to say when he climaxed: "Maximus Intellegentia"

When it was time to do the act, they converted the spare Head's room into their ritual room. Basically, they just stripped the room of all of its furnishings and drew some symbols and runes on the floor. And for their comfort, they placed a Cushioning Charm on the floor as well.

"Now remember Harry, when you ejaculate, shout, 'Maximus Intellegentia'," Hermione reiterated as they both got naked.

Harry nodded his head distractedly. After all, the two of them were standing there quite nicely naked and his mind was focused on her lovely form.

“Okay, let’s get started,” he announced.

For the ritual to work properly, both Harry and Hermione had to be aroused. So they kissed and played with each other for a bit before they were able to start the actual ritual. And be certain, that when Harry ate out Hermione and she went down on him it was strictly for the ritual; neither enjoyed the activity... right, sure they didn’t.

Once they were good and aroused, Hermione took her position. First, she lay on her back. Then she hoisted up her hips and legs until she was able to place her calves under her shoulders. This obviously meant that her back had to be bent quite a bit. Even with her natural flexibility, Hermione would have had difficulties achieving this posture without the weeks of yoga practice.

Next, Harry took his position. His posture was very simple, especially compared to Hermione’s. All he had to do was face away from Hermione, place his feet on either side of her, and squat so that his bits were in front of Hermione’s flower. This meant that because of Hermione’s almost balled-up position, Harry’s naked bottom was very close to her face. Harry assumed that her view must not have been very appealing. But, judging by the playful bite placed on his left cheek, Hermione must’ve actually enjoyed looking at his bum.

“Let’s get going,” commanded Hermione.

Harry gently pushed into her and began to pump. It was a very awkward position and it took a few moments for Harry to get into the flow of it. But once he got it down, he found he rather liked it.

The way he was positioned, the only thing he could see of his girlfriend was her wonderful round bottom. This gave him ample opportunity to spank, rub, and massage her wondrous orbs.

And Hermione seemed to enjoy the odd position as well. She was happily shouting a “yes”, “ah”, or “oh” with every thrust. And Hermione cried out “SWEET BABY MAEVE!” twice. Harry reckoned that they would have to practice this position just for the pleasure of it, the ritual be damned.

A few minutes after they started, Harry felt his climax approaching.

“Maximus Intellegentia!” he shouted as he came.

A sudden wave of energy washed over him. He felt it pass through Hermione as well.

After they caught their breath, he helped his girlfriend to her feet and she asked “Did it work?”

“I don’t know,” Harry said. “Ask me something I shouldn’t know?”

“Okay, how was the Philosopher’s Stone able to prolong Flamel’s life?” she asked.

“Well, the Stone was used to create the Elixir of Life, a highly advanced healing potion. Not only did the Elixir cure sickness, but it fought off the effects of aging as well, thereby granting a form of immortality,” Harry stated.

“It worked!” heralded Hermione.

The couple spent the next day scouring the library. Harry read every course book from all five years of Ancient Runes and Arithmancy, whereas Hermione devoured nearly every book in the Restricted Second. Harry then had a very interesting debate with Hermione on how the laws of physics weren’t broken when magic was used, just slightly bent.

But when Harry woke up the fifth day after the ritual, he noticed something odd; he felt that the mental energy that had been with him since the ritual had dissipated. He had discovered that he had lost all the information he had learned while under the effects of the ritual. He remembered that he had read and understood all those books. But he could not recall anything he had learned. It was as if the things he learned was a dream, it had drifted away.

At first, Harry was a little perplexed by the duration of the affects of the ritual.

“Why did it only last a few days, Hermione?” he asked his girlfriend.

“It was just a simple ritual that was never meant to be permanent” she explained. “It is similar to the power boosting ritual you performed accidentally. If we wanted the affects to be longer lasting, we would need to make the ritual more difficult and complex.”

“More complex, eh?” Harry said with a wry grin. He was intrigued by the notion of using various poses and positions for the ritual. Perhaps they would start out by having Hermione lean against a wall and he would take her from behind, then the couple would move to the couch where she would ride him like a hippogriff, finally they would finish with some position where they were both twisted around each other like some erotic pretzel.

“Not more complex in a fun way, Harry,” Hermione corrected. “To make it permanent, we would have to integrate some form of sacrifice, usually blood from one of us. That’s why my power boost was permanent; we used the blood from my broken hymen as a sacrifice.”

After breakfast, Hermione came to the conclusion that they would need to have Ron and Luna perform the ritual to make sure that their results weren’t something of a fluke.

The two couples spent the next half hour going over the ritual in great detail. Hermione drew them a picture and answered all of Ron and Luna’s questions. Satisfied that they understood the ritual, the married couple got up and went into the spare room, leaving Harry and Hermione in the outer chamber.

A very short while later, a shout of “Maximus Intellegential!” came from the spare bedroom.

“That was quick,” commented Hermione.

“You’re surprised?” Harry asked rhetorically with pride at his own stamina in comparison with Ron’s.

A few moments later, Ron and Luna came waltzing out of the room and sat on the couch across from Harry and Hermione.

“Okay Ron, Luna, how do you feel?” Harry asked. He was anxious to see if the ritual had worked.

“Much more smarter,” Ron answered. Harry became a little concerned by his friend's answer. It wasn't unusual for Ron to use improper English, but the ritual should've stopped him from doing so. Hermione shared a look with Harry that told him she was just as worried.

“What's the square root of two?” Hermione asked Ron. This would prove to Harry if the ritual was a success or not. He was positive that Ron had no previous knowledge what a square root was. If the ritual worked, Ron should give the correct answer.

“A top hat!” Ron declared triumphantly. Luna gave her husband a congratulatory pat on the back for such a good answer.

“Um, I don't think the ritual worked,” speculated Hermione.

“Luna, what's your favorite color?” Harry asked the blonde witch.

“Eighty-five!” Luna answered happily.

“I think the ritual didn't work,” Harry repeated Hermione's conclusion.

“That's my wife,” Ron announced. “The most smartest witch in the world!”

“It really didn't work,” added Harry. “Is it because we had performed power boosting rituals and they didn't?”

“No, I think they must've done the ritual incorrectly,” Hermione answered Harry as Ron and Luna watched them with glazed looks in their eyes. “And it actually lowered their intelligence instead of raising it. Maybe they did the act backwards, I mean physically backwards, not in backwards order.”

“How could they do it backwards?” asked Harry. “We drew them a picture.”

“Harry, we’re talking about a couple who ‘accidentally’ had anal sex their first date,” Hermione pointed out. “That’s not something regular people do unintentionally.”

“Wait a minute,” Harry interrupted. Hermione’s comment gave him an idea as to how the married couple performed the ritual. “Um, when you guys did the ritual, did you do anything unusual?”

“Yes,” Luna said with a stupid smile. “Ronald missed and did me in the dirty place. Tee hee.”

Luna didn’t end her statement with a light giggle, she had actually said the phrase “Tee hee”.

“First of all; ow! Second: ew!” Hermione said. “And third; this is actually helpful.”

“It is?” Harry asked, desperately trying to block the image of Ron accidentally sodomizing Luna... again.

“Yes, we can conclude that when the couple performs the ritual anally, it actually lowers the participants’ intelligence. Therefore, it’s possible that they could return to their normal intelligence if they performed the ritual correctly. It would counterbalance.”

“You want us to do it again?” Luna asked.

“Yes,” Hermione answered.

“Great!” Ron exclaimed. He immediately jumped off the couch and landed on his back with a thud. Before Harry and Hermione could stop him, Ron hoisted up his legs and grabbed his ankles and levered his bottom into the air. Luna then sprang into action. She leapt off of the couch and grabbed her husband’s hips and began to thrust her hips into his bottom. Thankfully for Harry and Hermione’s sanity, both Ron and Luna were still fully clothed.

"I... un... think... oh... it's... ah... working!" Luna grunted as she repeatedly slapped her pelvis against Ron's bum.

"I'm more intelligenter," Ron cried out.

"Maybe we should wait for it to wear off," offered Harry.

"Yes, good point," Hermione concurred. "Otherwise I think they'd just end up hurting themselves."

The affects of Ron and Luna's botched ritual didn't wear off for two full days. The first day, Luna got in trouble for trying to use the sink in the boys' lavatory as a toilet... three separate times. Ron got a week's worth of detentions for demanding that Professor Slughorn needed to show him how to brew water (yes, water. The whole concept of the simple liquid confused and baffled Ron at that time). Of course, Ron had somehow snuck into Slughorn's chambers and made his demand at three in the morning, hence the week-long detention.

The night after the failed ritual had worn off, Luna was in Harry and Hermione's chambers seeking help on some of the notes she had taken during Charms. Because of the ritual, her notes consisted exclusively of drawings of flowers and unicorns. Thankfully, Hermione had kept her notes from the previous year and was helping Luna catch up. Harry was certain that if Ron wasn't in detention, he would've been copying Hermione's notes as well.

A soft, but urgent knocking drew the three teens' attention to the door. Dobby, who had been folding Harry and Hermione's clothes, opened the door and let Ginny walk in.

The youngest Weasley had a bright and glowing smile on her face. Judging by that look, Harry guessed that Ginny was nearly as happy as Tonks had been when she had introduced her son, Sirius. But another thing about Ginny's appearance caught Harry's eye. He noticed that the red haired witch had a funny gait to her walk. It was as if she was trying to hold an invisible quaffle between her legs as she made her way to where Harry and his friends were sitting.

“Are you okay Ginny?” Hermione asked with concern as the red haired witch waddled past Dobby who went back to tidying up something in the corner of the room.

“He’s as big as my forearm!” Ginny declared joyously.

“Excuse me?” Luna asked.

“He’s as big as my forearm!” repeated Ginny. This time, she held up her right arm as if to prove her point.

“Wait... you had sex with Neville?” Hermione asked. A smiling Ginny nodded her head in response. “Are you mad? If Molly finds out, she’ll force you to marry him!”

“No, she can’t,” Ginny said while grinning madly. “That old custom mum used to make Ron and Luna marry clearly states that at least one parent from each side must agree to the marriage. Since Neville’s parents are catatonic, they can’t agree so Neville and I can’t be forced to marry right away.”

“She’s right,” Luna pointed out. “The custom is very specific about both parents agreeing. It looks like Ginny and Neville are safe because of that loophole.”

“Not that I wouldn’t mind spending the rest of my life with Neville. He’s a sweet bloke and...” Ginny paused and held her arm up for dramatic effect before continuing. “HE’S AS BIG AS MY FOREARM!”

Luna and Hermione shared a look before the brunette witch asked: “Are you talking about length?”

“As big as my forearm!” Ginny highlighted this statement by pointing to an area near her elbow then to a spot just below her wrist.

“What about girth?” Luna inquired.

Ginny responded by trying to wrap her left hand around her right wrist. She added, “I compared the two to make sure!”



“Wow, you’re one lucky witch,” Luna congratulated lightly. It was clear to Harry that Luna was more than happy with Ron and had no intention of leaving him.

“Maybe I should’ve gone with Neville to the Yule Ball when he asked me, huh?” Hermione said with a chuckle.

Even though he was positive Hermione was joking, Harry had to defend his masculinity. It’s a thing men have to do; it’s buried in their genetic code. “One must prove how manly one is even if it’s only a joke.” Many wars had started over such things.

Harry proved his manhood in a unique way. He gently took Hermione’s hand in his and placed his thumb on a very specific spot.

“Oh, Harry, you know I’m kidding,” Hermione said with a chuckle. “You’re the only wiz-OH!”

Harry interrupted Hermione’s apology by forcing his love based magic into the Pleasure Pressure Point on the back of her hand.

“OH!” she breathed out. “OH!”

As stated previously, Harry was able to tap into his love based magic much more efficiently than the first time he used this technique. Hermione tried to tug her hand free, but Harry held fast. He had to prove his point.

“Har-r-r-ry... s-s-s-stop... it,” she groaned out and Harry smiled devilishly.

“Not until you say that I am the best,” Harry said wryly.

Ginny stared at Hermione in surprise. She clearly didn’t know why the brunette witch was panting and groaning as if she were about to have an orgasm. Luna on the other hand was watching intently, as if making mental notes.

“You’re... the... b-b-best, H-har-ry,” Hermione moaned out.

“The best at what?” inquired Harry.

“I-I-I’ll m-make you p-pay,” Hermione growled.

“Hermione, what’s he doing to you?” Ginny asked. Her voice was full of worry.

Instead of saying “He’s using magic to make me climax”, Hermione showed Ginny and Luna what Harry was doing.

Hermione bucked so hard that her hips flew up and off the couch a few inches. Then she curled up into a tight ball and leaned on Harry’s body as she trembled in passion.

As Hermione began to catch her breath, Luna explained to Ginny what had just happened.

“Harry and Hermione found a book that describes different forms of sex magic,” Luna informed. “And Harry has a unique talent when it comes to such magic. I’ve tried to get him to teach Ron on some of the techniques, just so that our relationship can grow.”

“I don’t need little tricks like that,” Ginny stated. “Not when my boyfriend has ‘The Whomping Willow’ in his trousers.”

“I happen to think the techniques could be very useful,” Luna argued. “Take your brother for example, he can have sex a number of times and he can satisfy me completely. But I still think that our physical relationship can blossom so much more with such skills.”

“You can have all the techniques you like,” Ginny said. “Nev doesn’t need any silly tricks to satisfy me.”

“‘Silly tricks’? Are you questioning my boyfriend’s ability?” Hermione asked with a fiery gleam in her eyes.

“Not to be rude, but I’ve seen Harry naked,” the red haired witch said honestly. “He’s got nothing on my Neville.”

Before Harry could take offence at Ginny's comment, Hermione leapt up from the couch.

"Oh, that's it," the brunette witch murmured angrily as she rush at Ginny. She spun the younger witch around and rapidly hoisted up her blouse to expose Ginny's back. "I'll show you 'silly tricks'."

Hermione quickly placed her hand on the small of Ginny's back, the same area that Harry had touched on Bellatrix's back. It was evident that Hermione was going to apply her own magic on the most intense Pleasure Pressure Point.

Ginny began to moan immediately. A moment later, the witch's knees began to tremble. And finally, Ginny cried out and collapsed to the ground. The whole ordeal took less than five seconds.

Hermione stood proudly over Ginny and said "'Silly trick' my backside."

"Wow," Ginny panted.

"I wish Ronald could do that," Luna bemoaned.

"Luna, we've lent you the book," Hermione stated. "Why don't you show him the chapter on Pleasure Pressure Points?"

"Because Ronald is a visual learner," the blonde witch pouted. "He can read those chapters a dozen times and he won't get it right until someone shows him how to do it."

Harry and Hermione shared a look. They both felt pity over Luna's predicament.

"How about we show him," offered Hermione. "When he gets out of detention tonight, I'll show Ron how to do the Pleasure Pressure Points on you."

"Yeah, because if I do it I'll send you to St. Mungos'," Harry said while remembering what he had done to Bellatrix.

“No, I don’t think you should show Ronald,” Luna said with a sad frown. “Because even if you do teach him Pleasure Points, that would just lead to me wanting to learn more of your techniques; such as Harry’s cunnilingus skills. And I know both of you are shy and would never let us watch you two make love.”

Once again, Harry and Hermione looked at each other worriedly. They understood that Luna just wanted to embellish her and Ron’s love life, but she was right when she said that they would never allow Ron and Luna to stand by the side of the bed while they shagged.

“Don’t worry about it; Ronald’s a fine lover,” Luna said half heartedly. She leaned over and helped Ginny – who was still lying on the ground, panting – to her feet. “Just pretend I never asked you about that.”

The blonde witch led her sister-in-law out of Harry and Hermione’s apartment. Once the two witches left, Hermione turned to Harry and said; “I wish there was something we could do for them. They are our best friends.”

“But we can’t let them watch,” Harry said nervously.

“They’ve both seen us naked,” Hermione pointed out.

“Yes, but not doing anything intimate,” Harry retorted. He was about to add that Ron and Luna saw them in a post-coital state, but Hermione had been unconscious at the time and Harry didn’t want to tell her about that particular incident.

Hermione chewed on her lip before she suggested “Why not lend them your Invisibility Cloak. That way, they could watch us and we wouldn’t see them.”

“But we would still know they’re there,” Harry pointed out. “That would even be worst than seeing them because we wouldn’t know what they were up to under the cloak. They could get aroused by our lesson and start doing things unbeknownst to us.”

"You're right," Hermione said sadly. "I just wish we could help them; somehow show them what to do. But we have to do it without out them being in the room."

Out of the blue, an idea came to Harry. He recalled Dumbledore's lessons from the previous year where Harry saw Voldemort's life through a series of Pensieve memories. He suddenly realized how he could help his best friend's love life.

"We can use a Pensieve," offered Harry. "I'll eat you out, pausing once in a while to give pointers, and then we put our memories in a Pensieve and give it to Ron and Luna as a gift."

"That's actually a good idea. That way, Ron and Luna could watch in a way," Hermione agreed. Then the brunette witch got a devilish smile on her face and repeated, "That way Ron and Luna could watch."

It was clear that she was getting turned on over the notion that someone was going to watch her being intimate with Harry, if only by proxy.

"When should we do it?" Harry asked. He really didn't need to ask that question, judging by Hermione's "come shag me eyes" and her wicked smile, he knew the answer would be "right now."

Without answering, Hermione led Harry into their room. Before he closed the door, Harry turned to Dobby and said, "Dobby, if anybody calls for us, tell them we're... ah... tied up, okay?"

Inside their room, Hermione turned to an empty space on the wall and spoke as if someone was there; "Ron and Luna; Harry and I have decided to help you. You two are our best friends and so we are going to let you watch... in a fashion."

Hermione sauntered over to Harry and slowly began undressing him. After she pulled his shirt over his head, she turned back to the empty space on the wall and said "The most important thing you have to do when you perform cunnilingus is trust each other. Ron, if Luna tells

you to do something different, it isn't a critique. She just knows what feels good to her and you need to listen to her."

She turned to Harry and he knew from her expression that she wanted him to add some hints. So Harry turned his attention to the same wall and added "I have an advantage over most people because of my parsletongue ability. But I will go down on Her-"

"Harry, please don't use such crude phrases," interrupted Hermione. "Refer to it as 'cunnilingus'."

"Um, Hermione, Ron and Luna are going to be watching us pleasure each other," Harry retorted. "I don't think it really matters if we use sophisticated terms."

"Good point," Hermione said with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Anyway, as I was saying," Harry continued to the wall. "I will go down on Hermione without using my parsletongue."

Out of the corner of his eye, Harry saw Hermione pout slightly. Clearly she had become spoiled by his unique power.

"But as Hermione has said to you, Luna, my technique is still good," Harry said.

Then Harry turned back to Hermione and the two began to undress each other. Once they were naked, Harry guided Hermione to lie on her back and he spread her legs wide.

"Now, I don't know what you guys have done, so I'll just go over the basics first. This is the vagina," he said and gestured to Hermione's flower. "It's made up of several parts. Including, but not limited to the clitoris, the labia majora, and labia minora. Learn it, love it."

Hermione chuckled at Harry's comment.

"You can't just go right after the clitoris," Hermione said after she suppressed her soft laughter. "It's really sensitive and you have to work your way up to it."

“You can start by gently rubbing the labia and kissing it softly,” Harry said and demonstrated. Hermione purred softly as Harry worked her petals for a while.

“Once she’s ready, you can move on to the more advanced stuff,” Harry said.

“And trust me, Ron, you’ll know when she’s ready,” Hermione said with a saucy smile.

Harry then began presenting the “advanced stuff”. He showed different ways to stimulate the clit. And he even showed how he could use both the tongue and fingers to satisfy a witch.

It took longer to please Hermione than it did when he used his parsletongue ability, but she was satisfied none the less. She cried out in passion a few minutes after Harry started. Panting, she turned back to the wall and concluded; “I hope you two have learned something that will help. Now it you’ll excuse me, I have to shag Harry rotten.”

Before Harry could react, Hermione pounced on him and guided his erect organ into her wetness.

“Do – ah- you- oh- think – they’ll – my goodness – like – yummy – the Pensieve?” she asked as she bounced up and down.

“If not, we can always make a new one and try again,” Harry grunted happily.

To Be Continued

Author’s Notes: The Book Bag gift (the Notably Toteable Library Satchel) is an homage (read: “stolen from”) Arya’s Harry Potter and the Acceptance of Fate. In my opinion, “Harry Potter and the Acceptance of Fate” is the best (and regrettably abandoned) fan-fiction out there. Go read it now! Fanfiction(dot)net story id: 1430023 and the yahoo group is located at [http :// groups\(dot\)yahoo\(dot\)com/group/HPAoF/](http://groups(dot)yahoo(dot)com/group/HPAoF/)

I had this image of Ginny hobbling up to Harry and Hermione and proudly proclaiming that Neville was so endowed that she could use her forearm as a measuring tool several months ago. Then I read Dr. T's "Re-Ordered" and I cursed when one character described another as being "As big as my forearm." Damn.

Next Up: Horcrux Hunting! See, I remembered there's more to this story besides smut.



# Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

## Chapter Twenty-Three: What's a Tree?

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Twenty-Three: The ultimate male fantasy gets a booster shot from one of Harry's classmates and Another Horcrux Hunt!

Harry and Hermione ended up having to wait a week before giving Ron and Luna the Pensieve memory lesson. They had forgotten one vital ingredient in their plan: an actual Pensieve. The two young lovers had been so caught up with the notion of making a naughty educational memory for their best friends to view that they hadn't realized that they did not have a physical Pensieve basin for Ron and Luna to use. Harry had considered using Dumbledore's Pensieve, but didn't want to go to Professor McGonagall and ask "May we borrow Dumbledore's Pensieve? Hermione and I made a Sex Educational memory and we need to show it to Ron and Luna." So, Harry decided to buy a Pensieve of his own and ordered it through an Owl Order Catalog.

Once it arrived, a very nervous Harry and a blushing Hermione handed the Pensieve, with the silvery liquid already in it, to Ron and Luna.

"What's this?" Ron asked as he looked at the basin.

"It's a little something to help you two out," Harry answered cryptically.

"You mean like homework?" Ron inquired.

"Yes," Hermione said with a wink to Luna. "A very special type of homework."

Realization dawned in the blonde witch's eyes and it was clear that she knew what memory was contained in the Pensieve. Luna rapidly embraced Hermione and whispered a "thank you" in her ear. Ron, who was still looking at the swirling silver liquid, missed this interchange.

"Now remember to study this in private. And don't show this to anyone," Hermione concluded.

"Why wouldn't you want us to show anyone else?" Ron asked, still oblivious as to the Pensieve's contents.

"You'll see, Ronald," Luna said with a glow to her face. She wrapped her arm around her husband's and quickly led him out of Harry and Hermione's chambers. "Let's go study, my love."

A few seconds after their friends left, Dobby came strolling into Harry and Hermione's room with a tray piled high with food and the morning edition of the Daily Prophet. The house elf set their breakfast in front of them and Harry thanked Dobby.

"You's be welcomed, Harry Potter sir," the elf squeaked happily. "Dobby be thinking that Harry Potter's Weazy and Harry Potter's Weazy's big boobied Missus would be joining Harry Potter and the Great One for Breakfast. That be the reason why Dobby be bringing so much food; Harry Potter's Weazy be eating like a starved wizard. Several starved wizards, really."

"That was very kind, Dobby," Hermione said while she unfolded the Daily Prophet. "But Ron and Luna had to do something so they couldn't join us."

As Harry munched on some food, Hermione gasped aloud: "Oh no!"

"What is it?" Harry asked after quickly swallowing a mouthful of kipper.

"Voldemort's attacked again," she said and then read the article on the front page of the Prophet:

"You Know Who Strikes Again!

The dreaded Dark Mark hovering over Honeydukes Sweet Shop alerted authorities of an attack. When MLE and Aurors arrived at the sweet shop, they found that a struggle had ensued and that the shop's proprietor, Ambrosius Flume, and his wife were missing. It is believed that Mr. and Mrs. Flume were the most recent victims to be taken by He Who Must Not Be Named.

"The motivation behind the Flumes' abduction remains unclear. When Florean Fortescue was kidnapped, it was widely believed that the ice-cream maker was nabbed because of his in depth knowledge of history. However, Mr. Flume has been described as only knowing how to make sweets and is allegedly woefully inept in other fields. In fact, some of his friends believe that he is an idiot savant and could only make sweets. Why You Know Who would target this wizard and his wife is a mystery. Surely he could not have abducted them simply because of Flume's skill in baking sweets. The Ministry has downplayed the notion that He Who Must Not Be Named has an insatiable sweet tooth as being ludicrous."

"He has to be stopped," Harry announced. It chilled him to his bones that Voldemort had struck yet again, this time at Hogsmeade; a short distance away from the school. "We'll go and destroy one of his Horcruxes tomorrow."

"I agree, but tomorrow? Hermione asked. "Isn't that a bit quick?"

"I've wasted enough time," Harry countered. "The longer I wait, more people get hurt!"

"I'm not saying we shouldn't go after them," Hermione replied, trying to placate Harry's growing anger. "It's just that we should take the time to plan how to get the Horcux. Which one should we go after?" Hermione asked.

“Well, not counting the one we can’t seem to locate, there are three Horocruxes left including Voldemort. There’s the locket that Zardoz has. And the one under the orphanage where Voldemort was raised,” Harry responded. After a moment of thought, he added; “The orphanage probably has a bunch of hidden entrances and traps much like the ones Voldemort placed around the cave. I doubt that the locket has any traps around it. But we’d have to get it away from Zardoz first.”

“All right, let’s compare the difficulties of going after each one,” suggested Hermione. “This Zardoz fellow is an unknown factor. We could explain to him why we need the locket and if we are lucky, he would just hand it over to us to save the world.”

“But he could be a Death Eater or sympathizer who doesn’t realize what the locket is,” Harry sounded. “If he found out what it truly was, he’d never hand it over.”

“So obviously, we can’t tell him why we need the locket unless we do some major research into his background; see if he’s had any anti-Muggle tendencies. Perhaps he could be bribed,” offered Hermione. “Buy the locket from him.”

“That may work. But Borgin said something about Zardoz being a collector of relics belonging to the founders. If he is a die hard collector, we’d have to give him a fortune. He might not even be willing to part with it for any price.”

“Okay, so we can’t go after Zardoz without doing some investigation and research,” announced Hermione. “That leaves the one under the orphanage. You said that it could have a bunch of traps because of your experience in the cave. Exactly what kinds of traps were used in and around the cave?”

“Well, first, the entrance was hidden, like I said. Then we had to cross the lake, but we could only do so by crossing on a specific boat; a boat that was hidden magically no less. Oh, and the boat would only allow one magical person to cross at a time. Dumbledore said that he and I could cross because I was so underpowered that the charms

and hexes on the boat wouldn't even recognize me as a wizard," explained Harry.

"Wait a minute," Hermione interrupted. "You're actually quite powerful, Harry. In fact, you're more powerful than many adult wizards."

"Yeah, but that's just because of the power boosting ritual I preformed," Harry pointed out.

"I'm talking about before the ritual," Hermione replied. "You were able to perform the Patronus Charm perfectly when you were only thirteen years old."

"Big deal; Tonks was able to do it easily," Harry said. "And she was depressed at the time."

"I think that may have been a fluke," Hermione argued. "Besides, even if it wasn't a fluke, she is a fully trained Auror. She has had three more years of training than most witches and wizards."

"Remember what happened when you were on trial for under-aged magic?" Hermione continued. "You told me that a number of the Wizengamot were gob smacked that you could perform the Patronus. We know for a fact that at least two members of the Wizengamot were so impressed that they talked to their family and co-workers: Amelia Bones told her niece, Susan. That's why Susan wanted to join the DA. And at least another member brought it up with the O.W.L. board because one of them specifically asked you to perform it during our DADA exam."

"Let's talk about the graveyard where Voldemort was resurrected," Hermione went on. "You threw off the Imperius Curse – an Unforgivable to which there is no defense. Added to that, the Imperius was cast by one of the most powerful wizards of our age. You also fought off a score of Death Eaters as you dragged Cedric's body back to the cup-Portkey, even though you were injured."

"So then why did the boat allow me to cross?" Harry asked. "If I was as powerful as you say, it should've recognized me as a full wizard and not allow both me and Dumbledore to cross."

"The boat did recognize you. It recognized you as Voldemort," Hermione answered.

"What?" Harry blurted out.

"Remember the prophesy, Harry. '...the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal,'" Hermione quoted. "When Voldemort made the boat, he must've created the charms and hexes to disregard his presence. That way, he could hop on the boat and ride across the lake if he ever wanted to check on his Horcrux. And since he marked you as an equal, the wards and charms on the boat recognized you as being Voldemort himself and allowed you to cross with Dumbledore. Actually, I'm surprised that Professor Dumbledore didn't come up with that explanation."

"Oh," Harry said in understanding.

"So what other wards and traps were there?" the brunette witch asked.

"Well, there was the cauldron," he replied. "It was full of a green liquid. We couldn't touch the liquid, so Dumbledore figured out that someone had to drink it."

"Wait, what?" Hermione interrupted once more. "You couldn't touch it but Dumbledore somehow came to the conclusion that he could drink it? How did he come up with that? And if you couldn't touch it, how would you be able to drink it?"

"I don't know, he didn't tell me," admitted Harry.

Hermione looked at Harry as she chewed her lip, clearly deep in thought. After a moment she asked; "You said that the entrance to the cave and the boat itself were hidden magically. How did you find them?"

"I didn't find them, Dumbledore did," he answered.

"Did he tell you how he was able to find them?"

"No, he said that he was able to recognize Voldemort's handiwork," he replied.

"Damn that insufferable man!" Hermione cursed. "What was he thinking?"

"What do you mean?"

"He didn't tell you how you could recognize any traps that may have been placed around the Horcruxes," she explained. "This was important information and he didn't tell you anything. He didn't teach you any charms that would reveal traps or even how to get past them! And don't get me started on those asinine lessons he gave you last year. He wasted your time; instead of teaching you helpful charms and hexes, he spent a year showing you the magical equivalent to Voldemort's home movies."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Harry agreed. He started to feel a little angry at the deceased Headmaster. Harry was destined to face Voldemort, the most feared wizard in the world, and all Dumbledore taught Harry was that Voldemort liked to collect things. How the hell that was supposed to be helpful was not clear to Harry.

Pushing his bitter ponderings to the side, Harry returned to the subject of which Horcrux they should go after next. "We should probably go after Slytherin's locket first. That one probably won't have any traps around it."

"Yes, you're right," agreed Hermione. "We'll send a post to this Zardoz and try to set up a meeting."

"Good idea," he responded. "Since he's a collector of founder relics, I can tell him that I'm the new owner of Gryffindor's Sword."

"You're not suggesting we swap the sword for the locket are you?"

"Oh, no. I was just thinking I could use the sword as an incentive to meet with us," corrected Harry. "I reckon that he would be eager to see it."

"I see. And when we meet with him, we can persuade him to hand over the locket," concluded Hermione.

Harry made his way over to the desk and wrote a quick note:

"Dear Zardoz,

I'm Harry Potter. I own the Sword of Gryffindor. You want to see it?

Harry Potter."

Hermione took one look at Harry's post and shook her head disapprovingly.

"Let me handle the writing," she said as she began to write her own letter. "When I'm done, you can copy it."

"What's wrong with my note?" he asked. "It's direct and to the point. What's the matter with that?"

"Harry, it sounds like you're propositioning him," she pointed out. "Hi, I'm Harry; wanna see my sword. Wink wink, nudge nudge, know what I mean?"

"Oh, I see your point."

Hermione's letter was much longer than Harry's and was filled with flowery words and phrases such as "Dear Mr. Zardoz..." "I would be honored..." and "please..." After Harry copied his girlfriend's note, he made his way to the owlery and had Hedwig deliver the post to Zardoz.

As they waited for Zardoz's response, Harry and Hermione busied themselves with research. The library had an expansive collection of past editions of the Daily Prophet which the teens scoured through in hopes of finding anything on the enigmatic Zardoz. Unfortunately, they could only find a few scant references to the wizard; in 1982, he had an appearance before the Wizengamot asking for permission to lead an expeditionary team into Hogwarts to find the Chamber of



Secrets in hopes of finding artifacts from Salazar Slytherin. And in an editorial cartoon from 1991, a caricature identified as Zardoz was hopping up and down chanting "I've found the lost dill sandwich of Ravenclaw!"

Since their research into Zardoz had not proved useful in the slightest, Harry and Hermione turned their attention to the Horcrux located under the orphanage. They delved into any book they could find on ward detection and magical traps in preparation for going after the unknown Horcrux.

Three days later, Hedwig returned as Harry and Hermione were having breakfast with the rest of the school in the Great Hall. The snowy owl stuck out her leg for Harry and presented a reply from Zardoz.

"Thank you Mr. Potter for your generous offer. I would so enjoy seeing your relic, but I must take you up at a later date. You see, I, and all of my founders' relics, are on a world tour at this time. Currently, I am displaying my wonderful collection to very important people in Belgium. In the morning, I will head directly to the Gruenberg castle in Germany to show them my precious relics. Then we are off to Asia. I will not be back to England for three weeks. When I return, I will send you a post and set up a time when I can see your famous sword.

Zardoz."

"Damn," Harry groaned out. "Three weeks."

"Perhaps we should go after the other Horcrux?" suggested Hermione.

"What about the wards and traps that might be around it?" he asked.

"Well, we'll just have to deal with any that come up," Hermione said. "Let's spend the rest of the week cramming, trying to learn as much as possible. On Saturday, we'll go after the Horcrux under the orphanage."

After classes that night, Harry and Hermione stopped by the library and fetched as many books on ward-breaking as they could find and returned to their chamber. A short while later, Ron and Luna joined them.

"I cannot begin to show my appreciation for what you two did for Ronald and me," Luna stated in her usual dreamy tone. "Because of that Pensieve, our love life has improved, much like the Spotted Tailed Mongoose-Bat's life improves when they migrate to Bolivia every year."

"Please, it was our pleasure," Hermione said as she picked up a sandwich from the tray that Dobby was carrying around the room.

"Still, Ronald and I are indebted to you two," Luna said and returned to her book.

"Oh, look here, this one describes that silly boat Dumbledore and I rode on," Harry announced as he read from a book titled "Potent Wards and How to Break Them." "It's called 'Vacillatio Canna' or 'Don't Rock the Boat' hex."

"I wonder if Dumbledore had come across that book when he was researching," Hermione pondered.

The night before they were set to go to the orphanage, Hermione suggested that they should perform one of the rituals that she had created. The ritual in question created an advanced and powerful constant Shield Charm. She theorized that it would take at least seven Stun Charms to bring the Shield down. If it was not destroyed, the Shield would remain around each of them for at least two days.

They figured that if they did the ritual that they would be protected if anything went wrong while they hunted the Horcrux.

The ritual itself was a very enjoyable activity. First, they wrote runes and other symbols all over each other's body with a mixture of cream and honey. Then Harry had to sit on the floor with his legs crossed and then Hermione straddled him. It was rather fun for Harry to have Hermione bounce up and down while grinding her hips into his.

Even though it was a very simple ritual, Harry and Hermione created a Pensieve for Ron and Luna so that they wouldn't perform it improperly (which, from previous experience, was a distinct possibility). The married couple successfully performed the ritual just minutes after Harry had given them the Pensieve memory.

Saturday finally rolled around and Harry, Hermione, Ron and Luna met in the Great Hall before heading out.

"What kind of supplies should we bring?" Ron asked.

"Well, I have all the notes on ward detection and breaking that we've been taking all week," Hermione announced.

"I brought a number of healing potions as a precaution," Luna added.

"And the Shield ritual we performed should protect us," Harry concluded.

Harry was about to suggest that the group should get going when he was interrupted. As he opened his mouth to speak, Su Li (the exotic beauty from Ravenclaw) threw her arms around Harry's neck and planted a very deep tongue kiss on our hero. Harry stood there in shock; he had never even said a single word to the pretty witch and now here she was shoving her tongue into his mouth for some unknown reason.

"What the hell do you think you are doing?" demanded Hermione.

In response to the brunette witch, Su released Harry... and repeated the same act she had performed with Harry on Hermione. Harry watched in utter awe and fascination as Su wrapped her arms around Hermione and kissed the witch soulfully. Hermione's eyes bulged in surprise as the Asian witch forced her tongue into her mouth. And speaking of "bulging"; the sight of two very pretty witches kissing passionately (even though one witch was "passionate" while the other was stunned) awakened 'Harry, Jr.'. The raven haired wizard's jaw dropped open as all the blood rushed out of his upper head and ran to his lower one.

"I thought Su Li was dating Zacharias Smith," Luna commented.

"Eeep," Ron muttered in response. Even though Ron was no longer attracted to Hermione, it was still a common reaction for blokes to become transfixed by two pretty witches kissing.

After what seemed like an eternity, Su finally broke her kiss. With eyes shimmering with happiness, Su said to Hermione; "Thank you."

She turned to Harry and repeated her expression of gratitude before trotting off to Zacharias who was standing in the entrance of the Great Hall. When Su reached the wizard, Zacharias gave Harry a "thumbs up" signal before the couple ran off into the castle.

"That was weird," Hermione said aloud.

"Yeah... weird," Harry muttered while trying to ignore the image of his girlfriend being kissed by another witch. This was a difficult image to ignore seeing how it was very entertaining and was etched into his brain. Also, 'Harry, Jr.' was demanding that Hermione should kiss Luna now for more entertainment.

"Why did she do that?" Hermione asked.

"Hermione, did you enjoy that?" Luna inquired.

"What makes you ask?" the brunette witch returned.

"Your lips are quite puffy," the blonde pointed out.

"Well... I have to admit she's a good kisser," Hermione responded with a saucy smile.

And that smile sent Harry over the edge. He grabbed his girlfriend's hand and walked very briskly out of the Great Hall.

"You're really eager to get this Horcrux, aren't you," Hermione commented as Harry half dragged her.

“What Horcrux?” asked Harry as he led Hermione into a nearby broom closet.

What followed next was an evolved sort of “quickie”. The couple didn’t even undress fully; all Harry did was open his trousers and lowered Hermione’s knickers enough to allow him access to her flower. You see, the standard “quickie” only consist of rapid intercourse and usually doesn’t allow such niceties as “foreplay” or the mood-killing “talking.” But Harry wasn’t inconsiderate to his girlfriend’s feelings; he was thoughtful enough to go down on Hermione for a bit before leaning her against the wall and shagging her rotten.

A few minutes later, the satisfied (and tousled) pair of Harry and Hermione came staggering out of the closet to find a satisfied (and tousled) looking Luna and Ron waiting for them. Clearly, Ron and Luna had copied Harry and Hermione’s actions.

“You should kiss girls more often, Hermione,” Luna suggested. “The boys seem to like it.”

Serendipitously, both Ron and Harry began to push their respective lovers toward each other, silently urging them to kiss. It was as if both wizards had subconsciously thought that when Luna suggested that Hermione should kiss witches more often what she really meant to say was “I’d like to kiss you, Hermione.”

“Harry James Potter, we have more important things to do,” Hermione scolded.

‘More important than seeing two witches snog?’ his mind asked silently.

“We have to go destroy Voldemort’s Horcrux,” Hermione said.

“Fine,” Harry grumbled.

The four friends took the Knight Bus to London and the orphanage where Tom was raised. The moment they got off the bus, Luna and Hermione began waving their wands in intricate motions. Each witch

was performing various detection charms in order to locate the hidden entrance and any wards or traps.

A few minutes later, they found the entrance on the north side of the building, hidden behind several concealing charms. Thanks to the witches various charms, they discovered that someone needed to sacrifice a bit of blood to gain entrance – much like Dumbledore had done at the cave.

Harry conjured a simple knife and cut a small gash in his left palm. He smeared his blood on the bricks and a doorway suddenly appeared in front of them. A loud creaking noise emanated from the door's hinges as it slowly opened on its own.

Cautiously, the four friends entered the dark doorway. Their only light was from the light spilling in from the outside and Ron and Harry's wand tips. Luna and Hermione waved their wands as they walked down the dark corridor, checking for traps.

"Hold up," Hermione announced and everyone stopped moving. "There's something here," she said and pointed at the floor a few feet in front of the group.

The two witches worked in tandem as they waved and spun their wands at the floor.

"It's a tripping jinx," Luna stated and a yellow line appeared on the floor. Obviously, the line marked where the jinx was located.

"A tripping jinx," Ron said dubiously. "I thought it would be something dangerous."

"Actually it is very dangerous," Hermione added as she waved her wand once more. The floor just beyond the yellow line shimmered for a second before disappearing. A six foot wide section had been cut into the ground creating a pit. Harry could see some very large and nasty spikes jutting up from the floor. It was clear that if they had walked down the corridor and had not noticed the tripping jinx, they would have fallen into the pit and impaled themselves on the spikes. Even the Shields around them would not have protected them.

Hermione perform an anti-tripping charm on the yellow line to cancel out the jinx while Harry conjured a wide plank across the pit. The raven haired wizard stepped on the plank and led the way over the pit. Once all four friends were on the other side, they came to a door.

The witches began waving their wand once more. Every once in a while, one of them would announce that they had found a trap and then disable it. At one point, Hermione found a nasty hex called "The Flesh Melter". She had to consult one of the books she had brought along before she could successfully disable the trap. All in all, Luna and Hermione had to deal with seven traps and wards placed on the door.

After the wards and traps had been disabled, Harry opened the door to reveal a long stairway that led down into the ground. As the foursome (no, not that type of foursome – there will be no partner swapping in this story so don't get your hopes up) traveled down the stairs, the witches busied themselves by constantly checking for traps.

After walking down for a few minutes, Luna asked "I am curious Harry, why didn't the Headmaster show you how to detect wards or traps when you two went to that cave? I understand that you had private lessons with him all year long. Why didn't he teach you anything about such things?"

"Because he was too busy showing me home movies," he snapped bitterly. "All I learned was that Voldemort liked to collect things. I didn't find out how he made the Horcruxes or any clues as to where he might've hid them, but I do know ol' Tom's a pack rat.

"The one thing that bothered me most of all was the Pensieve memory of Voldemort's mum," Harry continued on his rant. "Did the fact that she was some sort of emo kid have an impact on Voldemort's life? Was the reason Voldemort was evil because his mom was abused by her father and she ensnared Tom Sr. No; she died a few minutes after he was born so he had no idea how horrible his family was until after he met. But he was already an evil bastard because he had killed Myrtle by that point. What was the point of making me sit through that silly memory? Dumbledore told me it was

because Merope had given up on life and therefore Voldemort turned evil. How does that make sense, he was less than an hour old for pity's sake. She said 'Name him Tom' and then died! For all Voldemort knew, she could've died crossing the street to get him milk."

"I might have some input on that, Harry," Luna began. "As I have said before, Ronald told me about the prophesy concerning you and He Who Must Not Be Named and I think that particular Pensieve memory has some insight on it. You see, Merope, the mother, lusted after Tom, the father; she was not truly in love with him. She saw him as a rich man who could take her away from her horrible life. It didn't hurt that Tom was easy on the eyes. So she used a potion or an Unforgivable to bewitch Tom into believing he was in love with her, which was a lie. Therefore, when You Know Who was conceived, it was done so out of lust and lies – literally. So even in conception, You Know Who did not know love, the power you have Harry, and the power he knows not."

"Oh," Harry muttered as understanding settled in. "I never thought about that."

"Why the hell didn't Dumbledore think of that?" Hermione griped.

"Um guys, this is fascinating, but I think I heard a hissing sound," Ron announced with a bit of fear in his voice.

Everyone became silent and Harry strained his ears. A moment later, a sound drifted up from the darkness.

"I am so-o-o bored. There's nothing to do," Harry heard a voice say.

"I hear hissing too," Hermione whispered.

"It's a snake," Harry said. It was clear to him that it had to be a snake waiting for them at the bottom of the stairs because his friends had heard hissing while he heard a voice clearly.

"What kind of snake?" Ron gulped.



“Dunno,” Harry replied. “But I reckon that Voldemort put it here to guard the Horcrux, so it’s probably a nasty one. You three wait here.”

Harry continued a few feet further before activating his parsletongue abilities.

“Hello,” he said to the darkness.

“Who’s there?” the voice demanded.

“Um... your master,” Harry replied. He was hoping that he could fool the snake into believing that he was Voldemort.

“No you’re not,” the snake snapped. “My Master has a high, girly voice, you don’t.”

Thinking fast, Harry back-tracked, “Did I say I was your Master? I meant I was sent by your Master.”

“Really? Did you bring my virgins?”

“Ah, no... fresh out.”

“Damn, he promised me virgins,” the snake pouted.

“If you don’t mind me asking, what kind of snake are you?” Harry asked. He was hoping that it wasn’t a Basilisk. But judging by his infernal luck, it would be.

“What kind? I’m a bored one, I am,” the snake moaned. “I’ve been down here doing nothing besides eating rats. I want to nibble on a virgin... I was promised a virgin, damn it!”

Slowly and silently, Harry crept down the stairs. The snake continued to grumble and gripe and Harry drew closer and closer. Soon, he approached a massive cavern carved out of the rock. In the middle of the cavern was a table covered by a red cloth.

“All I want is one lousy virgin,” the snake complained from the shadows surrounding the table.

Even though the monster was cloaked in shadows, Harry could tell that it was easily twenty feet long and it had a bright red plume sticking out of its head. As silently as he could, Harry turned around and trotted back up the stairs.

"Is it a Basilisk?" Hermione asked.

"Yes," he answered. It was significantly smaller than the last one he had faced, but he was positive that it was the dreaded Basilisk.

"So what? Harry's killed one and he was only twelve," Ron stated.

"Ron, it was luck. And if Fawkes wasn't there with his healing tear drops, I would've died," Harry pointed out. "I'm not pressing my luck again, especially since I don't have a phoenix handy."

"We can drive it off," Hermione suggested. "It's afraid of roosters; their crow can kill them. If we make it believe there is a rooster here, it might run away."

"We can't just let it get away," Harry stated. "It's too dangerous to let live."

"He's right," Luna agreed.

"Well then we'll just have to kill it," Hermione concluded. "We distract it by making it think there's a rooster here and while it's trying to get away, we hit it with a few Blasting Hexes."

"Good plan," Harry said as he drew his wand.

"All right, Ron start clucking," ordered Hermione.

"What?" the red haired wizard shot back. "Why don't you do it?"

"I'm a girl not a boy. A rooster is a male chicken, I can't make male chicken sounds," she argued.

"Then why doesn't Harry do it?" Ron asked.

“He’s a parslemouth, we need him to listen to the Basilisk to see if the monster buys it so we can sneak up on it,” Hermione pointed out. “We can’t do that if he’s clucking.”

Ron frowned before acquiescing. “Fine, I’ll do it.”

The red haired wizard began making soft clucking sounds.

“Louder, Ronald, it can’t hear you,” Luna urged. Ron added a little more volume to his efforts. “Louder Ronald, louder.”

Egged on by his wife, Ron let out a very loud crow.

“That’s it!” Luna cheered with a chuckle and a rosy bloom to her face. “Again! Again!”

As Ron continued to cluck, Harry turned to Hermione and asked; “You really don’t think the basilisk could tell the difference between you and Ron clucking, do you?”

“No,” Hermione admitted. “I just wanted to see Ron act like a chicken.”

“Ronald, flap your arms like wings! I’m sure it will help you sound more convincing!” Luna passionately suggested. Ron rolled his eyes before complying. Luna giggled and Harry knew that she too had wanted to see Ron cluck like a chicken.

Slowly, the four friends made their way to the cavern. As they got nearer, Ron became more impassioned and louder. It was as if he was truly getting into the role.

Ron let out a loud crow and Harry heard the snake exclaim: “Holy shit! Is that a rooster?”

“Yes it is,” Harry replied using his parseltongue. “It must’ve gotten in when I opened the door. Sorry about that.”

The basilisk let out a startled yelp and Harry could hear it slither away.

“Bloody hell, I’m out of here,” the snake said in a panicky tone. “Screw my Master; first he won’t give me a virgin and now a freaking rooster comes strolling in.”

Cautiously, Harry peaked into the cavern and saw the giant snake had its head wedged into a small hole; it was trying to squeeze itself into that hole in an attempt to escape. Harry gave the signal that it was safe to enter the cavern. As Ron continued to cluck, Luna, Hermione, and Harry circled around the snake’s body. The three leveled their wands at the snake and shouted the incantation for the Blasting Hex.

In retrospect, Harry realized that it was a bit of overkill – literally – having the three of them blast the monster. The job could’ve been easily accomplished by either him or Hermione alone thanks to their power boost. Not only did both Harry and his girlfriend hit the monster with super charged Blasting Hexes, but Luna had hit it with her own normal hex. The giant monster was blown into a fine mist... a mist made entirely of blood and magical monster bits. The gore rained down on our heroes; coating their robes, hair and exposed skin.

“I think I’m going to be sick,” Hermione murmured. Even though Harry couldn’t see the color of her skin thanks to the thick layer of blood, he reckoned that her complexion was a sickly green.

“I wonder if this Basilisk blood is as good of a moisturizer as Ronald’s semina-” Luna began. The blonde witch was interrupted by Hermione retching out the contents of her stomach on the floor. Apparently, the mention of Ron’s spunk had sent the brunette witch over the edge.

Being a good boyfriend, Harry knelt down next to Hermione – who had fallen to her knees – and held her hair back as she continued to vomit. Although he did wonder why he bothered; it’s not like Hermione’s vomit would have made her hair a worse state thanks to the goo that was basilisk in it. Once she was finished, Harry waved his wand and magically cleaned the blood off of everyone.

With a quiver in her voice, Hermione said, “Let’s get this over with so I can take a nice hot bath.”

Luna and Hermione began to wave their wands once more. After a few moments, Hermione stated: "There's no traps. Apparently, Voldemort thought the Basilisk was enough protection."

Harry nodded his head and approached the table. When he was four feet away, giant trees popped out of thin air. There were dozens of yew trees formed in a tight circle around the table blocking Harry from his target.

"What the hell; I thought you said there wasn't any traps?" Ron asked as he eyed the trees.

Hermione waved her wand and said "There isn't. In fact, I'm not detecting the trees at all; as if they aren't there."

"How can that be?" Harry asked as he reached out and touched the rough bark of one of the trees.

"Perhaps they are nothing more than an illusion," Luna offered. Before explaining herself, Luna walked toward the tree and did not stop when she came close. She proceeded to walk through the trees as if they weren't there.

"Luna?" Ron shouted in confusion and fear after his wife disappeared behind the trees.

The blonde witch's head popped out of the tree, the rest of her body obscured by the foliage. "Just as I thought; a very complex Illusion Charm. It is so powerful that your mind actually thinks it is touching something when you run your hand across it."

"Well, how do we get past it like you did?" Harry asked.

"Don't listen to your mind," she offered and she disappeared behind the trees once more.

"Oh, that's helpful," Hermione groaned. "... don't listen to your mind...' Thanks for that."

“I think she means that we have to realize that the trees aren’t real,” Harry sounded. “Recognize that they aren’t there and that belief will offset the illusion.”

Harry closed his eyes and imagined the cavern the way it was before the trees sprang up. Slowly, Harry blindly walked to the table. His body tingled slightly as he passed through where the rings of trees were. When he opened his eyes, Harry found Luna standing next to the red draped table smiling.

“Hermione, it worked,” Harry called out. A moment later, Hermione came through the trees.

“That was weird,” the brunette witch said off handedly.

“Okay, here I come,” Harry heard Ron say. A second later, a thud sounded. “Ow, that hurt,” Ron shouted.

Clearly, Ron had failed to counteract the illusion and walked directly into the trees with a painful effect.

“Ron, you have to realize that the trees aren’t there,” ordered Hermione.

“That’s what I did,” he replied bitterly.

“Try harder, my love,” Luna said dreamily.

“How the hell am I supposed to try harder?”

“Try imagining that not only that these trees don’t exist, but all trees,” offered Luna. “Pretend there is no such thing as trees; they don’t exist.”

Harry heard Ron begin to fervently chant “I don’t believe in trees. I don’t believe in trees. I don’t believe in trees.”

A few moments later, Ron walked through the illusionary trees. Harry turned back to the table and grabbed the red cloth.

"Let's get this over with," he said and tugged the fabric off of the table.

Placed in the middle of the table was what appeared to be... something. A very small something, minuscule even. Whatever it was, it was no bigger than the pad of Harry's thumb.

"What is that?" Hermione asked as she pointed at the tiny item.

"Oi, I know what that is!" Ron shouted out, snapping his fingers as if he recalled seeing a similar item. "That's a wizard's anvil!" Ron made this declaration as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"Judging by the lion engraved on the side, I'd say it was Gryffindor's anvil to be precise," added Luna from her spot behind Harry.

"Lion? How the hell can you see that?" Harry asked as he bent over to get a closer look. On one side of the so-called anvil were a few scratches. He strained his eyes even further and saw that the scratches could be interpreted as a drawing of a lion. "How'd you see that?"

Luna silently responded by simply pointing at her large and protruding blue eyes and stating, "How I see everything; with my eyes, silly."

"That's not an anvil," Hermione argued. "Anvils are large and ... bulky and ... and obvious things."

"Why would an anvil need to be large?" Ron inquired.

"Because a blacksmith uses it to fold and form metal items by striking hot metal on it with a hammer," Hermione explained.

"Oh, I see, you're thinking of a Muggle anvil," Luna said. "This is a wizard's anvil."

"I've always thought that an anvil is a pretty stupid thing," Ron added. "I mean, they're so useless that most people don't remember them. Heck, even if a family has theirs on display, most people either don't see them or intentionally ignore them. The whole idea of an anvil is stupid, if you think about it. Why would a wizard need one?"

"Well, what about in a forge or something?" Hermione thought aloud. "Wouldn't Gryffindor have needed one to create his sword, or at least to repair it?"

"Why?" Ron quickly countered. "He was a wizard, wasn't he? He would've just used the appropriate spells. Heck, even we've learned how to turn one item into another. So why would one of the world's most powerful wizards use a Muggle method? He wouldn't; he'd just create the sword and then add a self-sharpening spell to it."

"But if a wizard didn't need an anvil to work metal, why have one at all?" Harry asked.

"It's for show," Ron explained. "It's usually a family heirloom that's passed down from generation to generation. Heck, even we have one back home, from mum's side. It sits on the mantle above the fireplace."

"Wait, I've been to your place a load of times and I've never seen any anvil," Harry said.

"No wonder, it's only a little larger than this one," Ron said as he pointed to Gryffindor's anvil. "Don't worry about it, Mate, no one pays attention to anvils in the magical world, they're small, insignificant and meaningless."

"You're right, Ron," Hermione stated. "I guess the idea of an anvil in the wizarding world is downright inane."

"Yeah," Harry agreed, shrugging his shoulders. Sometimes, the magical world made no sense at all. He wondered why anyone would want something like this anvil; it was too small to even notice. "It seems to me that only an idiot would've looked for an anvil," he decided.

Pushing his ponderings to the side, Harry drew out his sword and swung at the anvil... and missed. He swung the blade again and still missed the target. The anvil was so small and insignificant, that Harry, even with his excellent eye-hand coordination, had trouble hitting it.



Finally, Harry was able to cleave the Lilliputian anvil in two, easily destroying the Horcrux.

The four friends turned and made their way out of the cavern. As they walked up the stairs, they discussed the other Horcruxes.

“So that leaves two more besides You Know Who,” Luna said.

“Yes, we know that one, the locket, is in the possession of Zardoz,” Hermione stated. “But we still don’t know where the last Horcrux is.”

“Well, maybe you two can do that hand-job ritual again,” Ron offered to Harry and Hermione. Harry leapt at the idea of doing that activity again – for any reason.

“For some reason, we only see blackness when we do it,” explained Hermione.

Harry remained silent, lost in his thoughts. The nagging feeling that wherever the last Horcrux was located was familiar in some way weighed heavy in his mind.

“And then we have to find a way to get Voldemort, too,” added Hermione. “Even if somehow we miraculously find out where the missing Horcrux is, we can’t just walk up to Voldemort’s castle and ask him to come out so we can kill him, can we?”

“We’ll hurdle that obstacle when we get to it,” Harry said as he led his friends over the plank suspended over the pit of spikes and out of the dark corridor. Over his shoulder, Harry saw the door magically disappear, as if the door never existed.

“I’m hungry,” announced Ron as the group walked onto the street outside the orphanage.

“How can you possibly be hungry, Ron?” asked Hermione. “We had breakfast less than three hours ago.”

“Well, we just successfully destroyed a Horcrux,” Ron defended. “That took a lot of energy.”

"All you did was cluck like a chicken, for pity's sake," Hermione expounded. "Luna, Harry, and I did all the actual work."

"Hermione must I remind you? Even though Ronald only pretended to be a chicken," Luna began and added to Ron "And a wonderful chicken at that," before turning back to Hermione, "before we went on our little trek, Ronald and I had sex." Once again, the blonde witch turned to her husband and added, "Wonderful sex at that."

"Actually, I'm kind of hungry myself," Harry stated as his stomach growled.

"I smell fish and chips," Ron said as he sniffed the air. "Over there!" the red haired wizard said and pointed down the street.

Sure enough, past the crowd of Muggles walking on the sidewalks was a fish and chips stand.

"All right fine, we'll grab a snack," Hermione assented.

The four friends began walking down the street when Harry saw someone exit the crowd of people ahead of them. Something in the pit of his stomach told Harry that he should hide. Listening to his instinct, Harry pushed his friends into a shadowy alcove.

"Harry, what-" Hermione began.

"Hush," Harry ordered.

The man's black robes billowed out behind him as he walked briskly. He continuously looked around him; trying to see if anyone was following him. His large hooked nose gave him the appearance of a bird of prey. Thankfully, the shadows concealed Harry and his friends from the approaching man's vision.

Harry watched silently from the shadows. The person walked down the other side of the street and slowly came into view. Harry heard both Luna and Hermione gasp and he felt Ron tense up.

“Snape,” Harry hissed.  
To Be Continued

# Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

## Chapter Twenty-Four: Grime and Punishment

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Twenty-Four: Snape reveals the truth that everybody already knew.

"What's he doing here?" Ron spat through clenched teeth.

Harry's blood was boiling with rage as he watched the man who had betrayed and murdered Dumbledore walking just a few feet away. Harry wanted to rush up to Snape and hex the traitorous bastard into oblivion.

Before he could react, Harry saw Snape pull a small knife out of his pocket. He watched as Snape cut open his own hand, much like Harry had done shortly before. The greasy git wiped his hand, smearing his blood onto the hidden doorway. The young wizard watched in bewilderment as the door magically appeared, and Snape vanished into the hidden hallway.

"What d'you think he's doing?" asked Ron, in a more confused than normal tone.

"Maybe he is checking on the Horcruxes for You Know Who," suggested Luna.

"Why would he?" returned Hermione. "Voldemort's never checked on his Horcruxes before. Why should he start now? Unless... unless Voldemort has figured out we're destroying them and he's having his

minions check on the remaining ones! But why would he send one of his followers to do it? This could be bad,” the brunette’s voice grew worried. “Oh, no. What if Voldemort found out what we’re doing and is using his minions to move all of the Horcruxes to a more secure location?”

“Well if that does happen, all you have to do is rub another one out of Harry and track them down again,” Ron offered off-handedly.

“Ronald, don’t use such crude language,” chastised Luna. “‘Rub one out,’ how low. The correct phrase is ‘wank him off.’ And you forgot to add ‘and take it in the face.’ That’s the proper language for this situation. I thought you knew better than that.”

“What are we going to do, Harry?” Hermione asked, clearly trying to ignore Luna and Ron’s exchange.

“We capture him, that’s what,” Harry said flatly.

The three friends stared at Harry for a full two seconds before Ron stated in an overly sarcastic way; “Oh, just capture him. That should be easy. Bloody easy I should say.”

“Harry, Snape is an experienced duelist and a master Legilimens,” informed Hermione. “He’d take us out with little effort. The four of us wouldn’t be much of a challenge, even allowing for both of our power boosts. He’d be able to see our moves through his Legilimency and block them or even stop us before we finished our incantations.”

“If we play our cards right, we won’t have to duel him,” Harry said as a sly grin stretched across his face. For the first time since Snape appeared, Harry turned and faced his friends. “We set some traps and snatch him. Hermione and Luna, you two know more traps than Ron and I do. Lay as many traps right outside the door as you can. Leg-Lockers, Binding Jinxes, Disarming Traps, anything you can think up.”

“Do you think that’ll work?” asked Luna.

“Why not?” returned Harry. “For all Snape knows, he’s disarmed the traps outside the exit. He won’t be expecting any new ones when he comes out.”

Without another word, Luna and Hermione dashed toward the hidden entrance and immediately began twirling their wands about, casting trap after trap on the area just outside the door. Every few seconds one witch would suggest a trap to cast to the other; “Try Finnegan’s Folly right there” or “How about Carmen’s Bumbler, it’s an oldie but goody” to name a few. As the two witches worked as quickly as they could, Ron and Harry had their wands out and leveled at the door, ready to launch hexes and jinxes in case Snape were to come out while their witches incanted.

A few minutes later, Hermione and Luna, satisfied that enough traps were laid, rejoined Harry and Ron in the shadows across the street. All four stared at the invisible door in silence, almost willing Snape to come out so they could capture him. Thankfully, the teens’ patience was not tried too much.

The door popped into existence less than a minute after Hermione and Luna had completed their task. Harry could almost hear the old hinges of the door creak from across the street as it slowly opened. A sour and disappointed looking Snape was framed in the dark doorway. He glanced to his left and then to the right, sneering at the empty space in front of him. Satisfied that no one was watching, the Potions Master stepped out of the doorway. The moment his foot touched the ground outside the door a loud bang echoed through the air.

Two things happened at the exact same time. First; Snape’s feet were tugged backward, as if an invisible rope had pulled violently on the limbs; making the surly wizard pitch forward. Second, Snape’s wand sprung from his hand and soared through the air. It clattered on the ground a dozen feet away from the greasy wizard.

As Snape continued to pitch forward, he tried to break his fall by placing his hands in front of him. This attempted act of self-preservation only triggered two of Hermione’s and Luna’s traps. A

Body Bind hex caused Snape's limbs to snap together while Levicorpus hoisted the wizard into the air by his ankles.

A victorious smile appeared on Harry's face.

"We did it!" cheered Hermione.

"You doubted my plan?" the bespectacled wizard said with a false air of disapproval.

"Oh, will you ever forgive me for my transgressions?" returned Hermione with an equal helping of irony.

As the four friends moved in a group to the immobile and inverted villain, Ron added to Harry's and Hermione's interchange. And Ron, being Ron of course, missed his friends' tone and spoke with sincerity. "Of course we beat him. We knocked his arse out in our third year, remember? And all we used was just an Expelliarmus; a simple charm we learned in our second year."

A few feet away from their dangling detainee, Ron gasped, as if an epiphany came to him. "Hey, wouldn't it be cool if you defeated You Know Who with an Expelliarmus, Harry."

"Don't be asinine, Ron," Hermione glared at Ron the way an instructor stares at a lovable dim-witted child. "Voldemort's the most feared and powerful dark wizard in a century. A simple Expelliarmus can't defeat him. It is a disarming charm; it doesn't really do much to an opponent if one is able to think on their feet."

"But, what if-" he began to defend himself.

"Ronald, Hermione is right," Luna said softly and kindly... like the way an instructor speaks compassionately to a lovable dim-witted student. "To even think that such a childish spell could defeat someone like You Know Who is just plain dumb, my love."

Ron's shoulders slumped in defeat. Feeling sorry for his best mate, Harry patted the red haired wizard on the back. "If my life wasn't in mortal danger during a duel with the most powerful and feared wizard

of our times, I would definitely try to cast an Expelliarmus on him, Ron.”

“Thanks, Harry,” Ron smiled.

Turning his attention away from his lovable dim-witted friend, Harry stared angrily at his former potions professor.

“Looks like justice will have its day, you bastard,” Harry threatened.

Snape’s fathomless black eyes narrowed on Harry’s. Harry knew that the git was using Legamcy to probe his thoughts, but the young wizard didn’t care. In a few moments, he’d bodily haul Snape to the Ministry so they could chuck his arse in Azkaban.

“You destroyed the Horcrux,” stated Snape.

“Yeah, I did,” the raven haired wizard said in a dismissive manner. “And a few of the others as well. Your master’s time is running short,” he finished boldly.

“Wait, you found the cup?” Snape asked.

“Yep, found and destroyed. Including the diary, ring, and the anvil, that means Voldemort is down four Horcruxes,” Harry gloated.

“How did you find them so quickly?” the greasy wizard demanded.

“A simple searching ritual,” he answered proudly.

“The Dark Lord has dozens of wards against any form of magical searching,” Snape argued. “How could a wizard as feeble as you bypass them?”

“I have my ways,” Harry said and his mind drifted back to the wonderful han – err – ritual that he and Hermione performed. Which was a mistake.

Snape’s eyes bulged and he began looking between Harry and Hermione in disbelief. It was at that moment that Harry made a



mental note not to recall intimate moments in front of a master Legilimens.

Again, Snape's eyes narrowed on Harry. "I thought you looked at Granger like she was your sister," the villain said with clear disgust.

"My 'sister'?" Harry shot back with mirrored revulsion. "How the hell would you think that?"

"It was an impression I got," answered Snape. "I assumed that you felt that she was nothing more than a sister to you. It is obvious to me that is how you acted in regards to your feelings for Granger."

"How I acted? I'm an only bloody child. How the fuck would I know what having a sister felt like?" retorted Harry. "So, how could I have acted like I felt that Hermione was a sister? That makes no sense at all. Not once since I met Hermione have I ever thought of her as a sister, not even in passing. So it would've been an uneducated assumption on your part to conclude that I had brotherly feelings for her. As a best friend, yes; as a sister, no! Besides, if I thought of anyone like a sibling it would've been Ron. And that's only because I looked at Mrs. Weasley as a surrogate mother; especially after the fiasco that was the Third Task of the Tri-Wizard."

For some inexplicable reason, Hermione snorted a chuckle.

"What?" Harry turned, asking his girlfriend.

"Oh, nothing," she said. The twinkle in her eyes told Harry it was indeed something. But before he could press the issue, a thought occurred to him; something just a little bit more important than finding out why Hermione laughed.

"Wait. How'd you know about the Horcruxes anyway?" he demanded of Snape. "I thought Voldemort would've never told anyone about them."

"Just as slow as ever, Potter," Snape said snidely. "Ask yourself why would the Dark Lord willingly divulge such a vulnerability?"

"I just asked you that," Harry snapped. "You can't ask me my own question back. You're the prisoner and I'm the one who captured you. It's not proper."

Snape smiled his greasy, crooked tooth smile in response.

"I can hex you, you know," threatened Harry while waving his wand in front of Snape's hooked nose.

"Because Voldemort didn't," Hermione answered Snape's question. "At least, not knowingly."

Harry turned and faced Hermione once again. The witch had an expression somewhere between understanding and confusion. As if what she had said had seemed clear but had brought up a bevy of other questions.

"Ah, I can practically hear the gears turning in your puny little minds," mocked Snape. It infuriated Harry that even though Snape was bound and defenseless, he still seemed to have the upper hand.

"I say we disregard his motivation and just drag his bottom to the Ministry," Luna threatened, although her tone wasn't very intimidating; the way she spoke sounded like she was offering to bake biscuits and share them with the potions master.

"I agree with Luna," Ron said. He glowered at Snape before turning to his wife and whispering in her ear, "Don't use the word 'bottom' when threatening someone. It ruins the effect."

"You're... you're working against him?" speculated Harry.

"Very good, Potter. It seems the Headmaster's faith in you wasn't completely wasted," Snape said scornfully.

"I think he's still lying," Ron snapped. "He's just playing us. Trying to distract us so he can escape."

"Yes, you've discovered my brilliant plan, Weasley," the greasy wizard glared at Ron.

"You killed Dumbledore. I saw it with my own eyes," Harry snarled. "Why should I believe you when you say you're working against Voldemort?"

"I have a vial of Veritaserum in my left robe pocket," the greasy git stated. "Feed me three drops, and you'll know I am speaking the truth."

"It's a colorless and odorless potion, how the hell can we tell if it's Veritaserum and not just water?" demanded Hermione.

"I still fail to see why so many people consider you a brilliant witch, I have always known you to be just slightly above average for a Gryffindor, which is not saying much," Snape said. "A child could tell you that you can easily verify the potion by using it on one of yourselves, and then ask something that the test subject wouldn't normally reveal."

"What if it's a poison?" Luna asked. "If one of us takes it, we could die."

"And how would killing one of you dolts be helpful to me? If it was a poison, I would've suggested that all four of you take it, not just one," the former Head of Slytherin snapped. "If it was a poison and I did trick one of you into taking it, I'd still have to deal with the other three. And in my current predicament, frozen, dangling upside-down in mid-air without a wand, the three of you, despite your lowly skills, would make short work of me. What good would it do if I poisoned only one of you?"

The four friends shared a look. Harry was hesitant, what he really wanted to do was drag the son of a bitch down to the Ministry so that they could chuck him into Azkaban. But a part of the young wizard was wondering if Snape was telling the truth; what if he truly was working on bringing Voldemort down? What if Snape was still a spy for the light?

"I'll do it," Ron offered, his voice hesitant and soft. "I'll test the potion."

“Are you sure?” asked Harry.

“Yeah,” Ron replied and took a step toward Snape. “Um, how about we make a Portkey to St. Mango’s, just in case it is a poison, though?”

Luna toed off one of her shoes. Bending over at the hips, she tapped her wand against her discarded shoe and incanted, “Portus.”

As the shoe trembled and glowed, Ron stood in front of Snape.

“The vial is in my front left pocket,” the captured wizard said.

While Ron dug around in Snape’s robes, Harry asked his former instructor “You always keep a vial of Veritaserum on you?”

“Yes, among a number of other potions, including several antidotes,” Snape stated arrogantly. “I find it best, unlike others whom I won’t mention,” he glared directly at Harry, “to be prepared.”

Finally, Ron tugged a small glass vial out of Snape’s robes.

“Put three drops on your tongue, Weasley,” the Potions Master commanded.

Uncorking the tiny bottle, Ron nervously asked Luna “Is that Portkey ready?”

“Yes, Ronald,” replied Luna. Her eyes were wide (well... wider than normal) with anxious worry.

The red haired wizard opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue. With a steady hand, Ron tilted the vial and cautiously dropped three dollops of the liquid on his tongue. He swallowed, placed the stopper back in the vial, turned to face his friends and said “I don’t think it wor-”

That’s when Ron’s expression went blank. His eyes glazed over and his mouth hung open and slack jawed.

Out of the corner of Harry's eye, he saw Luna run her hands over the front of her robes. He asked "What are you doing, Luna?"

"Checking to see if my breasts are exposed," the blonde witch answered lightly. "Ronald gets that same expression whenever he sees my breasts. I was worried that they had popped out accidentally. They do that sometimes, you know."

"Really, his expression changed?" Hermione asked no-one in particular under her breath. "I can't tell. He looks like he always does to me."

"It's the Veritaserum, you fools," Snape spoke slowly, as if Harry and his friends had difficulty understanding such a basic concept. "Ask Weasley your questions so you can verify the potion."

"Okay, Ron, tell us something you don't want us to know," Harry asked. If the potion truly was Veritaserum, Ron would answer truthfully.

In a daze, Ron stated "I really liked it when Luna stuck her finger into my bottom."

Harry, Hermione, and Snape balked at Ron's admission while Luna giggled happily.

"So much so that I want her to do it again," the red haired wizard continued, unfortunately. This caused the three who balked to take a step back – which was rather difficult for Snape seeing that he was bound in place and hanging upside-down. But Luna only seemed encouraged. In fact, Harry assumed by the eager look in her eyes that she was willing to acquiesce to Ron's request right there in the alleyway. And knowing her past history, such an event was a definite possibility. Harry's assumption was confirmed when the blonde witch held up her index finger and began to wiggle it about. "I know I acted shocked and hurt when she did it that one time," Ron forged ahead. "But really, I was just surprised at how much I liked it, to be honest."

"Um, that's enough Ron, we know it's Veritaserum. You can stop," Harry implored almost desperately. He was terrified that Luna,

encouraged by her husband's revelation would bound over to Ron and jab one of her digits up his bum. Not wanting to see that, he begged Ron. "Please, stop."

"In fact, I'm hoping she'll use two fingers next time," Ron added.

"Stupefy!" Hermione cried out frantically. A bolt of red magic leapt from her wand and struck Ron, squarely in the chest. The gangly wizard collapsed to the ground unconscious.

"Hermione, I won't be able to fulfill Ronald's wishes if he isn't awake," Luna said in her usual dreamy tone. With her left hand she caressed her right index finger, as if warming it up for the nefarious purpose.

"That was the point," Hermione said with a desperate edge to her voice.

"Well, I suppose I could still do my wifely duties, even if he is unconscious," the blonde said, taking a step toward her unconscious husband.

Hermione pointed her wand at Luna and warned, "Don't make me use this on you."

With the brunette's wand leveled at her head, Luna took a step back, albeit clearly disappointed.

"If I still held my position as professor at Hogwarts, I might've considered giving Gryffindor points for your actions, Granger," Snape said to the brunette witch and then reiterated; "Might have."

"All right, let's get this over with," Harry said.

Hermione nodded and walked over to Ron. While she picked up the vial of Veritaserum Harry waved his wand at Snape. The Potions Master slowly pivoted in air, turning right side up.

"Open your mouth," Hermione, whose voice showed no sympathy for the magically bound wizard, commanded. Snape opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue as far as it could go. Even with this

contortion of his features, the git still looked like he was sneering at Harry.

Carefully, Hermione measured out three drops of Veritaserum onto Snape's tongue. He swallowed and a second later his face went blank much like Ron's had.

Knowing that the Veritaserum would make Snape answer nothing but the truth, Harry asked "Why are you here?"

"I am on a mission to retrieve the Dark Lord's Horcruxes so that they can be destroyed and he can be finally defeated," Snape spoke in a flat and emotionless tone.

"Who gave you this mission?" asked Harry.

"Headmaster Dumbledore," he replied. "Due to the injuries he received when he destroyed the ring-Horcrux and his advanced age, the Headmaster was dying. Dying painfully. He had come up with the plan for me to carry out Draco's mission of killing him for the Dark Lord. That way I'd save Draco from any evil act... well, murder at any rate. And I'd show a great man who was suffering immensely mercy. My actions would also entrench myself in the Dark Lord's ranks. The Dark Lord would herald me for killing his hated enemy. He would reward me by making me his most trusted servant. And with that trust, I would be able to gather information on the whereabouts of his Horcruxes."

"How'd you do that?" inquired Harry. "I don't imagine he'd ever divulge the secret to his immortality to anyone."

"I am a Potion Master," he answered. If it wasn't for the effects of the Veritaserum making him speak in a monotone, Harry was positive that Snape would have been overly arrogant and degrading to the younger wizard. "I used a combination of Sleeping Draughts and Veritaserum to pry the information out of him as he slumbered. If he had remembered divulging any of his secrets, which was unlikely, it would've seemed like he had done so in a dream."

Recalling the missing Horcrux, the one they couldn't find through the hunt – err – ritual, Harry asked "How many locations have you gotten?"

"Just this one, Gryffindor's useless wizarding anvil," Snape replied. "I've had to work slowly, only taking small pieces of information from the Dark Lord, asking about traps and wards along with the location, night by night. I feared that to ask more than one question a night would alert him to my mission, and I'd be killed."

Harry cursed silently. At this rate, he'd never find the missing Horcrux.

Pushing that depressing revelation to the side, Harry returned his thoughts to Snape. The git was telling the truth, he was still working for the light. The bespectacled wizard was still angry that Snape had killed Dumbledore, despite the fact that it was an act of mercy that Dumbledore had not only welcomed but encouraged. Then a question came to Harry; why was Snape working for the light? As far as Harry knew, Snape was a bigot and pure blood elitist even though he himself was of mixed heritage. Curiosity got the better of the young wizard and he asked, "Why did you join the Order?"

"I am in love with your mother," was his answer. "Even to this day."

Harry was floored. Snape betrayed his master out of love. And love for Harry's own mother. Yet, Harry recalled how Snape had cruelly called Lily a Mudblood in the Pensieve memory. How could he have called her such a foul name if he was in love with her?

"Even though she was a mudblood, I still masturbate ferociously to her memory," Snape continued.

At that moment, Harry lost control of his bladder. The concept of Snape pleasuring himself over anything was highly disturbing. The fact that greasy git was doing so to the memory of Harry's mother made it downright terrifying for the young wizard. As his warm urine flowed down his trousers, he noticed out of the corner of his eyes that Hermione's complexion had gone a sickly green, and Luna had blanched and held her hands in front of her mouth, apparently to stop



the vomit from erupting from her lips. They too were just as disturbed by Snape's admission.

"It is truly disgusting just how often I abuse myself with the thought of Lily, even now, but particularly when I was still a student," Snape forged ahead. "By my seventh year, my right forearm was twice the size of my left."

Silently, Harry begged Hermione to stun Snape like she had done to Ron, because fear had paralyzed Harry and he couldn't do it himself. Unfortunately, the same fear that had rendered Harry a statue had claimed Hermione as well.

"In my third year, I cut holes in the pockets of my robes," the elder wizard regrettably persistent. "Whenever Lily spoke to someone... I constantly followed her, lurking in the shadows just to hear the mudblood's angelic voice as she talked with the other students... I would discreetly slip my hands through those holes and fondle myself. Just the sound of her sweet voice was enough to get me hard as steel. I had gotten so skilled at defiling myself under my robes that I could carry on a conversation with another student while that gorgeous mudblood red-head had her own private discussion. I could pleasure myself, with no one the wiser. Many, many times did I ejaculate in my own shorts while imagining actually speaking to her, be it about schoolwork, the weather, politics, or whatever other topics came up.

"One time, while Lily was studying in the Library, she had turned her back and, seeing my chance, I slinked out of the nearby dark alcove where I was hiding and defiling myself – which I did often – and nicked her Charm's notes. That night I stripped naked and rubbed her delicious parchment all over my bare and sensitive flesh. The words she had written danced over my taught nipples. In a way, I was cleansing myself with her essence when I did that. That night, that wondrously glorious night, I came so much that I lost consciousness," Snape spoke. "When I anonymously returned her notes, I heard Lily asking her friends how the recovered parchment could have gotten so badly crumpled. I fantasized that if I ever had the nerve to talk to that wondrous mudblood, I could tell her the truth and that she would see how much I loved her and in turn she would do her duty as a

non-pureblood and fall madly in love with me. I dreamt about bending her over a table and slapping my manhood against the milky white flesh of her buttocks.”

Just when Harry thought it couldn't get worse, Snape uttered sixteen disgusting words. On their own, these sixteen words were far from revolting. But strung together and said by Snape in reference to Harry's mother was what made it truly horrible:

“I often imagine what Lily's beautiful green eyes would look like framed with my white seed.”

Thankfully one of Harry's limbs broke free of the paralyzing fear at that moment. And even more satisfying, it wasn't his wand-arm. Instead, his right leg sprung up and kicked his heel directly into Snape's groin. It was as if a part of Harry was subconsciously punishing Snape for thinking of his mother in such a disgusting manner.

If Snape had not been under the effects of a Body Bind, he would no doubt have ended up on the ground of the alley, curled up in a tight ball. Having been denied the privilege of doubling up into the fetal position, all the wizard could do was roll his eyes into his skull. A high pitch whine, like steam escaping from a kettle, sounded from Snape's thin and crooked lips.

“Kick him again,” Hermione prayed in a small voice. Luna, still pressing her hands against her mouth, nodded her head passionately in agreement.

“I deserved that,” Snape groaned out, his voice still a note higher than normal. Harry took solace in the fact that the dirty pervert who stalked his mother even after her death was still under the effects of Veritaserum which meant that what he said was true and he did deserve to be kicked. Of course, even if Snape had not made this statement, Harry would've still felt justified in his actions.

For the next few minutes, Harry fought the urge to give into Hermione's suggestion and beat Snape into a pulp; particularly around the groin region. Harry knew that he would feel better if Snape

was bruised and bloodied; especially around the groin. He paced back and forth in front of the bound wizard, every now and again, Harry's leg twitched, aching to kick the stalker, mainly around the crotch. But the disgusting perverted stalker was helping to bring down Voldemort. And since he was one of Voldemort's trusted lieutenants, Harry could use him; not only to help find the missing Horcrux, but to gain relevant information on Voldemort and his followers. So, unfortunately, Harry came to conclusion not to beat Snape to within an inch (mainly on and around the groin region) of his life for the greater good.

After Harry canceled the Body Bind, Snape fell to his knees and vomited on the ground. While Snape tried to regain his composure, Harry asked Hermione to revive Ron.

Snape stood and locked eyes with Harry. Judging by his lack of a dazed expression, Harry assumed that the effects of the truth potion had worn off. There in the black pits of his eyes, Harry could see that Snape still loathed him, probably even more now that Harry knew his secrets. But underneath the abhorrence was a hint of compliance; Snape knew he had to team up with Harry in order to bring down Voldemort.

"I can assume you know the locations of the other Horcruxes through that... ritual?" Snape asked in an even tone.

"One of them yes," Harry replied. "Slytherin's locket is with a bloke named Zardoz. He lives at a place called Founders' Cove."

"I'm familiar with him," the elder wizard stated.

"I know about Voldemort, but he's under the Fidelius and I can't track him down," continued Harry. "There is one other Horcrux, but I can't find it for some reason."

The potion master became lost in thought for a moment. Then, after some silent consideration, Snape spoke "I will deal with Zardoz."

"We can do it!" snapped Harry; offended that Snape didn't think he could get the Horcrux away from its current owner.

"I can retrieve the item with subtlety and tack," Snape said contentiously.

"And we can't?" Hermione heatedly returned.

"Did you not notice that you left a fifty foot corpse of a mutilated Basilisk back in that chamber?" Snape asked rhetorically. "Because if you consider that to be tactful or subtle then you have more to learn than I had thought.

"What were you planning on doing? Asking Zardoz to hand the locket over? From what I've heard about the man tells me that he would never part with such a prized possession," Snape jeered. "I can take the Horcrux right out from under his nose and Zardoz would never know."

"You won't hurt him will you?" asked Harry. He hated to admit it, but Snape was a damn good spy and could probably do what he had just boasted. And if Snape was able to deal with Zardoz and the locket, it would be a weight off of Harry's shoulders.

"Of course I won't," Snape replied angrily. "You and your girlfriend can busy yourselves with finding the missing Horcrux."

Apparently satisfied that the conversation was over, Snape swirled his black robes around in a theatrical manner before Apparating away with a crack.

"What a wanker," insulted Ron.

Referring to Snape as a "wanker" was clearly too much for Luna. With Ron's comment, the blonde witch was obviously reminded about Snape's revelation of masturbating habitually, causing Luna to lose control. With a loud gurgling and splashing sound, Luna emptied the contents of her stomach down the front of Ron. Her vomit splashed and flowed down his belly, groin, and legs, pooling around his feet and in his shoes.

“Um, did I miss something?” a bewildered Ron asked looking at the great globs of partially digested food and bile dribbling down his trousers.

“Just be thankful you did,” Harry said with a frown, trying to erase the memory of what Snape had said from his mind.

After cleaning up and returning to the castle, the four friends ate dinner. Actually, Ron ate all four of the dinners while Harry, Hermione, and Luna, having lost their appetites thanks to Snape, didn’t eat.

As Ron reached across the table to steal some food from Hermione’s plate, Harry looked across the Hall at a sixth-year Ravenclaw. The younger wizard smiled directly at Harry and gave him a thumbs-up signal. The nameless wizard then mouthed the words “Thanks, mate” (that or “Let’s date,” Harry was hoping for the former).

“What’s he on about?” asked Harry.

Glancing up from her now-barren plate, Hermione asked, “Who?”

“Some bloke over there,” he pointed in the Ravenclaw table’s general direction. “He just smiled at me and gave me a ‘thumbs up’. Like I did something to be proud of or something.”

“Everybody’s acting strange lately,” commented Hermione. “When we first walked in here, a couple of witches from Hufflepuff blushed and then winked at me.”

“It is the Spotted Wollcock’s mating season,” Luna offered and left it at that, assuming that everyone knew what it implied.

Ignoring the peculiar actions of his peers as well as Luna’s bizarre explanation, Harry returned to watching Ron eat everyone’s dinner. Thankfully, by the next day, the shock of Snape’s seemingly favorite hobby had worn off and Harry, Hermione, and Luna were able to eat once again. Of course even with their renewed appetites, Ron still nicked food off of their plates.

That night, as they were preparing for a quiet night in bed, Hermione broached a subject. She said; "That was very nice what you said about Molly: how you think of her as a mother. I'm sure she'd be tickled pink to hear that."

"Yeah," Harry said with a genuine smile. He imagined Mrs. Weasley gushing happily and pulling Harry into a rib-breaking hug.

"And I know that Ron isn't very expressive, but I'm sure he's proud that you look at him as a brother," Hermione continued, slipping on her silk pajamas.

Then, an overly confused expression appeared on her face, she was undoubtedly forcing it for effect. Tapping her finger on her chin thoughtfully, Hermione turned to Harry, as he was tugging the bed sheets down to crawl into bed, and asked; "Tell me Harry; if Molly's like a mother and Ron's a brother, what does that make Ginny to you?"

"What are you getting at?" Harry asked, dubious of his girlfriend's intentions.

"Well, Ginny is Molly's daughter. And she's Ron's sister," Hermione said thoughtfully. "Since you look at those two as mother and brother... wouldn't that make Ginny a sister?"

A wicked, nay downright evil grin popped up on Hermione's face.

"You snogged a girl who's like a sister," she said devilishly. "And you felt her tits... devoid of any substance that most would consider breasts, but you felt up the flat-chested bint who's like a sister none the less!"

With an odd and uncharacteristic calmness, Harry waited for Hermione's joke to end. Normally, Harry would've been revolted at such an issue. But a naughty thought of his own occurred to him and he was waiting for Hermione to finish so he could act upon it.

Clearly disappointed that Harry was not reacting like he normally did (i.e. screaming, turning green, and so on), Hermione decided to twist

the proverbial knife to get a response out of him. "Not only is she like a sister, but she looks like your mother! Is incest really that appealing to you, Harry? It must be since Ginny, the girl you kissed and fondled, is the virtual epitome of incest for you."

"Are you finished?" he asked coolly.

"You're no fun," she pouted, disappointed that Harry wasn't nearly in tears.

Harry took his cue and leapt onto the bed. Deftly, he tumbled across the mattress, sat on the edge, and grabbed Hermione around her waist. Before she could even flinch, he tossed her over his lap and smacked her round bottom hard. Hermione yelped in a combination of pain, surprise and arousal.

"Bad, naughty little witch for toying with me like that," Harry scolded and spanked her through her pajamas again.

"OW!" she half cried, half cheered.

"You shouldn't mock me like that," he said and tugged her pajama bottoms down, exposing her knickers-covered bum. Harry hooked his thumb under the left edge of her knickers and his index finger under the right. He pulled his fingers into a fist, causing the cotton unmentionables into a thin band. Next, Harry pulled on the band, wedging the fabric between Hermione's round cheeks. The witch groaned out loudly as her knickers tugged against her sensitive flower.

"Naughty little witches like you need to be punished," Harry said with a broad grin. "Don't they?"

While still tugging her knickers up, Harry used his free hand and slapped her bare right cheek.

"I asked the naughty little witch a question," Harry said. "Don't bad little witches like you need to be punished?"

"Oh, hell yes," she hissed out. "Spank my mischievous bottom."

Harry proceeded to slap each cheek in turn with a rapid series of light smacks. While spanking one cheek, Harry watched entranced as the other jiggled from the blow.

Once the witch had a nice even pink hue to her skin, Harry increased the strength and speed of his blows. In no matter of time, Hermione was cheering; "OW! YES! OW! HARDER! OW! MORE!"

After a good full three minutes, Harry paused. He massaged her red and welt-covered bum while he spoke. "A naughty little witch who says vile things about her boyfriend needs to be punished. I should spank your bottom 'til you learn your lesson."

"Oh, Merlin, yes," she breathed out. "Please make me learn my lesson."

He pulled her knickers, which were visibly damp from where they had rubbed against her flower, halfway down her thighs. Now that his hand wasn't holding Hermione's knickers in place, Harry was free to use both hands to paddle his lover's bottom. Almost immediately, his hands fell into a rhythm. The instant one hand left her skin, the other smacked her round bottom. He marveled at the sight of her glowing bum as it bounced and jiggled wildly due to the blows. It looked like the sea during a storm.

Hermione was so excited that she was hissing short, rapid breaths in and out through gritted teeth. Also, Harry could feel her love juices trickling down his leg and staining the sheets.

A few minutes later, Hermione's bottom took on the appearance of a smooth, polished, and very red ruby.

"Oh, God, Harry; I want you," she groaned out. Her voice was husky with lust.

Even though 'Harry, Jr.' was more than willing to take the task, the organ was painfully hard, Harry wanted to toy with Hermione a bit longer.



“Naughty little witches often don’t get what they want,” he said with mirth.

“WHAT?” Hermione’s head snapped back and she stared daggers at him for his defiance.

Looking directly at her spiteful stare with a wicked twinkle in his eyes, Harry gave Hermione another painful spank. Her face lit up and her mean expression turned into a begging one in the blink of an eye.

“Please,” she said pitifully. “I need you.”

“Oh, no, you hurt me with your words and I’m still mad at you,” he said evenly. “And since you’re being punished,” he spanked her. “I think I won’t give in.”

Tears of frustration practically flowed from Hermione’s brown-green eyes. They grew wide with desire and need. It gave her a desperate look. Harry found himself loving the sense of temporary power her desperation gave him.

Harry remembered that he had been originally put off by Courtney’s suggestion about taking control every once in a while. But now that he had Hermione begging him for a shag, he made a mental note to properly thank the Auror trainee.

“Damn it, Harry, take me right now!” Hermione demanded desperately.

“Um...” Harry paused and pretended to mull over her request. “No,” he said curtly and slapped her bright red bum.

Hermione shouted a rather naughty word in disappointment.

“Such harsh language,” reprimanded Harry, and gave her another swat which caused her to curse again. With another spank, Hermione buried her face in the bed sheets and growled loudly.

“Oh, my poor bad little witch,” Harry playfully mocked as he gently rubbed her sore backside. “She’s all dripping. My bad witch wants it bad. Doesn’t she?”

Even though he could not see her face, Harry was positive that Hermione was rolling her eyes with annoyance at this question. With a chuckle in his voice, he repeated the question. “The naughty little witch wants it, doesn’t she?”

To punctuate the fact that he wanted her to answer, Harry gave Hermione’s left bum-cheek a strong squeeze.

“Oh, yes give it to me,” Hermione said in a passionless voice. “Make me scream. Cum inside me. Blah. Blah. Blah.”

As punishment for not playing along, Harry gave her bottom three hard swats.

“Oh, yes! Give it to me!” Hermione cried out, this time, very passionately.

Smiling like the cat that ate the canary, Harry said “No.”

“Har-r-ry,” Hermione moaned pitifully. “Give it to me.”

“Okay,” Harry caved. “A little.”

“How are you going to give me ‘a little’?” she asked, once again looking over her shoulder.

“Like this,” he answered and slid his hand down between her glowing cheeks. He pushed his middle finger into her sopping folds.

“Oh,” she breathed out. “That’s how.”

While he stimulated Hermione with his fingers, Harry kept his other hand busy by spanking her bum at random intervals. A few minutes and a fairly loud orgasm later, a very satisfied Hermione gasped for breath on Harry’s lap. Wriggling her tummy against his erection, Hermione purred “We should take care of that.”

“That’s a good idea,” Harry agreed. “I’m up for a blow job.”

“My, aren’t we all demanding tonight,” she said with a wicked smile.

“There are better things to do with your mouth right now besides talking,” Harry stated impishly while pointing to the bulge in his pants.

“Okay, I’ll do it only if you keep talking to me like that,” she requested.

“Does my naughty little witch want to give ‘Harry, Jr.’ a tongue massage?” he asked.

“That’ll work,” Hermione said and slipped off of Harry’s lap. She moved slowly and gingerly because of her obviously sore bum. With a pleasant hiss, Hermione knelt between Harry’s knees.

While Hermione tugged down Harry’s trousers, he asked “Did you want me to talk dirty in something like a play by play? You know, something like ‘That’s it, free my willy and give it a kiss.’”

“Whatever you feel like saying, Harry,” she said with a twinkle in her eyes.

“Okay,” he smiled. “How about the naughty little witch giving me a squeeze...”

For the next few minutes, Hermione gave her lover a very energetic hummer. She seemed encouraged by Harry’s dirty comments, such as; “My, you look awfully pretty with that in your mouth” and “Do my balls feel good on your chin?” All the while, Hermione blushed furiously, clearly turned on by his efforts in dirty talk.

After he finished – and Hermione swallowed, Harry asked the heavens “What great deed did I do to get such a naughty witch as a present?”

## Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

### Chapter Twenty-Five: Dim-witted Theories and Troubles Abound

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

### Chapter Twenty-Five: The Talk of the Castle.

The next night, Harry and Hermione were alone in their Head Students' quarters, reading quietly. Harry was going over his notes for Transfiguration, while Hermione read from their 'special book.' Every once in a while, the brunette witch had to readjust the squashy pillow she was using as a seat cushion. Despite a heaping dosage of Bruise Be Gone ointment and ample massaging from Harry, her bottom was still quite red and sore from the previous night's spankings. Harry would've felt bad over Hermione's discomfort, if the witch didn't have a persistent satisfied grin etched on her face. She definitely was one kinky woman.

A soft knocking drew the teens' attention to the door. Harry set his notes aside and went to see who was calling. The wizard was surprised to see Ginny, who had obviously been crying quite a bit judging by her red and puffy eyes and tear-stained cheeks, standing in the hallway.

"Am I... am I interrupting?" she asked meekly and sniffled.

Genuinely concerned over Ginny's condition, Harry ushered her in.

"Ginny, are you alright?" Hermione asked from the couch.

"No," the red head sniffled again.

Hermione patted a spot close to her on the couch, indicating that Ginny should sit next to her. But instead of sitting, Ginny dove and threw her arms around Hermione's neck. The younger witch openly sobbed into Hermione's shoulder.

"Shh, shh, it's okay," cooed Hermione and she began rubbing the red head's back. Harry joined the witches on the couch and placed a comforting hand on Ginny's shoulder.

After a few minutes, Ginny calmed. Hiccupping, the red head pulled away from Hermione and leaned against the back of the couch.

"I'm in so much trouble," the young witch bemoaned.

"Why? What happened, Ginny?" asked Harry. The red head's lip quivered pathetically and Harry reassured "You can tell us, we're your friends."

"And Harry's practically a brother, to boot," Hermione said while looking directly at Harry, her eyes sparkling mischievously. Harry rolled his eyes; he couldn't believe that his lover was asking for another paddling.

"I'm pregnant," Ginny cried as her tears splashed down her face.

"Oh, Ginny," Hermione said mournfully, her mischievous sparkle disappearing instantly.

Harry just put his arm around Ginny's shoulders. He wanted to say something comforting, but the only thing he could think of to say was "I'll miss you after your mum murders you," but that was tactless so he kept quiet.

"Didn't you use protection?" asked Hermione.

"Yes, all the time. I've always used the Inaedifico Charm," Ginny said between sobs.

"What's the Inaedifico Charm?" Harry asked Hermione over Ginny's head.

"It's a semen repellent," the brunette explained. "It's a spell that creates a barrier. Basically a witch uses the charm to keep any semen from reaching the cervix and therefore the womb. It's very effective and simple to do. And it lasts three weeks with each casting. That's why I use it."

"Are you sure you didn't forget to recast it?" Hermione asked the crying witch.

"No, to be safe I recast it every two weeks," she answered. "It's Neville, he's too big."

"Honey, the size of Neville's penis doesn't mean he's extra fertile," Hermione said. "Besides, it doesn't matter how fertile the wizard is, the Inaedifico Charm would work. It's a very reliable contraceptive."

"I know that. I'm talking about Neville's length," Ginny said, wiping away the tears from her eyes. "He's so big, he bypasses the charm. The head of his willy actually pushes through my cervix. When we have sex, he cums right in my womb."

"Pushes through your cervix?" Hermione echoed; her face a mixture of surprise and anguish. "Ow."

"Oh, you get used to it after four or five times," dismissed Ginny.

"Ow," repeated Hermione. She had her hands clutched on the lower part of her belly in phantom pain. "Ow."

"I need help," implored Ginny. "What am I supposed to do? I'm scared."

"Does Neville know?" asked Harry.

"No," the red head said.

"And your parents don't know?" Hermione asked.

"Of course not," Ginny replied. "Do you think I'm mad? What should I do?"

"Well, Neville needs to know," stated Harry. He imagined that if he were in Neville's shoes, he'd want to know.

"And your parents should be told as well" added Hermione.

"You're mad!" Ginny said, staring with terror filled eyes at Hermione. "Sure, I'll tell Nev. But my parents? You're barmy to think I'm going to tell my folks."

"Ginny, they're going to find out sooner or later," Hermione explained. "I think it'll be for the best if it's sooner rather than later."

Ginny turned the wizard and with a pleading expression, she begged "Harry, you'll tell them for me, won't you?"

"You think I'm suicidal or something?" he asked. "Because the moment I say the words 'Ginny's pregnant' they'll kill me."

"But you're not the father, they won't get mad at you," the red head pointed out.

"Won't matter," argued Harry. "All they'll see is a bloke saying something about their princess being knocked up and they'll kill me. I imagine it's like an automatic response for parents."

"But they love you," Ginny urged.

"No, I'm with Harry on this. Either you by yourself or with Neville should tell your parents," Hermione stated. She then added under her breath, "Cervix – ow!"

"Oh, God," Ginny cried into her hands. "I'm dead! I'm dead! I'm dead!"

"Don't be so melodramatic, Gin-Gin," Harry said in a calm and soothing voice. "Sure your folks'll be mad, at first. But you're their little girl and they love you. Hell, it's obvious they love babies too, otherwise they wouldn't have had so many." With this point, Ginny's

head snapped up and she looked at Harry as if he was brilliant. Encouraged by Ginny's expression, Harry forged ahead. "I'm sure that once the baby is born, your mum and dad will forget all about this. They'd probably love the idea about being grandparents once they hold the little tyke for the first time."

"You're right Harry," Ginny cheered with a genuine smile. "I'll hide my pregnancy! And after I give birth, I'll surprise Mum and Dad with the baby!"

"That's not what I said," Harry shot back.

"It won't work," added Hermione.

"Yes it will!" Ginny said gleefully. "I'll just use some glamour charms to hide any bumps or whatnot and my parents will be none the wiser."

"Ginny, please stop and think about this," prayed Hermione.

"It's brilliant," Ginny said with sparkling eyes and a dazzling smile. "And once the baby is born, I'll show it to Mum and Dad and they'll love it just like you said, Harry!"

The red head bounced up from the couch and twirled happily as Harry tried to defend himself. "But I didn't..."

"Thanks Harry, you're a lifesaver!" Ginny congratulated before prancing out of the Head Boy and Girl's chamber.

"Oh, this will not end well," Hermione breathed out.

"Somehow, I think this will come back and bite me on the arse," Harry pondered.

The next day at lunch, Harry, Hermione, and Ron leaned in close to Luna, as she was telling the trio the latest odd happening in the castle:

"Dennis Creevey is with Padma Patil?" Harry asked disbelievingly. "I thought he was gay."



"No, his brother is the one who's gay," corrected Luna. "Dennis was just helping Colin hook up with you, which is a very lovely thing to do for one's own sibling."

"How did a bloke like Dennis get together with Padma?" inquired Ron as he wolfed down another helping of shepherd's pie. "I mean he's three years younger than her. And she's hot while he's goofy looking."

"I saw it with my own two eyes," Luna said conversationally. "They were both getting dress as they stumbled out into the hallway. They saw me, giggled and kissed rather passionately before going their separate ways."

"Maybe it was something else," Hermione offered. She too had trouble wrapping her mind around the concept of Dennis and Padma together. "Maybe she was giving him a tutoring session and the kiss was innocent."

"Possible, but I doubt it. It was a tongue kiss, after all. Pink organs fighting for dominance in one another's mouth, and all that," explained Luna. "And when I said that they were getting dressed, I meant that Padma's left breast was exposed. She has lovely skin by the way; blemish-free and very soft looking. And as they parted, Padma gave Dennis' groin a good squeeze. He still had an erection; I could see the outline of his crown and shaft pressing against the fabric of his trousers. Oh, he also smelled like sex when he passed me. But maybe you're right and it was innocent."

"Maybe it was a very good tutoring session," Harry feebly defended Hermione's speculation.

"Oh, and speaking about sex, Ronald and I finally broke our dry spell," Luna said happily.

"You had a dry spell?" Harry asked... and instantly regretted it. The blonde witch had a tendency to be a little too open about such topics.

"Yes, ever since Snape's admission of masturbating constantly," Luna paused and shivered in disgust. "Please don't misunderstand; I

happen to think masturbation is a lovely act. Just last week, I watched Ronald pleasure himself for me.”

“Luna, they don’t need to know,” Ron said in embarrassment.

“It was a beautiful and loving moment,” Luna continued despite Ron’s objections. “But Snape is nothing more than a disgusting and foul man. The mere idea of him having sex, even a solo act, is just as disgusting as the greasy git himself. That excuse for a man defiled a beautiful deed for me with his hateful tale.”

Harry did his best to try and block any unwanted images of Snape out of his mind.

“So for the past few days I haven’t been able to even think about sex,” Luna said. “Every time I tried to be intimate with my husband, I could only see an image of that foul man with his penis in his hand. Drooling while abusing himself like some deranged madman.”

Harry eyed the fork in his hand and pondered over the notion of jabbing the utensil into his eye and shoving it into his brain. He was beginning to warm up to the idea that he could use the fork to lobotomize himself in order to remove the image that Luna had just created.

“But last night, I was finally able to overcome the horror that Snape had created, and my Ronald and I made love,” Luna beamed at her husband. “First he took me on the couch, then the bed, and a desk. And then I was able to fulfill Ronald’s heartfelt wishes.”

The blonde witch held up her fore and middle fingers and wriggled them proudly.

“Oh, look at the time, class is starting,” Hermione said and shot up, clearly disturbed by what Luna was describing. She grabbed Harry, who was beyond shocked at Luna’s gesture, by the hand and dragged him out of the seat.

“Lessons don’t start for another quarter hour, Hermione,” said Luna while still wriggling her fingers like two burrowing worms. At this

moment, Ron had his face hidden behind his hands, deeply embarrassed. Harry meanwhile was still clutching the fork and seriously debating the lobotomy option.

“Well, then we... uh...it’s Head Boy and Girl stuff,” Hermione said nervously. “Harry and I have to do... things,” she finished lamely and dashed out of the Great Hall with Harry in tow.

By dinner that evening, the news of Dennis’ and Padma’s relationship had spread like wildfire. Not that Harry, Hermione, Ron, or Luna had talked about it, which they didn’t. It was the fact that Dennis had gone down on Padma after lessons were done for the day. Of course what made it widely known was that the two did this by the lake where they had attracted a good sized crowd that allegedly cheered the couple on.

Now that their relationship wasn’t a secret (nor had they apparently wanted it to remain a secret seeing the public sex and all), Padma and Dennis sat next to each other, feeding each other bits of food as they looked longingly into their partner’s eyes.

Then, something occurred to Harry, as he looked over the students gathered in the Great Hall. He noticed that a number of the student body were paired up, much more so than usual. Dean Thomas was with Mandy Brocklehurst. Tracy Davis was in Terry Boot’s lap. Megan Jones was kissing Theodore Nott. And dozens of other couples were scattered through the Hall.

Harry eyed his pumpkin juice. Had someone spiked it with a love potion or something? He was suddenly scared; Harry had stopped checking his own meals once the more aggressive House Elf sect had stopped punishing him with platefuls of steaming excrement for his sin of “deflowering the Great One.” However given the widespread impact, a love potion was the only feasible reason he could come up with to explain this current “love fest” that was gripping Hogwarts.

“Hey guys,” Ginny said as she walked into the Great Hall. She was supporting Neville who had just looked like he had thrown up several times. He was deathly pale and his eyes were wide and blank.

“What’s with Neville?” Ron asked.

“Oh, nothing,” Ginny said with a nervous dismissal. The red head witch looked at Harry and Hermione and slipped them a note. “C’mon sweetie, lets get you some food,” Ginny said to Neville and led him down to an empty spot.

Harry unfolded the note and held it so that only he and Hermione could read it. It read:

“I just told him. I think he’s taking it rather well.”

Harry looked down the table at Neville. The wizard looked close to fainting. If Ginny considered that “taking it rather well” he wondered what Ginny considered taking it poorly.

“I still think Expelliarmus can defeat You Know Who,” Ron offered suddenly, pulling Harry away from his thoughts regarding love potions and accidental pregnancies (which, between Ginny and Tonks, had been happening quite a bit lately).

“Not again, Ron,” moaned Hermione.

“No, no, hear me out,” persisted Ron. “I’m not talking about a normal Expelliarmus, but one cast from a super wand.”

Harry looked to his girlfriend and asked, “Is there such a thing as a super wand?”

She shrugged and answered, “We just turned a bit of string into a pterodactyl in our last class, so I guess anything is possible.”

“Yes, they are true. I’ve heard that Dumbledore had one,” Ron stated. “How else do you think he was able to do such wonderful stuff? Because he had a super wand, that’s how!”

“Actually, I think he could do those things because he was talented and studied hard,” Hermione challenged.

Harry saw Ron lean forward with his face beginning to turn an angry red and Hermione was copying his actions. The two were evidently ready for yet another heated argument.

“Okay, let’s just say Dumbledore had a super wand,” Harry speculated, trying to stem the fight that was about to ensue between Ron and Hermione. “How did he get it?”

“Easy; when he beat Grindelwald,” Ron answered in a haughty tone, as if he was proud that he knew something Hermione didn’t. “Grindelwald’s wand was called the Senior Wand, or something like that, and when Dumbledore defeated Grindelwald back in ‘45, the wand was passed to Dumbledore.”

“Um that really doesn’t make sense, Ron,” Harry said in as kind of way as possible as to not anger his excitable friend. “Back in fifth year, when we took our OWLs, we met someone who tested Dumbledore in his NEWTs when the Headmaster was a student. He said that Dumbledore was able to do wondrous things that he had ever seen. And that would have been decades before he defeated Grindelwald. Which means that Hermione was right, Dumbledore didn’t have a super wand, he was just skilled and talented.”

“Yeah, he may have wowed that bloke, but I heard Dumbledore got a super wand off of Grindelwald and that’s why he was so powerful,” Ron insisted. Knowing that Ron would not stop until he was finished, even if his reasoning and logic were flawed, Harry let his friend continue.

“I also heard that when you defeat someone and disarm them that they can no longer use their own wand because it belongs to you now,” Ron continued with his wild theory. Harry could feel Hermione about to protest, but he squeezed her hand, urging her to let Ron say his peace. “And that’s what happened with the Senior Wand; Dumbledore was able to beat Grindelwald thereby rendering the super wand useless to Grindelwald and making it his own.”

“So what you’re saying is that I should dig up Dumbledore and snatch his wand, this Senior Wand?” Harry asked tentatively.

“Yes, but first you’d have to duel and defeat Draco,” Ron clarified... if one could call it clarification.

“Why Draco?” asked Harry. And trying his best to lower himself to Ron’s argument, the raven haired wizard countered, “Why not Snape? He was the one who killed Dumbledore.”

“You see, that’s where you misunderstand the logic of it all,” Ron said with a superior grin. Harry had to bite his tongue and not say something about howler monkeys and logic. “Snape killed Dumbledore in order to save Draco from becoming a murderer. Therefore, Draco was the one who defeated Dumbledore, not Snape.”

Harry felt the tinge of an approaching migraine forming in his frontal lobe. He heard Hermione begin to mutter a question, but the brunette was so confused by Ron’s train of thought that all she was able to enunciate was “Wha?”

“So, let’s just march over to Malfoy, whoop his arse, then fetch the Senior Wand and you’ll be unstoppable Harry,” Ron concluded, seeming as if he was congratulating himself for a splendid argument.

“Ron, your theory is flawed in one area,” began Hermione, recovering from her befuddlement.

“And what area is that?” the red head asked confident that he could challenge Hermione.

“It’s stupid,” she concluded.

“What do you mean it’s stupid?” Ron demanded with annoyance.

“If a person’s wand is rendered useless when he is defeated, how was Snape able to kill Dumbledore? You, Harry, and I beat Snape in our third year; we knocked him out and disarmed him. So by your logic, his wand has been useless to him since then,” explained Hermione. “Therefore Snape couldn’t have used his wand to kill Dumbledore because he wouldn’t have been able to use it seeing that it is ours by right of conquest.”

“Also, your theory about the secession of the Senior Wand doesn’t work either,” Harry added in a compassionate way.

“How is that?” Ron asked with a frown.

“Well, you say that Draco is the current possessor of the Senior Wand because Snape killed Dumbledore in order to save the wanker,” Harry summarized. “But Snape was acting on Dumbledore’s direct orders; not only to save Malfoy from becoming a murderer but to end his own suffering. And since Snape was acting on Dumbledore’s orders, the greasy git was, in effect, Dumbledore’s tool. The idea of succession through defeat can’t apply here. Dumbledore was basically committing suicide, using the situation to try to redeem Malfoy for some reason and end his own suffering. Therefore he basically defeated himself. Not Snape and definitely not Malfoy.”

Luna placed a comforting hand on Ron’s shoulder and said soothingly, “Ronald, my love, next time you have one of these ideas, run it by me first so that you don’t sound like a fool, okay?”

Just as Ron nodded his head in compliance, another group of people walked up to Harry. This time it was Seamus Finnegan and he had one arm draped over Lavender Brown and the other around Parvati Patil. All three looked extremely pleased and each had a glistening sheen to their skin.

“Tanks, Har-ee, ‘or tha bes’,” Seamus slurred. He sounded as if his tongue had gone numb and was having difficulty speaking clearly. Despite this handicap, Seamus was grinning wildly. “Ree-min’ ‘e ta by ‘ou ah pressen’.”

With that, Lavender and Parvati giggled like school-girls – which, technically, they were – and dragged Seamus out of the Great Hall. Before they got too far, Harry heard the two witches interact:

“I get the top, you get the bottom.”

“But you got the top first last time. I want to go first.”

Hermione picked up her goblet and eyed the liquid contents “Did someone spike the pumpkin juice?” she asked, mirroring Harry’s earlier thought.

That night, in the safety of their chamber, where none of the weird activity of their peers could interrupt them, Harry and Hermione were again reading. Harry read a book on Quidditch while Hermione continued to read the Tantric rituals book. The bespectacled wizard liked it when Hermione read the ‘special book,’ as it usually meant they were going to try something exciting.

“This is a very interesting ritual,” Hermione commented as she read over a small section in Harry’s ‘special book.’

“What does it do?” the raven haired wizards asked, not looking up from his homework. He was trying not to lose his cool over the idea that Hermione had just found an interesting segment. What he wanted to do was shout “Let’s perform the ritual!” not really caring what it did, but that would make him look desperate. And a touch sad.

“It’s called the ‘Morgy Ritual.’ It can cause pain through magical connections, such as the Dark Mark,” Hermione summarized. “All we have to do is draw this channeling symbol, and then either write down the name of the magical connection, or draw a symbol of that connection, and then have sex.”

“So basically we’d draw the Dark Mark, indicating our targets are Death Eaters, and then have sex,” Harry recapped.

“Yes,” Hermione agreed. She continued to explain the ritual; “If we perform the ritual with ‘mild intensity’ it will cause the targets to feel a slight pain, something like a bad itch. But a heightened intensity will cause the targets incredible pain; akin to the sensation of being on fire.”

“So a tussle in the sack will make everyone baring the Dark Mark feel pain?” asked Harry.

“Yes.”



“And the more intense the sex, the more pain the Death Eaters will feel?”

“Um,” she paused and quickly rechecked the text. “Yes.”

“Well then, Miss Granger, prepare for several screaming orgasms,” Harry said and tugged his robes off in a manly fashion. In the process, the wizard managed to tear the clasp off of his robes. He would have to use a Stitching Charm to reattach it later. But at least the action looked manly.

A rosy bloom graced the witch's cheeks in anticipation. Deftly, Hermione flicked the clasp on her robes open. Unlike Harry, she didn't tear anything, meaning she wouldn't have to waste her time sewing things like he would.

“Just how many screaming orgasms?” she asked while slowly unbuttoning her blouse.

“As many as it takes,” he replied and lowered his trousers. “This is for justice after all. Dealing out punishment to the wicked and whatnot is my duty.”

“Did you say ‘punishment to the wicked’?” Hermione asked coyly while still undoing her top. “Because my bottom is still a little sore. And even though I am ‘wicked’ and I like ‘punishment’ I think we should wait a while for another spanking.”

“Gotcha, no spankings,” Harry said and he began rapidly unbuttoning his shirt. He had decided not to do the manly thing and tear it open; he really didn't like sewing. “I'll just stick to using my parsletongue abilities.”

Harry dropped his underwear and stepped out of them while Hermione slowly opened her blouse. ‘Harry, Jr.’ grumbled about fair-play; here was Harry, completely naked, and Hermione still had her skirt and bra on. And, added to the penis' ire, the ‘special book,’ lovely and wonderful as it was, was still on her lap. That meant it was blocking one of ‘Harry, Jr.’s favorite entrances, damn it! Ignoring his appendage's impatience, Harry continued to toy with his girlfriend.

“How many climaxes do you think it’ll take to deal out punishment to the Death Eaters?”

“Like you said, as many as it takes,” she said, running her fingers over the edges of her cotton bra.

“Well, then, I’ll just have to do my best,” Harry boasted, hopping in place in eagerness. “I reckon that I’ll pleasure you so much that my tongue will be numb by the time I’m finished.”

Hermione bit her lip. Her blush deepened as she said, “You’ll be talking like Seamus then.”

“Sacrifices have to be made for justice. What’s a little numb tongue compared to punishing evil Death Eaters?”

With a gleeful expression, Hermione went to move the tantric magic book off of her lap. When her eyes fell on the text, the witch’s eyes grew wide and her joyful demeanor disappeared in a flash.

Recognizing that look, Harry asked “What is it?”

“I misread it,” Hermione practically whimpered. “It states we need more than two.”

“And I plan on giving you more than two,” Harry said with naked pride. “In fact, I plan on giving you so many that you lose consciousness. And I’ll probably continue to give you more when you’re asleep because I’m feeling frisky right now. It’s for justice after all.”

“No, Harry, not multiple orgasms, multiple partners,” Hermione corrected.

Harry blinked once. “Oh.”

He blinked again and asked, “By multiple you mean more than you and me?”

“Yes. To achieve the itching sensation in our targets I told you about, we would need a ménage à trois.”

“Manage a what?” asked a perplexed Harry.

“A threesome, Harry,” Hermione pointed out. “For a burning sensation akin to a bad rash, we would need four people. And for the target to feel utter pain, we would need at least six participants.”

“Oh,” Harry repeated. Causing pain to every marked Death Eater was appealing. Perhaps there was a way around it. “Maybe we can get Ron and Luna to join in,” he offered.

“Excuse me?” Hermione asked, clearly offended.

“You know, Ron and Luna can use the spare room while we’re in ours,” explained Harry. “We’ll just put up some silencing charms so we don’t hear each other.”

“You misunderstand, Harry,” she replied. “By multiple partners, the book said we have to share in the ritual.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning once Ron and Luna, and then you and I had our go, we would need to swap partners,” Hermione said with thinly veiled annoyance. “Which means you’d have to have sex with Luna and...” she punctuated these next words as if they were the most important part of her argument; “...I would have to sleep with RON! EWW!”

“They’re our friends and I love them,” admitted Harry. “But I don’t ‘love them’ love them.”

“RON! EWW!”

“They may have seen us have sex through Pensieve memories,” Harry continued. “But this would be entirely different. And different in a bad way.”

“All that red hair.”

"I don't mind sharing some things, but there is a point where sharing becomes too much."

"It would be like shagging a circus clown."

Harry looked at his lover. "He's still our friend. We don't need to be cruel."

"Circus clown," she stated factually. "He already has the orange-ish red hair and abnormally big feet. All he needs to finish the ensemble is a red-rubber nose."

"You don't seem all that upset over the notion of me sleeping with Luna in this little scenario," Harry dared to point out, hoping that Hermione would take it for the joke that it was intended to be.

"Well she isn't a clown like Ron, is she?" Hermione replied. "Besides, what would you do with those enormous tits of hers? Honestly? Each one is bigger than your head. You wouldn't know what to do with them."

"I'd use them as a pillow," he said with a naughty smile. "A big, soft, warm pillow."

"We could both use her breast as pillows," Hermione snorted a laugh. "You sleep on the left one I'll get the right."

The couple shared a belly laugh at the thought. After a moment, Hermione became more serious. "It's too bad though about the ritual. It would've been nice to make those lousy Death Eaters suffer."

"Can't we still do it?" asked Harry. "Just ourselves mind you. I mean with both of our power boost, we should be able to perform it."

"No, in this case, the participants' power level has no effect on the ritual," Hermione said with a pout. "In fact, according to this, some of the people could even be squibs and the outcome would still be the same."

“Shame that,” Harry said, trying to look like he was deeply disappointed. The curled up edges of his mouth ruined the affect. “Oh well, I guess I’ll just have to give you several screaming orgasms just for fun then, justice be damned.”

With that, Harry leapt on his lover and tore at her skirt. A few scant minutes later, the first of many “OH SWEET BABY MAEVE!” was heard.

Later that week, Harry had come up with a rather brilliant plan. He had decided to perform the Wit Enhancing ritual that Hermione had created and then, once he was recuperated, they would do the han – err – searching ritual. This was brilliant for two reasons; first, he believed that with the temporary boost in his intelligence, he’d be able to deduce where the missing Horcrux was hidden. And second, this plan was brilliant because it involved two different sex acts, which were always fun.

To prepare for the Wit Enhancing ritual, Hermione warmed up by stretching so that she could hold the awkward position needed for it. And Harry warmed up both himself and his lover for the ritual by kissing, licking, and suckling Hermione’s various bits. After shouting the proper incantation of “Maximus Intellegentia!” when his climax hit him, Harry felt the wave of magic pass through him. He knew that the ritual had increased his intelligence because as he waited for his stamina to return, he and Hermione speculated that the cooling weather this season would make the skins of Mandrakes particularly thick, making the plants overly bitter and angry.

An hour or two after performing the Wit Enhancing ritual, Harry and Hermione started the han – err – other ritual. A few seconds after Hermione began to massage Harry and while both teens chanted their separate incantations, they felt the now familiar sensations of their spirits leaving their bodies. Once again, astral-Harry and Hermione dove through the air and ended up in the darkness. Unfortunately, their increased intelligence shed little light on the darkness. In fact, while they hovered in the inky blackness, the two lovers discussed the esoteric ramifications of the color black and what its various meanings meant for mankind throughout the ages.

Despite the fact that they weren't able to discern the location of the missing Horcrux, Harry suggested that they attempt the ritual again immediately upon returning to his body.

"You just want me to give you another hand-job," Hermione said in a reproachable fashion.

"Yes," he replied with all honesty. He then went on to lecture on the numerous health benefits of an active sex life.

A few days later, after the effects of the wit enhancing ritual wore off, Harry and Hermione made their way to their chambers after their lessons had ended for the day. Harry was pleasantly surprised to find Remus waiting for them in the Head Students' common room.

"What's up, Moony?" he asked as Hermione shut the door.

"I'm sorry to bother you two," Remus said apologetically. "But something rather curious has come up."

"What is it?" asked Hermione.

"Do you believe in reincarnation?" the older wizard asked sincerely.

"I've never really given it much thought," Harry said.

"I've read some books on the subject," offered Hermione.

"Well, prepare to be amazed," Remus stated and he opened the door leading to Harry and Hermione's room.

Slowly, little Sirius, Remus' son, came out of the room. The infant didn't crawl; in fact he walked upright, on two wobbly legs.

"He's not supposed to do that," Hermione said to Remus. "Sirius is too young to be able to even crawl, much less walk."

"Then I guess I shouldn't be able to talk either," the infant said in a squeaky voice.

"What the hell is going on?" Harry asked in shock as he stared at the talking infant.

"Harry, Hermione, I'm Sirius," the baby stated.

"Yes, we know that," Hermione said.

"No, not 'Sirius, Remus' son,' I'm Sirius, Remus' old lover and Harry's godfather," the baby corrected.

"You can't be able to talk," Hermione balked.

"Wait... Sirius was gay?" Harry asked in disbelief. "I thought he was a ladies' man?"

"No, we only referred to your father in that way," Remus pointed out. "Never once did we mention our sexuality to you, Harry. Not because we weren't proud, but because we were private."

"Wait, you're gay?" Harry asked Remus again.

"The proper term is bisexual, but yes, I'm gay," the older wizard answered. "Having a Metamorphmagus as a wife really does have its benefits, especially in the sack."

"Hey, remember me," the baby waved his chubby little arm to get everyone's attention. "I'm the issue here, not the fact that Remus liked to slob knobs."

"Crude as always," Remus criticized, rolling his eyes in disapproval.

"I could remind a certain someone in this room that he used to particularly enjoy my crude language, especially when that certain someone and I were locked up in dark and cramped broom cupboards, but I won't," little Sirius commented. "We need to find out how this happened."

"The baby is talking!" Hermione said in shocked disbelief while pointing at Sirius.

“Well, that’s the point. But, I’m not a baby, not really,” little Sirius said. “I’m Sirius Black. I went to school with Remus, James, Lily, Wormtail, and Snape. I fought in the first war as a member of the Order of the Phoenix, was betrayed by Wormtail, chunked in Azkaban, escaped, met you, Harry, went on the run, then got locked up in Grimmauld Place, fell through the Veil in the Department of Mysteries. The next thing I know, I’m getting pushed out of my cousin’s womb. How’d this happen?”

“The baby is talking!” Hermione, still in shock, repeated.

“Hermione, I need your brains right now,” Remus said and it seemed to draw the brunette witch out of her stupor. “You’re one of the brightest people I know and I need you to figure out what happened.”

Clearly bolstered by Remus’ compliment, Hermione snapped to attention. “So, he’s Sirius?” she questioned.

“Yes, he has all of Sirius’ memories and experiences,” Remus summarized. “I don’t know if it was because of that ritual you and Harry tricked us into doing, or the fact that I’m a werewolf and Tonks’ is a Metamorphmagus. Or even a combination of different things that caused this.”

“Wait, wait,” Hermione demanded. “I read some cases of reincarnation. But I have never heard of one where the person has retained all of their memories from their past lives. It’s never happened.”

“Well, it happened to me, Hermione,” Sirius said.

“But it’s not possible,” she countered. “The cases I read stated that sometimes a few vague memories may remain, but nothing like what you’re describing. You must be mistaken. Surely you can’t be Sirius.”

A tiny, impish grin appeared on both Remus and the baby, as if they had been expecting Hermione’s comment. With his squeaky voice, little Sirius uttered “I am serious, and don’t call me Shirley.”



Harry paused a second before saying "Wait, I've heard that before. On the telly I think."

Hermione turned and faced Harry. It was clear by her expression that she was about to ask him what he was talking about when realization suddenly dawned upon her. "Oh, you cheeky bastard!" Hermione cursed at Remus. She pointed an accusatory finger at the older wizard and loudly scolded again, "Cheeky bastard!"

"Shh, you'll wake the baby," Remus said between peals of laughter.

"Oh, yes, Hermione shouting will wake up the baby, not his father laughing like a baboon," Tonks sarcastically commented as she walked out of Harry and Hermione's room. Bundled in the pink haired witch's arms was a smiling baby Sirius.

Harry's eyes darted between the two copies of baby-Sirius. He asked, pointing to the baby in Tonks' arms "If that's Sirius, then who's that?" and pointed at the one standing next to Remus.

"That's Courtney, under polyjuice," informed a still laughing Remus. "She begged to be part of a prank against the two of you. How could we refuse?"

"Can I sit down now?" Courtney said in the baby's squeaky voice. "I haven't any bloody kneecaps thanks to being an infant, and it hurts to stand."

As the polyjuiced Auror plopped down on the ground, Harry shot a disbelieving look at Remus. "You brewed polyjuice, which takes a month to do, just to pull one of the oldest and most clichéd jokes in the world?"

"Yes!" cheered Remus.

Obviously encouraged by his father's laughter, the real Sirius began to chuckle. Well, actually, he made more of gurgling and spitting sounds, but you could tell that he was trying to laugh along with his dad. The cute sounds that the real baby-Sirius was making lightened Harry's and Hermione's moods.

"I can't believe you went through all the trouble of brewing polyjuice just so you can prank us with the 'Sirius-serious' joke," Hermione guffawed.

"If it isn't broken, don't fix it," Remus said proudly.

"What I don't get is the whole gay thing?" asked Harry.

"Adding elements of the truth in a prank always heightens the realism of it," Remus responded.

"Wait, you really are gay?" Hermione asked, taken back slightly.

"As I told you before, I'm bisexual," corrected Remus.

"Not before you met me, you weren't," Tonks interjected. "You only liked blokes until I came along."

"So you and Sirius were a couple?" Harry asked, ashamed he hadn't realized.

"Yes, we were," Remus said with a pleasant smile. "We were lovers but we broke up over a tiff we had shortly before Wormtail betrayed us all. Then we reconnected after the year I taught at Hogwarts. And we reconnected several hundred times while he was locked up in Grimmauld Place."

Harry experienced a moment of happiness. He realized that he was happy with the thought that at least his godfather had some comfort before he died.

"So that comment about Tonks' metamorphmagus abilities being a benefit was true?" Hermione asked tentatively.

"Yes, Hermione. Not only can I change my appearance, I can change my plumbing too," Tonks said with a smile. The pink haired witch walked up to Hermione and confided; "You gain a whole new appreciation for how much blokes love blow-jobs when you can grow a willy and have it sucked on."

“Oh,” uttered Hermione as she blushed a deep ruby red.

“I don’t mean to be a pest, but the polyjuice is about to wear off,” Courtney said. “And seeing how I’m only wearing a nappy, I’ll be pretty much naked. Now, I know how kinky Hermione and Harry are, but I don’t want to give them a show.”

“Alright, we’d better leave then,” Remus said.

After saying their goodbyes, Harry and Hermione were left alone.

“So, what should we do now?” Harry asked. He was hoping Hermione would ask for suggestions to which he’d offer “How about you bend over the desk...” but unfortunately, Hermione stated;

“I have to head to the Library and study.” She scooped up some parchment and quills. “Professor McGonagall offered me some extra credit and I’m taking her up on it.”

“But, your grade is around one hundred and eighty percent already. Why do you need extra credit?” complained Harry.

“It never hurts to get on Professor McGonagall’s good side,” Hermione stated.

“Her good side? Merlin, Hermione, McGonagall loves you so much right now I’d bet she has you in her will.”

“Maybe you should learn from my example,” Hermione challenged. “You could always boost your marks up a bit. How about you join me and we both can get some extra credit?”

“No,” he said automatically. “I’ve been reading and studying all day long. It’s time for a break.”

“Fine, it’s your loss,” Hermione said and made her way out of the room.

Harry grumbled. He was looking forward to making love with Hermione. So much so that 'Harry, Jr.' was stirring from his slumber. The organ was slowly rising and asked where Hermione was. For a moment, Harry considered taking the issue in hand – literally – and alleviate himself. But he had a girlfriend now and therefore he shouldn't have to do this solo anymore. Grumpily, Harry flopped down on the couch.

A loose piece of parchment sticking out of one of Harry's books on Quidditch caught his eye. He remembered that he had written down something and placed in a book back when he was under the effects of the Wit Enhancing ritual, but like all things he learned or thought during that time, Harry had only fuzzy recollections. Curious as to what he had written, Harry reached over and pulled the paper out of the book. It was a note, in his hand, addressed to himself. It read;

"Dear Harry,

Since you cannot remember things that occurred clearly, I have written this note.

I had a wonderful idea for a charm, and thanks to the boosted intelligence I received, I created it. I have not told Hermione about this spell because I want it to be a surprise.

It is called Loninquitas Amorus. I won't go into detail how I created or how it works because I know how feeble your mind is..."

Harry paused in his reading. Had he just insulted his own intelligence? As if he had somehow predicted this question back when he wrote the note, the next line stated;

"Yes, I just insulted your intelligence, get over it.

Now back to the charm; the name Loninquitas Amorus literally means 'Distance Love.' Basically, with this spell, you will be able to pleasure Hermione from a distance. There is no physical contact, penetration, or liquid exchange. Hermione will only experience sensations and feelings. Just purse your lips in a kiss and imagine that you are kissing her and Hermione will have the sensation of actually being

kissed. The same applies for foreplay; if you move your fingers about while focusing on Hermione's 'flower' she'll get the sensation of being stimulated. Same tactics apply to oral sex; work your tongue while pretending to eat her out and she'll get the sensation.

Sex is even simpler than anything else. The technique you'll need to perform this part of the charm is something you've been practicing for years; masturbation. While you're wanking yourself, imagine that Hermione is wrapped around your organ instead of your hand.

The incantation is *Loninquitas Amorus* if you haven't figured that out already. The necessary wand movements and spell intents are fully detailed on the second sheet of parchment.

Yours... or rather 'me's,'

Harry."

A nasty smile stretched across Harry's face. He got up from the couch and fetched his Invisibility Cloak and made his way to the Library. He reckoned it was high-time to test out this new charm.

Once he was close to the Library, Harry slipped into a classroom. There, he cast a Silencing Charm around himself, jotted down a quick note, and tossed the Invisibility Cloak over his body. With the combination of Cloak and the Silencing Charm, no one would be able to see or hear Harry as he performed his new charm on Hermione. Well except for Moody's Magical Eye, and he wasn't anywhere near the library, so it's the same thing.

Walking into the Library, Harry noted that it was rather crowded. A group of fifth year Slytherins was in the Divination section, while two sixth year Ravenclaws were browsing Ancient Runes. And located next to the table where Hermione was doing some light reading (only four books at the moment) was nearly a dozen second years from Gryffindor and Hufflepuff, huddled around a large tome. Pince, the Librarian, was scuttling from group to group, making sure no one was up to any shenanigans.

Silently, Harry slinked up to Hermione and placed the note he had just written on the book she was reading. When he pulled his hand away, it must've looked like the note popped into existence to Hermione. Before reading the scrap of paper, Hermione looked around, trying to find Harry, obviously knowing that he was hiding under his Cloak. Giving up on trying to find her lover, Hermione read the note.

"I created a new charm and I'm going to test it out. Just try and remain quiet.

Love,

H."

Hermione eyes narrowed in question as Harry took his place a few feet away from her. Whether she was going to ask what type of charm it was, why would she have to try to be quiet, or how on earth Harry was able to create a charm didn't matter. Under his Cloak, Harry waved his wand in the proscribed manner and incanted "Loninquitas Amorus."

Harry pursed his lips and imagined pressing them to Hermione's. He pretended to take in her scent. He saw his girlfriends eyes widened in surprise. She reached up and touched her lips, clearly wondering why it felt like she was being kissed. Harry parted his lips and slid his tongue out, remembering what it felt like to have his tongue roll around Hermione's mouth. A fetching blush grew on Hermione's cheeks.

Satisfied that the charm was working so far, Harry decided to progress further. He imagined trailing kisses down Hermione chin, neck, and to her breasts. The brunette witch gave a startled little jump when Harry mimed tweaking her nipples. He magically worked on her breasts for some time, licking, suckling, tweaking, and caressing air. Hermione fidgeted slightly as the sensation of having Harry kiss and fondle her body overcame her.

Smiling, Harry moved onto the next part of his plan. He held his hand in front of his face, extended his fore and middle finger, spreading

them out in a “v” and began to lick the space between his fingers. Hermione sat bolt straight in her chair as she felt Harry’s tongue on her nether lips. Eyes bulging and darting in every direction, the witch was clearly worried that someone would notice her predicament. And knowing how kinky his witch was, Harry was positive that the threat of discovery was turning Hermione on even more.

Tiny beads of sweat blossomed on Hermione’s brow. Harry assumed that she must’ve been practically flowing at that time. But, he wanted more out of her. Tapping into his love core, Harry activated his parseltongue ability.

“That’s cheating!” Hermione muttered under her breath. Almost instantaneously, she began to gyrate her hips, grinding her bum and other bits into her seat. “Cheating! Unfair! Cheating!” she chanted in a soft voice.

A short while later, Hermione began to tremble. Harry knew that she wanted to cry out in ecstasy but she was forcing it back. Her mouth opened and her lips formed a tight “o.” The witch’s eyelids were half closed. Harry realized that his lover was about to have one hell of a climax. He guessed that it must’ve been the combination of his parseltongue magic, the threat of being found out, and books – which were a turn on for Hermione – that was eliciting such a response from her.

Suddenly, Hermione gripped the edge of the table and stomped her feet down. Seemingly involuntarily, her bottom rose up off of the seat two or three inches. The witch let out a long, shuttering “o-o-oh!” before slowly lowering herself back onto the chair.

While she caught her breath, Hermione looked over at the group of second years just a few feet away. Thankfully, none of them had seemed to have noticed her actions. While Hermione was attempting to regain her composure, Harry pulled a very eager ‘Harry, Jr.’ out of his trousers. The raven haired wizard spat a large amount of saliva onto his palm and spread it over his organ. He spat once more and remembered the actual sensation of what it felt like to make love to Hermione. The wizard gripped his “wand” and slowly stroked himself.

Hermione's eyes shot open, wider than they ever had before. It looked like her eyes were threatening to leap out of her skull and roll across the table.

"Oh, my," she muttered softly.

Inch by inch, Harry slowly moved his hand down his shaft. Then, just as slowly, he slid his hand back up. He repeated this twice more and Hermione's hands gripped the table, her feet stomped the ground, and her lips formed an "o" once again. Harry marveled at Hermione's reaction, she was already approaching another orgasm. Apparently, his new spell was working wonderfully.

Harry continued to masturbate for several minutes. During this time Hermione had no less than three orgasms, each one threatening her resolve not to cry out passionately. She had sweated so much that her hair clung to her face, which was glowing red.

"Miss Granger, are you well?" Madame Pince asked.

Harry had been so intent on Hermione that he had not seen the Librarian walk up to her table.

"YES!" Hermione said a little too vehemently.

Harry wanted to stop, but he was so damn close that his hand wouldn't listen. It continued to pump away involuntarily.

"I'm f-f-fine, ma...ma'am," Hermione stuttered. With a touch of horror, Harry could tell that another orgasm was about to hit his lover any second. Thankfully though, Harry was in a similar state. He took comfort knowing that it would soon be over.

"You look ill, girl," Pince pressed.

"O-oh, its n-n-nothing," insisted Hermione rather breathily. "It's j-just my ah-ah-allergies."



“You should go see Madame Pomfrey,” suggested Pince. “She has a number of allergy remedies.”

“I’ll do-do-do that,” agreed Hermione. Then it was upon her. Harry saw her eyes grow wide in a combination of ecstasy and terror. A very large climax was about to claim her. And judging by the look of fear in her eyes, Harry knew that Hermione wouldn’t be able to stifle any cries that would ensue. Hermione took in a great, deep breath and Harry tensed, waiting for her scream of passion.

“AH-CHOO!” Hermione let out a very loud and very fake sneeze. “AH-CHOO!” she echoed and her feet kicked out. She threw her head back and “sneezed” several times in succession. “AH! AHHH! AH-AH-CHOO! AH-CHOOOOooo! AH-CHOO!” Harry was wincing at Hermione’s utter lack of acting ability. He was honestly surprised that the librarian was buying those clearly fake sneezes.

As his lover continued to hide her screaming orgasm with sneezes, Harry finally joined her in ecstasy. With a grunt, Harry ejaculated.

“My, that was a mighty large one,” Pince commented, surprised by the ferocity of Hermione’s sneeze.

“Damn right it was,” Hermione muttered in a husky voice. The edges of her lips spiked upwards and her eyes were sparkling in a truly satisfied way.

“Well, get yourself to the Hospital ward straight away,” Pince ordered. Harry could tell that the Librarian was less concerned about Hermione’s health than she was about the younger witch getting germs and boogies all over her precious books.

“Let me catch my breath, then I’ll go see Pomfrey,” Hermione sighed contentedly.

Now that his task was completed Harry magically cleansed his discharge (he had thought about leaving his mess on the floor but that was too unhygienic) and left.

Humming happily to himself, Harry walked toward the Head Boy and Girl's room unseen and unheard by anyone. He was satisfied, not only for having created such a useful spell like *Loninquitas Amorus* but also for making Hermione climax like she had never before.

"Potter's the best teacher, I tell you," a sixth year Ravenclaw told his friends as Harry passed a small gathering. Curious as to why these kids were talking about him, Harry moved closer so that he could listen in.

"I've learned so much from him," another boy added with a grin.

For a moment, Harry had thought they were talking about Dumbledore's Army, but it didn't make sense at all. None of these younger wizards were part of that group so they clearly couldn't be talking about Harry's lessons in Defense.

"My bird loves what I've learned," a third boasted. "She was practically gushing."

"But not as much as Granger gushes, I'd wager," the second chuckled. "She's an effing hosepipe... but in a good way."

Harry's blood turned to ice in his veins.

"I can't wait for my turn to watch it," a fourth said excitedly.

"Why? You don't even have a girlfriend," the first ridiculed.

"So? That doesn't mean I can't enjoy watching the Pensieves."

"It was pretty cool to watch," the second said in a distracted way, like he was reminiscing. "Granger is hot and so damned frisky."

"And besides, look at Creevey," the third pointed out. "He didn't have a girlfriend, and now thanks to those Pensieves, he's bagged Patil."

"I really can't wait until it's my turn to watch," the fourth repeated.

In total shock, Harry stumbled away from the group of Ravenclaws. As he blindly made his way back to his chambers, his mind was rocked by what he had just heard. The Pensieve Memory he and Hermione had made for Ron was making the rounds at school. People were watching Harry and Hermione being intimate. That was why everyone was acting strangely; Su Li kissing Hermione, that Ravenclaw giving him the thumbs up a few days before, Seamus with Pavarti and Lavender, and Colin with Padma.

Harry didn't know how he made it into his chambers or when he had taken off his Invisibility Cloak which was draped over a nearby chair. He was looking around the room in a daze and had not noticed Hermione walk in.

"That was a very, very interesting charm," she complimented. "Did you make it while under the effects of the Wit Enhancing ritual?"

"Sure," he uttered, not listening to what she had said.

"It worked wonderfully, but you do have to work on your aim a bit," the brunette witch added with a smile plastered on her face. "You see, when you entered me, you were just a few inches off course."

"Okay," he spoke, still shocked over the revelation that Ron had passed the Pensieve Memory around and that a good number of his peers had watched him go down on Hermione.

"I'm not angry," Hermione continued, not noticing Harry's distracted mindset. "I found that I rather liked it. Actually, that's an understatement. Well, don't be cross because I know I said I'd never let you take me that way, but I say let's give it a shot right now. It is possible that it was the effects of your love based magic that gave me such a... positive response and the actual physical act of sodomy may be unbearable, but I'm willing to give it a try," she finished with a nervous yet eager twinkle in her eyes."

"Un-huh," Harry said evenly.

"Harry, what is your problem?" she demanded. "I just asked you to bugger me and you're acting like I killed Hedwig."

Slowly, Harry turned and faced his lover. He tried to find a way to sugarcoat the news, but how does one say “Well, we’re accidental porn-stars, dear.” So Harry just blurted it out.

“Remember that Pensieve Memory we made for Ron and Luna?” Harry asked. Hermione nodded, and he continued in a rapid manner, “Well, Ron’s been lending it out.”

“To whom?” she asked with an angry expression on her face.

“Um, everyone,” he answered.

“Everyone?” she nearly screeched. The anger in her eyes grew in intensity.

“Yes, everyone,” he confirmed. “Apparently in turns.”

Anger could no longer describe Hermione’s expression and Harry had a difficult time finding a proper word to describe it. But one thing Harry did do was make a mental note to write a touching eulogy for Ron.

# Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

## Chapter Twenty-Six: Did Someone Mention Plural?

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Twenty-Six: Tempers flare and a shocking revelation or two... perhaps three.

"Lousy son of a bitch, I'll kill him!" Those eight words had been repeated constantly by Hermione as she stomped down the hall. After Harry had told her the devastating news that Ron had been lending out the "instructional" Pensieve Memory that the pair had made, the brunette witch dug through Harry's trunk, pulled out the Marauders' Map, said the proper incantation, then promptly began chanting "Lousy son of a bitch, I'll kill him!"

Harry followed Hermione to the Gryffindor Tower with a mixture of rage that equaled his lover's, but also with a sense of disappointment. Ron had now betrayed his trust for the second time and it cut through Harry.

"We should humiliate him first," Harry offered through gritted teeth. "We can alter that prank we pulled on Fred and George. You know the one that made them see through old witches' clothes. We can change it so that every time he sees Luna naked, he'll actually see that leech Snape wanking off. Oh, it'll be great! I can imagine him now trying to be intimate with Luna and suddenly, he's kissing that greasy bastard. Or even make him see Molly. Nah, Snape would be loads better."

"No. Take too long," Hermione growled. "Just kill the son of a bitch!"

When the couple reached the portrait of the Fat Lady, the painting asked "Password?"

"I'll kill him!" Hermione spat. Pure rage flowed off of the witch.

The painting, obviously sensing that Hermione was not to be trifled with, swung open. Hermione led the charge into the Common Room and up to the very top floor of the tower, to where Ron and Luna's marital room was located. Not even bothering to knock, Hermione threw open the door and barged into the married couple's private room.

"Oh, hello, Harry, Hermione," a very topless – and clearly comfortable in that state – Luna greeted. "Ronald and I were about to have sex. Would you care to watch or even join in?"

"I'll kill him!" repeated Hermione.

"Now, Hermione, that wasn't one of the options," Luna said calmly as if it was quite common for Ron to get death threats. "Either group sex or voyeur; no violence. I really must insist."

"Where is he?" Harry demanded, his tone barely concealing his anger.

"He's getting ready for sex. We're trying some role-playing exercises," the blonde witch said, feeling completely natural talking about such things while having her sizable breasts exposed. "It will be very enjoyable. I'm playing the part of a street walker who lost her money and has to make up for such a transgression to her employer with sex."

Just then, a visibly excited Ron came out of the loo wearing nothing but a very large purple silk hat with a vibrant peacock feather sticking out of the brim. "I'm your pimple daddy!" the red head called out in a loud voice, not noticing Harry and Hermione.

"It's 'Pimp Daddy,'" Hermione corrected before lunging at the mostly naked wizard while shouting, "I'll kill you!"

Hermione and Ron crashed to the ground. Ron immediately began to thrash around in an attempt to get Hermione off, who was slapping him about the head and chest. The brunette witch was so enraged that she didn't notice that Ron's naked erection was brushing against the hem of her skirt.

Luna turned to Harry and looked at him with her big blue eyes before speaking in an easy but happy way; "It looks like Hermione has opted for group sex. That means we should go at it too, Harry. It's only proper, don't you agree? Obviously we should start with oral sex. Would you like me to lick your penis? Or would you prefer to go down on my muff?"

"What? No," Harry blurted out. "This is serious!"

"So you want to bypass foreplay and jump straight into intercourse like Ronald and Hermione?" asked Luna sincerely. "I was hoping to sample some of your parsletongue magic. But if you insist; plunge your cock into my box." She said this phrase without any passion; it was just a simple statement to her. The blonde witch sat on the bed and laid back, clearly waiting for Harry to mount her.

"No, no, this isn't what you think," Harry said and pulled Hermione off of Ron. He didn't do this to save Ron from a thrashing, but to have Hermione protect him from Luna. Harry was deeply concerned that if he didn't lie on top of Luna, the blonde witch would hop up and begin molesting him.

"Let me at him!" Hermione growled as Harry pulled her away from Ron. "I'll kill him!"

"Wait, that wasn't intercourse?" Luna asked, sitting up.

"What's your problem?" Ron demanded as he stood. "Are you completely mental?"

"You're dead!" Hermione growled, trying to tug herself free from Harry's grasp.

"Why? What did I do?" Ron asked.

“Um, Ron, cover up,” requested Harry. The red haired wizard was still very ready for a proverbial “roll in the hay” with his wife, meaning that Ron was looking at Harry and Hermione with all three eyes. As stated before, erections are the type of things male friends shouldn’t share with each other.

Having clearly forgotten his state, Ron looked down and saw something looking back up at him. With a rapid and frantic motion, Ron swiped his large hat from his head and placed it over his groin. The wizard burned a fiery red in embarrassment.

In juxtaposition to her husband, Luna sat casually on the bed. The witch seemed completely natural having her enormous breasts exposed to the open air where everyone could see them.

“You’re dead!” Hermione snarled again.

“Why?” Ron repeated and took another step back.

“We found out, Ron,” Harry said, his voice tainted by the anger and disappointment that pierced his being.

“You’re dead!” Apparently Hermione was so angry that the knowledge of the English language she had retained had vanished save for those two words – well, three separate words if you count the contraction.

“What the hell did I do?” Ron asked frantically and took another step back away from his angry friends. He had put enough distance between himself and Harry and Hermione that Ron was now pressed up against the far wall.

This caused Luna, who was approximately halfway between the two groups, to pivot her body back and forth; turning her attention to whomever was speaking. Much like a spectator at a tennis match looking from one side to the other. Mind you, this caused her naked breasts to sway and swing similarly to two metronomes. A naked, big breasted metronome. Normally, if Ron had not been so concerned



with his friends' temper, he'd be transfixed with the swaying orbs. And Harry would probably do the same. Hell, so would Hermione.

"How many people have seen it?" Harry demanded.

"Seen what?" shot back Ron.

"Is that why everybody in the school keeps looking at me and Hermione so oddly?" Harry asked.

"What are you talking about?" the red head asked desperately.

"Have you lent it out to the whole fucking school?" Harry demanded.

"Mate, I have no idea what you're talking about," Ron defended.

During this interchange, Hermione had growled, barked, snarled, and shouted the words "You're dead!" no less than six times. At one point, she had experimented and tried to kick at Ron despite the fact that he was a good four feet away from her.

"The Pensieve, Ron," snapped Harry. "Everyone in the bloody school has seen the Pensieve Memory Hermione and I made for you."

"What?" a shocked Ron asked.

"That's not possible, Harry," Luna said in a dreamy tone. In a cool and easy manner, Luna strolled to a bedside cabinet, pulled out her wand, incanted a ridiculously long incantation full with words that Harry swore weren't words at all, and tapped her wand in several places all over the face of the cabinet, before opening it. The blonde reached in and pulled out a small box. She placed the box to her lips and whispered another incantation, this one much shorter, causing the box to pop open. Luna reached in and retrieved the glass vial that Harry had given them. "We keep it locked up," she said simply.

"Bu- but Harry overheard some people talking about seeing it," Hermione persisted, clearly confused.

"Are you sure you didn't misunderstand them Harry?" Luna asked.

"No, they said our names," he explained.

"Well, maybe you didn't understand what they were talking about," offered Ron. "Maybe they were talking about something else."

"They were talking about how Hermione is a gusher," added Harry.

Luna giggled and said, "More like a hosepipe. She's like Cho doing a handstand."

"But how'd they see the Pensieve if you've kept it under lock?" Hermione moaned.

"Did you make more and lose one," Ron suggested.

"How dumb do you think we are?" Hermione scoffed. "We'd never do such a thing as make a spare and lose it."

"Oh, so it had to be me," Ron said with bitterness. "I'm a lummo and therefore had to betray my friends."

"Ron that's not-" began Harry.

"How could you two think I'd do that to you?" the red head asked, clearly hurt. "I learned my lesson back during the Tri Wizard. You two trusted me with that memory; I'd never let it out of my sight."

With his shoulders slumped in dejection, Ron turned and sulked into the bathroom. As the door closed, Harry heard a muffled sob come from the bathroom.

"I think you two should leave," Luna said, a small frown marring her face.

Hanging their heads, Harry and Hermione walked out of their friends' room. They walked back to their chambers as each silently berated themselves for doubting Ron. Sure he wasn't the brightest person in the world, and he was pigheaded and stubborn. But since his transgression at the beginning of their fourth year, where Ron

assumed Harry had entered his name in the Goblet of Fire, Ron had been a loyal and true friend.

Harry felt even worse than Hermione. He was Ron's best mate and shouldn't have jumped to conclusions like that. Harry should've realized that Ron would never betray his trust again. Even if he and Ron were lost in the woods for weeks and weeks, wandering aimlessly without food, Ron wouldn't betray his friends.

The next morning, after spending a silent night together, Hermione stated in a soft and mournful voice; "We have to make it up to him."

"Yeah," Harry agreed.

"But how?" she asked, admitting that she didn't even have the slightest clue.

"That's easy: food or sex. He's a bloke; therefore, all he thinks about is sex. And he's also Ron, which means his entire existence is centered on food," offered Harry.

"Well, he's got the sex covered with Luna," Hermione said.

"So that leaves food," concluded Harry. Taking Hermione's hand in his, he guided her to the kitchens.

"Are we going to have the House Elves whip something up for him?" she asked.

"No, that'd be cheating," he answered. "We were the ones who fouled up. We're the ones who have to make reparation."

"Do you know how to cook?"

"Kind of. I mean I know how to fry food," he said with a shrug. "The Dursleys made me cook for them. But all they ever wanted was fried food. So I guess I can make him some fish and chips and loads of bacon. What about you?"

"I'll bake a cake then," Hermione said, her smile growing slightly less guilty.

"You can bake?"

"I haven't before, but how difficult can it be. It's just like Potion brewing: add ingredients, throw it in the oven, simple," she said confidently.

The moment the two entered the castle's kitchen, every single House Elf dropped what they were doing (which meant several dozen pots and pans crashed to the floor splashing their contents everywhere) and bowed to Hermione.

"Oh, Great One, what do you be needing?" one elf bounded up to Hermione and then proceeded to kiss her feet.

"We need to make some food for a friend of ours," Harry answered for Hermione who couldn't do so for herself because she was trying to explain to the little creature not to kiss her feet.

"What do's you's wants us to be fixing for you's friend?" another elf asked while trying to kiss the hem of Hermione's robes.

"Actually, we decided that we'd be the ones cooking," Harry said.

The collective gasp from the House Elves was almost enough to create a vacuum in the kitchen. Every single elf drew in a deep breath of shock at the same instant. So much air was inhaled that Harry felt his hair move.

No one spoke or even moved for six whole seconds. It was dead silent in the kitchen for that time. Then the wailing started. The screams and cries of the House Elves echoed off the walls of the kitchen. Several elves who were weeping hysterically were huddled in one corner; they were curled up into tight little balls, desperately clutching their knees to their chests. Another set of elves were placing their hands into the flames of the stoves; the smell of burning flesh quickly filled the air. And at least twenty were slamming their heads repeatedly against the walls. Harry felt it was safe to assume

that the elves didn't take too kindly to the idea of "The Great One" preparing food by herself.

"PLEASE STOP!" a very mortified Hermione cried out. And the elves did. In fact the elves stopped completely. Some were frozen in mid-sob, others had their heads pressed firmly against the walls, and a few had their hands still in the flames. "You there," Hermione pointed to the ones who were cooking their limbs. "Pull your hands out. That's it. Now put out the fires. That's good."

Hermione took a calming breath and said, "All I want to do is bake something for a friend of mine."

And as if by some primal instinct, the elves began to abuse themselves once more.

"STOP IT!" she screamed again. Hermione looked to Harry with pleading eyes. Clearly she had just wanted to explain the situation to the elves, but she didn't know how.

Harry thought for a moment, and then, somewhat hesitantly, he tried to explain what was going on in a way that the House Elves would understand.

"The Great One... ah... just wants to experience your suffering... by baking a cake."

"No's," two dozen elves cried out.

"The Great One do be better than that," another shouted.

"But she wants to do this," Harry pressed. "That way, the Great One will be even closer to you. She will, um, know your pain. The Great One will understand you all the more."

The elves looked to each other. A moment later, a few of them nodded their heads, albeit reluctantly. Some of them still had tears flowing freely from their bulbous eyes.

Even though Harry and Hermione had convinced the elves that they would do this on their own, the elves still helped. Every time the couple needed an ingredient, at least four House Elves would dash to fetch the item.

Once, Harry had to pause in his frying to stop a House Elf who had not accepted the notion of The Great One baking. The little creature had gotten a length of rope and fashioned a noose. Harry tugged the elf off of a stack of chairs where he was trying to hang himself.

While they worked, Harry noticed that a number of the House Elves were staring at him and Hermione. Unlike the other House Elves who were watching how the couple was cooking intently, this group had their eyes fixed on Harry's and Hermione's crotches. These elves had an odd look in their eyes, sort of like a look of admiration mixed with longing.

"Looks like some others have seen our Pensieve," Harry said and pointed at the odd group.

"Bloody hell," Hermione cursed. "We should just start distributing them ourselves at this rate."

"Hey, we could charge a viewing fee," offered Harry lightly. "At least that way we could earn some money."

"Or we could write a book," Hermione said with a bemused smile. "You know, update our 'special book.' I've always wanted to write a book."

"We'll become filthy rich," stated Harry. They both laughed at such a ludicrous notion.

A few hours later, the couple was done with their tasks. Harry had several stacks of chips, fried fish, and rashers of bacon. Hermione proudly held up her single layer chocolate cake... which promptly started to make a hissing sound. A large chasm formed on top of the cake and black smoke billowed out of the gash. Like a deflating tire, the cake slowly and noisily collapsed in on itself.

With Hermione's right eye twitching in annoyance, Harry whispered in her ear "I guess baking isn't as simple as potion brewing."

"I-I can't give this to him," she moaned.

"You could have the House Elves make something for you and just tell Ron you made it," offered Harry. "I know I said it was cheating, but at least we gave it a try."

"I couldn't do that," she said firmly. "It would be wrong. I'll just give it another attempt and bake a second cake. It can't be that hard to make a cake."

As Hermione stirred and blended the proper ingredients once more, she openly bragged about how she had learned from her previous mistakes. She smiled broadly, confident that this time her creation would be perfect. The witch's smile only faltered slightly when the cake hissed and split open once again, coughing black smoke into the air.

"You could have the House Elves make a cake for you and just tell Ron you made it," repeated Harry.

All it took was a simple resigned nod from Hermione and the elves were off like a shot. Dozens of the little creatures began bolting back and forth from the cupboards to the stove. Within minutes of starting, the elves began to form a multilayer cake. In no time, they had completed nothing short of a confectionary masterpiece. It stood six feet tall, and nearly eight wide at the base. Each layer had a different frosting; chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, almond, and so on. On the second layer, dozens of small chocolate figurines of wizards and witches chased each other around the edge of the cake. A hundred sparklers stuck out in every direction on the top two layers.

"Wow," Hermione said in awe. "Do you think Ron will believe I made this?"

"I don't think he'll care, really," answered Harry. Knowing Ron, his red haired friend would probably go into sugar-shock just at the sight of the monumental cake.

"How do you think we'll get it to him?" Harry asked.

"We's can be delivering it anywhere's The Great One wants," one House Elf said joyously.

"That would be wonderful," Hermione said sincerely. "Could you take this and the food Harry made to our friends, Ron and Luna, in about fifteen minutes?"

"We be taking the foods to Weezy and Weezy's big boobied missus in a few," another elf confirmed.

Harry and Hermione made their way back to Ron and Luna's room. As they walked, Hermione asked; "It's only been a day, do you think Ron's upset?"

"It's not like Ron to hold grudges," Harry replied.

"Are you delusional? Of course it's like Ron to hold grudges," Hermione countered hotly. "He's petty and jealous to a fault. Don't forget the Goblet of Fire fiasco; he didn't talk to you for weeks. Which shows you how pig-headed he can get; you two shared all the same classes and slept in the same room and yet he didn't talk to you."

Thinking back to his earlier analogy about being lost in the woods with no food, Harry realized that it was quite possible for Ron to abandon him.

"I tell you he's lucky to have such a forgiving friend like you," Hermione continued.

"Well, I think the food will placate him a bit," Harry said wondering what he'd do if the "Lost in a Forest and Ron Abandons Me" scenario ever came to be. More likely than not, Harry would forgive Ron, pretty much for the reasons Hermione had said; it was his nature. Then Harry came to realize how lucky Ron was to have him as a friend. No one else would put up with Ron's flaws like he did.



When they got to the door, Harry knocked. Luna answered. Her ever-present smile had returned.

“Hello, Harry and Hermione, so nice of you to stop by. I told Ronald that I knew you would, but it’s still nice of you to do so. Otherwise, I’d look like a liar to my husband,” she greeted the couple easily as if she had not just asked them to leave the night before. “Won’t you come in?”

Harry and Hermione walked into the room like a pair of accused criminals waiting to be judged.

“I’ve been talking to Ronald,” Luna stated with her odd happy tone. “I explained to him why you thought he had lost the Pensieve Memory. There was a touch of logic to your accusations; you made only the one memory, and Ronald does have a tendency to foul things up. He’s still upset, but at least he understands.”

“We’d like to apologize,” offered Hermione.

“You do realize my Ronald can be a bit pig-headed, don’t you?” Luna asked dreamily. “It’s one of his more enduring attributes, along with his insatiable virility. Even though he understands why you accused him, he is still upset, like I said. Unfortunately you’re going to have to do more than just tell him you’re sorry.”

“We’ve got that covered,” said Harry.

“Good,” smiled Luna. “I do wish that Ronald would become a little more forgiving like you, Harry. Then, Ronald would be utterly perfect in every way. But then again, I find perfection rather dull, so maybe I shouldn’t wish for such a thing.”

The blonde witch turned and called out to the door leading to the bathroom. “Ronald, those guests I told you to expect are here now.”

“Tell them to go away,” he said loudly from behind the door. “I’m not ready to forgive them just yet.”

Luna turned to Harry and Hermione and explained, "I told you he's stubborn." She turned back to the door and said in a loud voice, "Ronald, we discussed this earlier. We are both becoming adults and therefore we must mature. Allowing your friends to apologize and then forgiving them is the mature thing to do, Ronald."

"I don't wanna," the red head said petulantly.

"Ronald, I won't swallow next time I give you oral sex like I promised if you don't come out here right this instant," Luna said firmly.

The door opened and slowly, Ron stepped out of the bathroom. He stood close to the door and folded his arms in front of his chest defensively.

"Look, Ron, we're sorry," Harry said sincerely.

"Yes, it was wrong of us to accuse and attack you," added Hermione. Harry wanted to point out that she alone attacked Ron and he had nothing to do with the assault. He had relatively kept his cool whereas Hermione was the one trying to draw blood, but now was not the time or place. Later, he'd hold this little tidbit over his lover's head and perhaps get an apologetic blow job out of it.

All throughout Harry's and Hermione's apology, Ron's face was a stone mask of disappointment. Harry got the distinct impression that Ron had been practicing this expression in front of the mirror for some time.

"We should've trusted you, mate," Harry offered.

Despite their sincere apology, Ron's face remained unchanged. It was clear that he had no intention of making this easy for Harry and Hermione.

With a loud pop, piles of fried bacon, chips and battered cod materialized before the red haired wizard. Instantaneously, a smile cracked Ron's expression at the sight of the piles of fried food. His stern demeanor vanished completely, replaced by that of total joy, when the monumental cake popped into existence.

Harry watched in stunned amazement as Ron dove at the piles of food. The red head scooped up handfuls of fried fish with one hand while the other shoveled cake before shoving the food into his mouth. He turned to Harry and Hermione, and with bits of fried fish and chocolate cake tumbling out of his opening and closing maw, uttered; "Murf tea gukz!"

"He said 'thank you,'" translated Luna happily. "And he accepts your apology."

Happy that Ron was pleased while being simultaneously disgusted by the red head's eating habits, Harry and Hermione left the room silently.

"I'm glad he's not upset anymore," Hermione said with a smile as she and Harry made their way back to their room.

"Yeah," agreed Harry. Abruptly changing the subject to less Ron-filled issues, Harry broached a suggestion that Hermione had given the night before. "So, you're curious about anal sex, huh?"

Looking at him wryly, Hermione teased "Oh, so you did hear me say that last night. I thought you were in too much shock to have comprehended."

"Of course I did," he returned as the couple turned another corner. "When a bloke's witch says she wants to experiment, he listens. Even if I was under the effects of the Draught of the Living Death, I would've heard you."

Hermione snorted a soft chuckle. "We will have to take it slow. You can't just go barging in."

"I didn't take it slow last night and you seemed to like it," he pointed out.

"That wasn't the real thing, now was it?" the brunette countered. "It was just the sensation of it. We have to work up to the real act."

“Gotcha,” he whispered. “Go slow.”

The young wizard was doing a terrible job of concealing his excitement. Any new way to pleasure his lover was a welcomed adventure. But skipping down the hall is not a proper thing for a seventeen year old wizard to do.

“Oi, you two,” the ever-gruff voice of Argus Filch, the school’s caretaker called out to Harry and Hermione. “The Headmistress wants to see you.”

“Do you know what for?” asked Hermione politely.

“I don’t know that, do I?” the bitter old man shot back. “If I did, I would’ve said the Headmistress wants to talk to you about the weather. But I didn’t, so you should’ve known I know nothing.”

The grumpy old man hobbled away grumbling, “Snot nosed kids always asking stupid questions. If it were up to me I’d have them all whipped.”

“Let’s get this over with,” Harry said disgustedly. He and Hermione were about to be intimate in a new way and this meeting with McGonagall was delaying it. The two made their way to the Headmistress’ office while Harry muttered on and on about “lousy effing timing.”

“Good evening, Professor,” Hermione politely greeted the older witch after walking into her office.

“Hi,” was all that Harry was able to say. He dared not attempt anything further because something along the lines of “MAKE THIS QUICK, DAMN IT! THERE’S SEX TO BE HAD!” might slip out.

“Thank you for coming,” McGonagall returned. There was a serious edge to her voice... well, more serious than the normal serious edge to her voice. “Please sit down.”

“What’s the matter, Professor?” Hermione asked picking up on the Headmistress’ more serious tone.

“Minister Pippin called today and informed me that a student is going to return to Hogwarts,” McGonagall said cryptically.

“You’re kidding, right?” Harry half pleaded.

“Who’s returning?” asked Hermione.

“If it was any other student returning, Professor McGonagall wouldn’t have called us up here,” Harry explained. “It’s Malfoy.”

“You’re kidding, right?” echoed Hermione.

“The Minister was quite insistent,” McGonagall said with a hint of a frown. “Mr. Malfoy is still under protective custody and the Ministry has decided that Hogwarts is the safest place for him. And that it would behoove him to continue his education at the same time.”

“Professor, I don’t have to remind you that Malfoy led a group of murderers into the castle last year, and because of his actions, Dumbledore was killed,” argued Harry.

Before McGonagall could reply, the magical portrait of Professor Dumbledore spoke up; “Everyone deserves a second chance, Harry.”

“Oh, I can see it now, sir: our kids will go to Hogwarts together and be best of friends,” Harry said bitterly. “Malfoy’s nothing more than a slimy bigot. He cheered when Slytherin’s Monster was petrifying Muggle-borns in our second year. In our fourth, he crowed over Cedric’s murder. And when Umbridge was Headmistress, he abused and tormented his fellow students. Hell, he was happy over the notion of watching the toad woman torture me. Then, last year, he opened a doorway that allows a bunch of Death Eaters into the castle, several people are attacked and you got murdered.”

“Ah, but didn’t Mr. Malfoy redeem himself when he turned in several Death Eaters a few months back?” the painting asked insightfully.

“One right doesn’t necessarily correct a wrong, sir,” Hermione offered. “Especially when the wrongs outweigh the right.”

"The Minister told me that Draco was a changed man," McGonagall stated. "And she reiterated 'in several ways' for some reason. They tell me that his nastier charms have all but vanished and now he's a law abiding wizard."

"Professor, you can't let-" began Harry.

"I plan on speaking with Mr. Malfoy and his mother before I even consider letting him return," McGonagall interrupted the young wizard. "After I speak with them, I will discuss the matter further with you two as well as the staff. I called you here today to inform you of this."

After a moment where Harry grumbled and glowered at no one in particular, Hermione took his hand and said; "Thank you Headmistress. We appreciate that you've included us in this decision."

Harry muttered a goodbye and let his girlfriend lead him out of the office.

As they walked back to their room, Harry continued to grumble angrily.

"Bloody Malfoy. Should be chunked in Azkaban, not let back into Hogwarts."

For nearly fifteen minutes, this was all that Harry did. His face had turned such a fiery red, that Hermione had grown concerned. Obviously, the brunette witch came to the conclusion that she needed to get Harry's mind off of the upsetting subject.

"Harry, do you remember what we were discussing before we went to the Headmistress' office?" she asked.

"No," he mumbled. "Damn Malfoy."

"We were talking about anal sex."

It was like a bolt of lightning had come from the heavens and struck Harry, completely burned his worries concerning Draco Malfoy away.

He snatched Hermione's hand and announced "Let's go!" before running down the hall.

The couple rounded a corner and slowed as they passed a group of sixth year boys. The younger students were involved in their conversation. Harry and Hermione slowed their pace because neither of them wanted to draw attention to themselves by bolting past.

As Harry and Hermione moved by, some of the group's conversation was overheard.

"She swallows?" one whispered in near awe.

"Yeah, I guess that's why they call her 'Head Girl.'" another said with mirth.

"Did you see the one where she dressed up like a Muggle school girl?" another asked. "Pig-tails an' all."

"Isn't that the one where he cums on her titties at the end?"

Hermione looked as if she was about to vomit. She had turned as white as a sheet and her eyes were wide with fear and shock. Worried that she was about to collapse, Harry wound his arm around her midsection and supported her. As quickly and as quietly as he could, Harry half-carried half-led Hermione away from the group.

"They've seen more?" she breathed out once they were far enough away. "More than just the one Ron and Luna had?"

"Oh, that's why one of the kids I overheard last night said Pensieves and not Pensieve," pondered Harry. "They were talking about more than one."

"How the hell can there be more than one?" demanded Hermione frantically.

Harry opened the door to their chamber and said the only thing that made sense. "Somebody must be spying on us and they're handing out Pensieve Memories for some reason."

With her hands trembling, Hermione gripped the front of Harry's robes and began to cry. "Someone's watching us? And they're handing out Pensieves of it? Oh, that's horrible."

Harry held her close, trying, in vain, to comfort her. It was a dreadful situation; apparently, a number of the times they had been intimate together have now been seen by a large number of the student body. Harry himself was concerned over the situation, but not nearly at Hermione's level. The poor witch looked as if she was about to have a nervous breakdown.

"We can't have sex until we find out who's doing this," Hermione announced between hiccups. "None at all."

Now Harry's level of concern exceeded Hermione's. The brunette witch had just been eager to be buggered. But now because of this revelation, she was abstaining from any sex... including anal! This damn pervert was halting Harry's love life. And Harry swore to himself that he'd make the pervert suffer!

Pulling away from Hermione, Harry moved to his trunk.

"What are you doing, Harry?" asked Hermione as he rifled through the contents of his trunk.

"Finding myself a pervert," he answered and pulled up the Marauders' Map. He tapped his wand to the old parchment and incanted, "I solemnly swear I am up to no good."

He turned to Hermione and said "You'd better stay here," before walking out of the room. Quickly he scanned the map until he found his target.

The dot labeled "Dennis Creevey" showed that the younger boy was in his dorm room in the Gryffindor Tower. The dot was also hovering over a dot labeled Padma Patil. Harry dashed to the tower with every intention of questioning the younger wizard as to where he had gotten the Pensieve from. When he reached the Fat Lady, he quickly checked the Marauders' Map to find the password, which he gave



and ran up the stairs, pushing past the students in the Common Room.

The door to Dennis' dorm had a neck tie hanging from the doorknob which is the universal sign for "Two people having sex inside. Piss off!" That, or if the wizard didn't have a witch, it meant "Some bloke is masturbating in here. You don't want to see that, so move along." Harry was about to ignore the "neck-tie warning" and barge in when a pair of third year boys stumbled out of the dorm opposite Dennis' door.

"Damn it, it's just our luck," a sandy haired boy complained, not noticing Harry. "Effing pest – taking our turn."

"Yeah, we finally get a chance to see Granger and Pot... err, shit" it was at this point the other boy noticed Harry. "Hi, Harry," he squeaked nervously.

"Oh, bollocks," the first cursed. It was clear that the boys thought Harry was about to hex the both of them.

Harry pushed past the boys and made his way to the third years' room. Obviously, the boys were talking about watching one of those damned Pensieve Memories. The raven haired wizard realized that he didn't need to ask Dennis where he had gotten the Pensieve from, not when Harry could enter the magical memory and find out himself. As he opened the door to the disgruntled boys' room, Harry mentally reviewed his impromptu plan; he would push whoever was watching the Pensieve out of his way, then enter the magical memory and explore it. Harry figured he'd have no problem viewing a memory; he already had loads of experience with both Dumbledore's and Snape's Pensieves.

But Harry forgot all about his plan the moment he saw the person leaning over the Pensieve basin.

"My, she's a flexible minx," the figure commented, the voice dripping with lust. "That's my boy, Harry; give her arse a good swat."

"I should've known," Harry growled. The pervert, the unseen leech who had spied on Harry and Hermione, was standing right in front of Harry with his nose in the Pensieve, watching it.

With righteous fury flowing through his veins, Harry whipped out his wand and sent a Blasting Hex at the stone basin. The bowl shattered into a million pieces causing the silvery liquid of the Pensieve Memory to be splattered on the wall.

As the figure stood and faced Harry, the bespectacled wizard threatened, "You're lucky I can't perform the Cruciatus Curse properly or else you'd be screaming in pain right about now, Gryffindor!"

## Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

Chapter Twenty-Seven: 2, 3, 4, give me more.

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Twenty-Seven: Harry and Hermione make up for lost time.  
"I happen to have been enjoying that," the ghost of Gryffindor said with annoyance as he pointed to the bulge in his trousers. He continued angrily; "Interrupting me like that was an incredibly rude thing to do. If my balls weren't transparent, they'd be turning blue right now!"

"Do you think I care, you nasty piece of filth?" Harry snapped. Harry wished, truly wished, that he could harm the annoying ghost at that moment. He wanted to show Gryffindor even a small amount of pain that he and Hermione were suffering. That, and the spirit's antics had denied Harry anal sex. That was just low.

"We're the laughing stock of the school," Harry shouted. He made sure not to mention that Hermione wasn't going to have sex until after this predicament was over; Harry knew that Gryffindor would revel in such information... particularly if it was about buggery.

"Trust me, boy, they're not laughing," the spirit said with a depraved smile. "They're having sex or wanking off – which is what I was about to do before you ruined the moment – but they're definitely not laughing."

"What did I deserve to have you, a lecherous pervert, invade my life?" Harry asked rhetorically. "Not only did you spy on me and Hermione, but you passed around Pensieves from those invasions of privacy.

Now, everybody in the castle has seen us together!"

"All right, boy, let me say this;" the ghost said gravely. "Yes, I did spy on you and your bird. You two are rather entertaining after all. In particular, that bit I was just watching there," he said, gesturing to the silver liquid dripping down the wall. "Having her hook her legs behind her shoulders and then taking her while facing away, pure genius."

"But, and I cannot state this clearly enough, I. Can. Not. Make. A. Pensieve. Memory," he said firmly.

"What?" Harry demanded.

"Think about it boy. If I could make Pensieves, wouldn't I have shown you some of my more impressive exploits? Like the time I took a plump witch while standing on my head. Or when I sung 'O, Britannia' when switching between twins. Now that one was one of the higher points of my life and afterlife," the ghost explained. "Besides, one needs a corporeal mind to extract Pensieve Memories. Sure, unlike a normal ghost, I have the fairly unique ability to affect the living, but my current status explicitly means that I no longer have a physical brain."

Pondering over this statement, Harry realized that Gryffindor was telling the truth. Not so much in regards to the "corporeal mind" thing, but the ghost would've definitely done his best to scar Harry by showing him Pensieves of odd and perverted sex acts.

"Then... then who made those memories?" asked Harry desperately.

"Well, you could have watched the Pensieve and found out, couldn't you? Walked around inside the memory and found the perpetrator," the ghost speculated. "But that won't work, will it? No, because you blew the damn thing to bits. Of course, if you hadn't, you still would've had to wait your turn, because I was enjoying myself!"

"Oh, I'm sorry you couldn't enjoy my suffering," Harry snapped bitterly.

"Your suffering?" the ghost asked with a snide grin. "Aren't you overreacting a bit, you melodramatic ninny?"

“Nearly everyone in this school has seen me and Hermione having sex!” the young wizard shot back.

“So what?” returned Gryffindor. “I would be proud if I were you.”

“But you’re not me. I’m not a pervert.”

“I’m not talking about the joys of sharing – which is loads of fun; especially ‘trains.’ That’s where once one bloke is done with a bird, you plow in; getting his stuff and hers on your junk. It’s all hot, wet, and sticky,” the spirit rambled. “I’m talking about making people happy.”

Harry was about to protest, but the ghost forged ahead.

“Sure everybody’s seen that funny face you make when you cum; where your left eye bulges and your right’s all squeezed shut while your mouth is open like a wide-mouthed troll. And most everyone has renamed your bird ‘April Showers’ behind your backs ‘cause she’s a bit of a gusher as you well know. But you’ve missed the important thing here. You’ve made your peers truly happy,” the ghost said with a surprising amount of sincerity – in regards to the bit about being happy that is, the leech was smiling like the kneazle who ate the snidget when he had said the word “gusher.” “I’ve been coming – and cuming – to this school for centuries; it’s a good place for an old voyeur like me to get his jollies. And I can say with certainty; I have never seen the students as happy as they are at this moment and it’s all thanks to you.”

“You’re telling me that everyone is perverted and they like to watch?” Harry asked biting. The thought of everyone wanking to the image of him and Hermione made his stomach turn.

“Harry, there’s a war going on,” Gryffindor said with a gentle smile. “People are dieing. And by all rights, these kids should be frightened. But they’re not. They’re running down the halls laughing and being happy. And you showed them the way.”

“I think you’re the one overreacting now,” Harry retorted.

“Am I? Harry, you and your wonderfully nimble witch have shown everybody that they should live their lives despite the war,” the spirit explained. “You two are in love and living your lives. Almost in spite of the tragedies around you. And through these Pensieves, you’ve told everyone to do the same, in effect.

“Also, you’ve help knock down the silly House rivalries,” the ghost continued. “There is a lot more interaction, both socially and scholastically, between the Houses now.

Harry thought over this for a moment. Had the Pensieves really done so much? Did everyone have hope because of him and Hermione? And he was also shocked and impressed by Gryffindor’s insight. From this conversation, Harry started to respect the ghost for his compassion and insight. Then Gryffindor dashed that respect to pieces with his next statement.

“For example; there’s this sixth year Slytherin, a blonde with gorgeous melons, and she’s dating blokes from other Houses. A year ago, she would’ve been ostracized for even talking to someone outside of Slytherin. That Slytherin witch is simply wonderful. After she watched one of your Pensieves, she took a sixth year Ravenclaw in her mouth, a fourth year Gryffindor in her bum, and two fifth year Hufflepuffs in her cunny... at the same time!” the spirit said with reverence. “Heavens, Harry my boy, you should’ve been there!”

Harry tried to fight the unconscious need to picture what Gryffindor had described. The thought of that many penises relative to the number of available entrances was somewhat disconcerting to the young wizard.

“It was glorious, two wizards, dueling one another with the wands their parents gave them in the same tight cave. It was epic,” the ghost said in awe. “She was covered in man juice at the end.

“Oh, look at that!” Gryffindor said, pointing at the bulge in his trousers. “Look who’s back. Maybe I can find that Slytherin witch again and catch another show.”

The ghost waved at Harry before turning and trotting out of the room, humming happily to himself.

Harry eyed the silvery liquid as it dripped down the wall. He didn't know if Gryffindor was right about his theory about the Pensieves making everyone happy, but the perverted ghost was certainly right about one thing. Harry could've entered the memory and found who was recording his and Hermione's intimate moments.

The young wizard was drawn out of his thoughts when Gryffindor stuck his head back into the room.

"Oh, and if you do find out who's been spying on you, tell me," the ghost requested. "He's a fellow perverted pilgrim and I'd like to shake his hand. Perhaps he and I can share stories... or even hand-jobs."

To say that Hermione was worried about the still-unknown pervert spying on them was an understatement. When Harry had returned to his room, he found his girlfriend wearing a high-neck sweater, a pair of slacks and an ankle length skirt (at the same time), as well as two robes, one over the other. It was clear that the witch was worried to show even an inch of skin in fear that their unseen pervert would distribute the image all over the school. Harry, too, was just as frightened. The idea of anyone watching him and Hermione set him on edge.

Needless to say, this put a damper on Harry's love life. The couple was afraid to do anything besides kiss lightly – and even then, they looked around to make sure no one was watching. Neither one daring to do more with each other in fear of the act being shown to their peers through Pensieve Memories.

Harry's resolve lasted for two full days before 'Harry, Jr.' began to protest. No one could blame the member, just a few days before it had been promised an exciting new adventure with Hermione, in her dirty place no less, only to have the offer cruelly rescinded. While in the shower, 'Harry, Jr.' would gaze up at its friend with a pleading look in its eye, begging him to have a romp with Hermione. But Harry fought the urge, he needed to root out the voyeuristic pervert and make him or her stop before he could be intimate with Hermione again. 'Harry, Jr.' didn't give a damn about any pervert; all the organ

cared about was going into Hermione – any entrance would do at that desperate point – and dropping off a sticky package or two.

Added to Harry's discomfort, every time he walked by a closed door, whether a broom cupboard or classroom, he could hear moans of passion emanating from the room. Apparently, the Pensieves had become incredibly popular to the point that it seemed that every student in the school was having sex... except for him. On two separate occasions, Harry heard "Maximus Intellegentia!" being shouted, meaning that his peers were performing the Wit Enhancing ritual. 'Well, at least they're learning something useful,' he thought to himself.

On the third day after the confrontation with Gryffindor, a very sickening discovery was revealed to Harry. A very happy and bright, nay, downright joyous and radiant Professor Sprout bounded up to Harry. Smiling broadly, the plump professor said, "I know this is inappropriate for me to do, Mr. Potter, but I must thank you. Horace and I have found your instructional Pensieves to be," at this point, the elder witch's eyes began to twinkle wildly like sparkles, "well, rather exciting. It took a bit of effort, but Horace and I were able to perform the Wit Enhancing ritual."

Suddenly, Harry felt very queasy. The mental image of Professor Sprout contorting herself into a twisted pretzel was unappealing, but on an infinitely worse scale, was the image of Professor Slughorn naked, much less shagging. In his mind's eye, Harry saw the corpulent man, naked and sweating, thrusting away. The fat man's face was a bright puce and his eyes were screwed shut in ecstasy. His fat was rippling in waves like the sea during a storm, sending his sweat showering all around.

"One hundred points to... no wait," Sprout chirped. "One thousand points to Gryffindor!" she said with a flourish, and skipped away. Ron and Luna joined in Harry and Hermione's quest to find the pervert. But unlike Harry and Hermione, who were subtle in their inquiries of their fellow students (asking simple, open questions such as "Have you seen anything interesting lately?"), Ron would walk up to someone and demand, "Have you seen my best mates go down on each other?" To which Ron got several different unhelpful responses,



including “Not yet” and “Are you offering to let me watch?” Unfortunately, one time Ron had asked his question after leaving Dean and Seamus. The younger student being questioned “Have you seen my best mates go down on each other?” assumed that the red head had been referring to Dean and Seamus, leading to an embarrassing rumor about the two wizards.

Over the course of the next several days, Harry and Hermione were able to discern that their peers didn’t know who was giving them the Pensieves. They would wake up to find the Pensieve waiting for them on their bedside table. Or find the memories already set-up upon walking into a previously empty room. Also, during this investigation, Harry and Hermione were proposed to several times, asked to sign over a dozen autographs, and offered to watch a number of couples have sex so that they could give helpful pointers. Several witches and wizards actually began to strip in front of Harry and Hermione while suggesting an impromptu session of group sex.

One afternoon, Harry’s thoughts were drawn away from his worries about the Pensieves floating around and, to him, the more important building pressure in his loins caused from lack of intimacy, when he heard a student announcing to one of their friends:

“Draco Malfoy and his mum are in the castle!”

Knowing that Malfoy and his mother were meeting with Professor McGonagall in regards to being allowed to return to Hogwarts, Harry made his way to the Headmistress’ office. He waited patiently in the hall in a dark alcove a few feet from the hidden entrance. A few minutes later, McGonagall and the two Malfoys exited the office. From his hiding place, Harry watched.

Narcissa Malfoy looked like a wreck. The witch had heavy dark rings surrounding her eyes and her once neatly quaffed blonde hair was now dirty and unkempt; sticking up at odd angles all over her head. A very noticeable facial tick had developed, it caused her to squeeze one eye shut and scrunch up her face every few seconds. Worst of all to the outside observer was the enormous lump on her leg. The growth, hidden by Mrs. Malfoy’s robes, trembled and made squeaking sounds. Harry fought the smile that was threatening to crack his face;

Kreacher was still doing his job. Harry had commanded the foul little elf to continuously molest Mrs. Malfoy's leg and obviously it had wreaked havoc upon the pompous witch.

Draco, as opposed to his mother, looked very happy, jolly even. He had a full smile and a glow to his cheeks. Harry had never seen Draco with this expression before. Previously, when Malfoy smiled, it was always malicious or cruel; but this smile was genuine and kind. The young wizard's attire was different as well. Instead of his normal outfit of black, silver and dark green, Draco was wearing a bright lime green cravat, periwinkle blue robes, and brilliant pink creepers. The blond wizard's hat was flamboyant yellow with sparkling red stars.

"Thank you for your..." Mrs. Malfoy began to say to McGonagall but the unseen House Elf attached to her leg let out a loud groan accompanying a squirting sound. Mrs. Malfoy shivered violently and let out a bark like sob before composing herself. "Thank you for your time, Headmistress."

With that, Mrs. Malfoy, with a slight limp, led her son away. Draco followed his mother with a noticeable prance to his step.

Once they were out of sight, Harry moved up to McGonagall.

"How'd it go, Professor?" he asked.

With a chuckle in her voice, the old witch replied, "Oh, Mr. Malfoy will be returning next Monday."

"But I thought that you were going to discuss this with the staff, me, and Hermione?"

"Mr. Malfoy proved to me beyond any doubt that he's changed," McGonagall said with a heavy dosage of mirth to her voice. "Changed in several ways, I might add."

"But, Professor, I still think he's a threat," he protested.

"Changed man, Potter," the Headmistress reasserted. "In several ways."

The witch had put an odd emphasis on the phrase “in several ways” and gave Harry one of her disturbing saucy winks. As Harry shivered in discomfort, McGonagall turned and walked back into her office. Once the Gargoyle moved back to cover the stairwell, Harry heard McGonagall’s riotous laughter through the stone.

Harry was upset, to say the least. Not only was he denying himself sex, but now he’d have to deal with that evil git Malfoy returning to school. He had looked forward to the meeting that McGonagall had promised. He was planning on arguing why Draco shouldn’t be allowed to return. But now, McGonagall nixed the meeting and had given Malfoy the go ahead to come back. Harry grumbled under his breath all the way back to his chambers.

“McGonagall’s letting Malfoy come back,” he informed Hermione who was still wearing multiple layers of clothing.

“Big whoop,” she said moodily, her heavily clothed arms folded across her chest.

“How can you dismiss this, Hermione?” he demanded. “McGonagall is letting a marked Death Eater, who at the very least participated in the attack against Hogwarts and in the murder of Dumbledore.”

“Because I’m randy as hell,” she shot back hotly. “I need to be shagged rotten and we can’t do it because some pervert is watching us!”

Harry slumped his shoulders. He, too, was desperate; there was nothing he wanted more than to feel Hermione. The thought of making Hermione moan caused his organ to twitch.

“I’m just sorry I blew up that Pensieve,” he admitted, wishing that he could satisfy himself. “When I saw Gryffindor watching it, I was positive he was the one.”

“In a way, it made sense,” Hermione offered. “Despite the fact he doesn’t have a corporeal brain to extract memories from, Gryffindor

can turn invisible. And obviously, the person watching can turn invisible, otherwise we would've seen them."

Harry nodded his head. The person spying on them was either very good at casting a Disillusionment Charm or had an Invisibility Cloak.

Just then, as if by some Divine Intervention, some movement caught Harry's eye. He watched as Dobby the House Elf trot around in the shadows, tidying up the place. He found it odd how the tiny creature could be so inconspicuous that he was barely seen. Then, Harry remembered a peculiar incident from a few weeks previously; he had peered into Dobby's cupboard and seen shelves upon shelves of glass vials each filled with silvery liquid.

"Dobby, could you come here, please?" Harry asked, his voice even and patient unlike his demeanor which was beginning to become angry.

"Yes, Harry Potter sir," the elf squeaked happily as he walked out of the shadows.

"Have you been watching us?" the wizard asked.

"Of course, Dobby be a good House Elf and good House Elves always be watching so's that we's can be assisting whenever we's can," Dobby explained. "If you's needs laundry, Dobby be ready. If you's need food, Dobby be ready."

"What are you getting at Harry?" Hermione asked. Harry knew that if Hermione had known about the glass vials in Dobby's room, she wouldn't have asked.

"Now Dobby, I forbid you from punishing yourself, but have you been watching Hermione and I make love?" clarified Harry.

The elf's ears flattened against his head and he fidgeted, as if wanting to rush to the wall, to bash his head against it. With a tiny and meek voice, Dobby answered, "Yes."

Hermione shot up and stared with wide eyes at the House Elf.

"Did you pass around Pensieve Memories to the other students?" asked Harry calmly.

Again, Dobby trembled and squeaked "Yes."

"Why?" Hermione asked.

"Because Dobby is a bad House Elf," Dobby said mournfully. "Harry Potter Sir and The Great One are more better than Dobby's last Masters in every way; you's are kind and wonderful, but you's are also pretty and have fun romps. Former Master and Mistress would just have angry romps. Mistress would always say that Master would only care about himself cumming, that's why Dobby had to finish her off.

"But Harry Potter Sir and The Great One love each other and it was wonderful to watch. Unlike former Master, Harry always makes sure The Great One has fun too," the elf admitted. "It was so wonderful that Dobby began making Pensieves so that Dobby could watch the beautiful fun romps whenever Dobby wanted to."

Harry and Hermione shared a look. Dobby had spied on them not only out of perversion, but innocence as well. The couple had been offended that their privacy had been invaded, but Dobby had done so for some odd sweetness.

"But why did you pass the Pensieves around?" asked Harry.

"Dobby saw how Harry Potter sir's and The Great One's Pensieve about licking the bald feline had helped Weezy and Weezy's big boobied missus and Dobby be thinking that alls the students in the castle could use help," the tiny creature explained. "Weezy and Weezy's big boodied missus were so happy that Dobby thought the other students should be happy as well. Dobby thought that since Harry Potter sir is such a great wizard and that Harry Potter sir has a saving people thing that Harry Potter would want to help as many people as he could."

“So in order to help as many people as you could, you began to deliver them to everyone?” Hermione asked nervously.

“Yes, Oh Great One,” Dobby replied. “And it do be helping people. Just look at Colin Creevy’s not gay brother; he is now with the pretty twin from Ravenclaw. And hairy former roommate of Harry Potter sir is with blonde tramp and pretty twin from Gryffindor at the same time. It do be helping everybody!

“But Dobby knows that Harry Potter sir and The Great One do be humble, which makes them even more greater, so Dobby be delivering the Pensieves in secret.”

Harry and Hermione shared a look. They both knew that Dobby had no real clue about the damage he had caused. Clearly, Dobby knew he was in trouble for some reason judging by Harry and Hermione’s mood, but the creature had no understanding as to why. To him, he had done a great deed in Harry and Hermione’s names by sharing the Pensieves with everyone. And if Harry or Hermione tried to explain that Dobby had done something bad, the elf would surely punish himself in a terrible manner. There was a good chance that Dobby would hurt himself irrevocably. If Dobby had shared the Pensieves knowing what they would do to Harry and Hermione’s reputation, then the couple would not have been overtly distraught over the notion over punishment. But since Dobby had done it out of innocent naiveté, any sort of self-punishment would be harsh. So, Harry took time to carefully consider what he would say to Dobby so that the elf would not harm himself.

“Um, Dobby, that was a very nice thing,” Harry said slowly. “But from now on, Hermione and I would like our time together to be private. That means you can’t pass the Pensieves that you made around anymore. And you can’t watch us be intimate together.”

“Yes, Harry Potter sir,” the elf squeaked. “But Harry Potter sir, can Dobby be watching the Pensieve Dobby already made if Dobby can’t be watching Harry Potter sir and The Great One do naughty things?”

“Um, Hermione?” Harry asked and turned to his girlfriend. The young man was quite surprised to see that Hermione wasn’t looking at

Dobby but at Harry himself. Her eyes were dark with lust and she was biting her lip. Knowing that look meant that their forced time of “no sex” was about to end within seconds, Harry said dismissively to Dobby, “Sure, knock yourself out. Watch them as many times as you like.”

Dobby trotted to his little room and the instant the cupboard door closed, Hermione pounced on Harry. There was no kissing, no caressing or any foreplay to speak of. The only clothing that was removed was Hermione’s slacks – and they weren’t even removed completely, the garment dangled from one of her ankles. Harry was still wearing his robes, pullover, slacks, socks and shoes whereas Hermione was wearing two sets of robes, a blouse, skirt, and loafers. Harry’s zipper was opened and Hermione’s knickers were pushed to the side to reveal her flower a scant moment before Harry plunged into her.

If someone had been watching – which luckily this time, no one was – they would have assumed that Hermione and Harry were in a fight to the death. And that the witch was winning the battle. She had the wizard pinned under her and was thrusting her hips forcibly onto his lap. Loud smacks and grunts echoed off the walls. Evidentially, Hermione rather liked this action because she climaxed a few minutes after starting.

“Oh, fuck, I forgot something,” Hermione groaned as she continuously pounded herself on Harry. While thrusting up and down rapidly, the witch fumbled through the pockets of her outer robe. “Don’t cum yet,” she ordered and began to search blindly through her inner robe’s pockets.

“Hurry up,” Harry pleaded. His body was begging for release and he was about to lose control any second.

Finally, Hermione retrieved her wand. She tapped it against her lower belly and incanted “Inaedifico.” After she had properly cast the Anti-Conception Charm, Hermione said “You can cum now.”

“It’s not a command sort of thing, really,” Harry groaned out. “I can’t just will myself to cum.”

"I meant it's all right to cum now," she clarified breathily and Harry grunted as if one cue. Hermione's face lit up.

"That was fun," she purred.

"Round two," Harry said and rolled over, dragging Hermione to the floor so that he was now on top. Instantly, he began thrusting into her,

"OH –that's – OH – my – WOW – virile – RIGHT THERE – man!" Hermione cheered.

"I haven't had sex in days," he grunted like a wild animal. "I figure I have at least another round or two in me."

Harry tugged and pulled at Hermione's robes and top. After a few moments, he finally tore open her blouse only to reveal "TWO BRAS!"

"I'm sorry – UH – I was – OH – worried about the pervert," Hermione explained between thrusts.

"Damn it," hissed Harry as he tugged at the lacy bra that covered the cotton one. "I want to give 'Natasha' a kiss."

"'Natasha'? Wait, did – HOMMINA – you name my titties?" she asked throatily while Harry fumbled with her unmentionables.

"Your nipples, actually," he admitted without shame. "This one," he said, indicating her other breast, "is 'Carmella'."

"Did – OH – you – MAMA – name my muff?" she asked as Harry finally freed 'Natasha' from its lace and cotton prison.

Realizing that he only referred to her vagina by its technical name or 'flower,' Harry answered with a simple "No," while suckling on Hermione's boob.

"UH – name – OH SHAG ME SILLY – my – SO FUCKING NICE – muff – NOW!"



After commenting internally to himself at how very vocal his girlfriend was, Harry pondered over her request. Should he give it another feminine name? Then he remembered that the House Elves called it 'The Bald Feline' in worship. And Harry rather liked going down on aforementioned body part. So, he combined his love of eating Hermione out and 'The Bald Feline' and came up with the perfect name "Miss Nibbles."

Hermione seemed to appreciate the new name for she called out in a significantly loud voice; "POUND 'MISS NIBBLES' WITH YOUR COCK!"

"Please, if you call it 'Miss Nibbles' I must insist you call my 'cock' 'Harry, Jr.'," corrected Harry.

"POUND 'MISS NIBBLES' WITH 'HARRY, JR.!'!" rectified Hermione. It was, after all, the proper phrasing for the situation.

A short while later, Hermione cried out her ubiquitous "OH SWEET BABY MAEVE!" and Harry congratulated himself on his prowess a second before he himself came. Having played twice in a row, 'Harry, Jr.' was beginning to fall asleep. As his organ softened, Hermione looked up at Harry with a mad twinkle in her eyes and said, "If you're up for another go, you can bugger me."

With the word "bugger" 'Harry, Jr.' sprang to life – quite literally; it rose so quickly that it jerked inside Hermione.

"Oooh, I'll take that to mean that you're ready," she said coyly. Gingerly, Hermione removed herself from Harry and began to undress. "I've done some research on anal sex," she began.

"Of course you have," Harry joked, knowing that Hermione never did anything without proper research.

She spent the next few minutes explaining what they had to do. Harry nodded his head at each point: cleaning, lubricating, and stretching. 'Harry, Jr.' too nodded its head at each point. Now that the plan was set, Hermione moved herself so that she was on her hands and knees. Harry used his wand to cleanse her entrance (to which

Hermione gave out a surprised yelp) and conjured some clear lubricant. Next, he coated his forefinger and Hermione's hole with the lubricant, spreading the slippery liquid while gently stretching her open. Then Harry slid in a second finger. That was when Hermione began to rock back and forth. Harry watched in wide-eyed fascination as Hermione writhed and groaned in pleasure.

"And just think, you told me once that we'd never do this," he commented.

"I was such a fool," she groaned out. "Now keep stretching me out, I want you inside me."

Two or three minutes later, Harry felt it was ready to move on to the real deal. Slowly, ever so slowly, Harry pushed into her tight hole. He closed his eyes and marveled in the sensation of her heat and tightness. Inch by inch, he forced himself in. Finally, when he was completely inside of her, Harry opened his eyes.

Hermione's skin was a florescent red and she was trembling all over. Harry could tell that she was also holding her breath.

"Are you okay?" he asked; ready to pull out if she said she wasn't.

"Oh – FUCK YES!!" she screamed out.

"Don't forget to breathe," he commanded, relieved that not only was his girlfriend all right, but that he could continue to bugger her.

"Call me a dirty slut who likes to be bum-shagged," she commanded in response.

"Okay, just don't forget to breathe, you dirty slut who likes to be bum-shagged."

To say that Hermione enjoyed the activity would be a dreadful understatement. She cried out "Sweet baby Maeve!" twice in a loud voice; pronouncing each syllable clearly. The third time was a little less coherent and sounded something like "Seat Maybe Pave." The fourth was just nonsense and syllables strung together. Harry

assumed that she was drooling profusely at that point. He couldn't confirm this because Hermione, obviously, was facing away from him. At first, he believed that it wouldn't be polite to ask her if he was shagging her so well that she was drooling – one didn't ask a woman such things. Then, he realized that he had his willy jabbed into her bum and therefore politeness was moot; so he asked.

“Is my dirty slut who likes to be bum-shagged drooling?”

The only response Harry got was a noise akin to someone blowing spit bubbles and happy moans. The last thought Harry had before his own ecstasy claimed him was ‘Damn, I’m good.’

It took Hermione two whole days to stop walking with a limp. The silly smile plastered on her face didn't wane for three. On the fourth day, as they ate breakfast in the Great Hall, Ron bemoaned the fact that his nemesis, Draco Malfoy, would be returning in just three days.

“This bloody sucks,” he cursed and speared a kipper angrily.

“Harry told me that McGonagall reassured him that Malfoy's changed,” Hermione said. It was clear that she barely believed the words herself.

Harry recalled that McGonagall took a great deal of amusement over the notion that Draco had changed. Remembering the Headmistress' saucy wink, Harry shivered in fear of what she had meant by that statement.

The morning post and Daily Prophets were carried into the Great Hall. As she read one of her text books, Hermione absentmindedly paid the owl that had dropped a copy of the Daily Prophet at her plate.

“Hey Harry, Hermione, my Mum and Dad have invited you two to the Burrow for Christmas,” announced Ron.

“Um, well, I was thinking about spending it with my parents this year,” Hermione replied. “It seems like I never spend any time with them ever.”

Hoping to avoid being invited to going with Hermione to her parents, Harry pointed at the folded Daily Prophet and asked "Are you going to read that?"

"No, not just yet," she replied. "You can have it."

After snatching the paper and unfolding it, Harry smiled, happy that he had avoided an invitation. But the moment he read the headline, Harry's heart sank.

"Death Eaters Attack St. Mungo's

A team of seven masked Death Eaters raided and sacked the wizarding hospital St. Mungo's late last night. No one was severely injured during the attack, but the minions of He Who Must Not Be Named made off with a large supply of healing potions from the hospital's storage.

An anonymous informant from the Ministry has speculated off record that You Know Who and his followers may have stolen the potions for an upcoming large scale battle."

"Something has to be done," Harry said morosely.

"What is it?" the brunette witch asked, fearing the worst.

Harry handed her the paper. She read it quickly, her face a mask of dread. But for some indiscernible reason, her appearance suddenly brightened. She smiled knowingly at Harry and said "Oh, something will be done. Don't worry, Harry."

"What do you have planned?" he asked.

"You'll see," she answered cryptically. "It will all depend on the outcome of an errand I'll have to run during lunch. But if everything works out, 'something will be done,' trust me."

Hermione refused to elaborate on her plan. Later, as the couple was making their way to the Great Hall for lunch after morning lessons,

Hermione kissed Harry on the cheek and said, "I'm off to run that errand."

"You want me to come with you?" he asked. "I can help."

"No, I think it will be better if I go alone," she said and waved her hand. "See you in a bit."

Without another word Hermione dashed down the corridor heading for the castle's door. Curious about what his girlfriend was up to, Harry continued on to the Great Hall. He was quite surprised when he entered the Great Hall. There, sitting at the Gryffindor table with Ron and Luna, was Hermione. Furrowing his brow in confusion, Harry sat next to his girlfriend and asked, "Weren't you supposed to run some secret errand?"

"I've done it and come back already," she informed him.

"How could you have? I just left you about a minute ago."

"That can't be, Harry," Luna said in a detached way while she scooped some of her food from her plate to Ron's thereby saving her husband from having to nick food from her plate. "Ronald and I got here early and Hermione was waiting for us. And we've been here now for at least five minutes."

Harry looked at Hermione in bewilderment. In response, the brunette witch smiled and winked at him. "You'll understand tonight," she said coyly.

Harry couldn't focus on his afternoon lessons. His mind kept wandering to what errand Hermione had done and how it would help retaliate against Voldemort. As if to irritate Harry even further, Hermione refused to even acknowledge that she had even run an errand.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Harry," she had said during dinner with a naughty smile. "Ron and Luna told you I was here in the Great Hall the entire time."

That night, after supper, Harry and Hermione entered their chambers.

“Are you going to tell me what you did today?” he asked.

“Oh, you’ll see,” she said with a devious smirk.

Before he could ask any further questions, Hermione trotted into the bathroom. Harry shook his head. ‘That girl’s aching for a spanking,’ he thought to himself.

A pungent smell caught Harry’s attention. He followed his nose to the spare bedroom and opened the door. He found Hermione standing over a simmering cauldron.

“Wait, how did you get in here?” he asked, deeply confused. “I just saw you enter the loo.”

“Surely I had to pee,” she said off-handedly and poured a pink liquid into the cauldron. “I do that from time to time.”

“But I didn’t see you leave the loo,” he protested.

“What can I tell you, I’m quick,” she replied casually. “Now leave, this is complicated and I can’t have you messing it up by distracting me.”

Harry walked out and closed the door. The moment the door snapped shut, he heard it lock magically. Wondering why she was being so mysterious, Harry sat on the couch and contemplated what Hermione was doing.

It had something to do with the Death Eater attack they had read about this morning. Hermione had told him that she had to run an errand but he found out that she didn’t because she was waiting for him in the Great Hall. And now she was brewing some kind of potion.

A half hour later, Hermione came out of the bathroom. Harry was about to ask how she left the spare room and entered the bathroom without him seeing her, but her attire – or the lack of attire – drove that question from his mind. The witch had slowly strolled out of the

loo wearing nothing but a scarlet colored scarf wound around her eyes like a blind fold.

"I happen to be the luckiest bloke in the world," Harry beamed. Joyous thoughts about how kinky Hermione was swirled through his head. Perhaps he'd bind her hands, give her a good spanking, and then make love to her. "I have such an adventurous girlfriend."

"You don't know the half of it," Hermione said but her lips didn't move. Harry blinked, confused. Not only did she not move her mouth, but the voice was coming from inside the spare bedroom.

"Did you just throw your voice?" he asked.

"I didn't say anything," Hermione said, this time her lips moved with the words. She pointed to the spare bedroom and added "She was the one who spoke."

Just then, another person walked out of the room. Harry's eyes bulged in wonder. The person looked exactly like Hermione, same hair, same jaw, same breasts, same shaved Miss Nibbles. The only difference was the second witch was wearing a green blindfold.

Blindly, the green-blindfolded Hermione walked up to the one wearing a scarlet scarf. Her hands fumbled a bit before cupping the other girl's face. Slowly, the two identical looking witches kissed. It was a soft and gentle kiss, but far from innocent.

"Wow, I'm a good kisser," scarlet scarf Hermione commented.

"Then you'll like this," the green scarf Hermione said and began kissing her doppelganger once again. But this time the witches obviously became more comfortable, their tongues came into play. Harry could see one girl's tongue slide into the other's mouth. That was enough to send Harry over the edge. The image of seeing his naked girlfriend kiss another witch who looked exactly like her (especially the naked bit) made the wizard lose control. With a primal grunt, Harry fell off the couch and came down his leg.

"What just happened?" scarlet-Hermione asked.

“He just shot his load down his trouser-leg,” the green replied. “Thank goodness I made plenty of stamina and virility potions.”

“Wh-what’s going on?” Harry asked.

“That errand I ran today was to fetch a Time Turner. I went to the Ministry and got one. Actually, I got it through a time paradox, but you’ll see,” Hermione replied. “I figured that I’ll just use the Time Turner to make duplicates of myself, in a fashion.”

“Not duplicates really,” the green-Hermione corrected. “I just happen to be a future version of you.”

“True,” agreed scarlet-Hermione. “But ‘duplicate’ is easier to say than ‘my future self,’ especially since our mouths will be busy in a moment. We don’t want to waste time by saying ‘future self’ when ‘duplicate’ is much more time saving.”

Normally, Harry wouldn’t bother to ask the reasoning behind Hermione’s decision, particularly seeing that the outcome meant he just got to watch Hermione tongue-kiss herself, but curiosity got the best of him. “How? What? Why?”

“The ‘Morgy Ritual,’” scarlet replied. “With the Time Turner, I can make duplicates of myself. That way we can have multiple partners and perform the ritual without asking another couple to join us.”

“Yes, and I already drew the symbol and identified the targets as people bearing the Dark Mark,” green added. “So all we have to do now is have some fun.”

“Why are you wearing blindfolds?” Harry asked. He was honestly surprised that he could form coherent sentences at that moment. “Is it some sort of Paradox thing? You can’t see your past self or something?”

“Well, that’s one reason,” scarlet answered.

“That and I, or rather we happen to be very kinky,” green added.



“So... I get to have sex... with both of you... at the same time?” he asked in a near delirious state. “Manage a three-way,” Harry muttered in absolute awe at the sight in front of him; two versions of Hermione, one wearing a scarlet blindfold and the other green, standing shoulder to shoulder.

“That’s ménage à trios, Harry,” green blindfolded Hermione corrected.

“Actually, bump that up one,” Hermione’s voice came from the bedroom shortly before a third copy of the brunette witch strolled out. She adjusted her yellow blindfold before taking her place next to her two doppelgangers.

Harry’s head started to spin slightly. To him, this could not get any better. Then a fourth Hermione, this one wearing a blue blindfold, walked out of the bedroom.

“Oh-my-God,” Harry half groan, half whimpered. His green eyes, which were sparkling in delight, shot from one Hermione to the next. “Two... four... six... eight... eight titties!”

“He can still count,” commented blue-Hermione. “That’s a good sign that we haven’t given him an aneurism... yet.”

“Eight titties,” repeated Harry.

“Are you saying we’re going to give Harry an aneurism?” scarlet Hermione asked her future selves.

“Eight titties; that means eight nipples. Four ‘Carmella’s and four ‘Natasha’s. Eight!” Harry cheered and a bit of drool dribbled out of the corner of his mouth.

“Make that ten,” a very familiar voice called out from the bathroom. This time, a Hermione wearing a purple blindfold walked out. But before she took her place with her identical peers, a sixth Hermione with a white blind fold sauntered out and announced “Actually, twelve titties.”

As a Hermione with a white blindfold walked out of the bedroom, scarlet Hermione commented "Five copies? Did I get that daring to have six of us?"

"Yes, I figured why stop at just four of us," white-Hermione said, "or five for that matter."

"Besides, you'll need the extra help soon," green-Hermione added.

"What do you mean?" asked scarlet. "I made plenty of stamina and virility potions, but I think that five of us could handle one Harry."

"You'll see," one of her future selves answered.

"Let's have some fun," white-Hermione said. Blindly she grabbed green and blue's hands and led them to Harry who was still sitting on the ground. She arranged her copies around Harry so that one was on either side of him and one was in the front. Then, as if they had planned it, all three Hermiones leaned forward, pressing their breasts into Harry's face. The poor boy was suffocating in breasts. He thought "What a wonderful way to die; choking on boobs."

"He doesn't need a virility potion just yet," one of the three smothering Harry said. "I can feel his willy pressing on my calf."

"Girls, girls, back up," one Hermione from across the room requested. "I want Harry to see this."

As the wall of breasts that had covered Harry's face parted, he caught a much more spectacular view. Sitting on the couch, with her legs spread wide, was scarlet Hermione. Propped up next to her was yellow Hermione. The yellow blindfolded version's hand trailed up the scarlet witch's thigh toward her snatch. It was the next second that Harry's heart stopped beating.

"It's kind of like masturbating," yellow commented as another of her fingers came into play. "I mean this is my vagina technically speaking."

“Someone take care of Harry, the poor boy’s about to blow up,” one Hermione suggested.

“Does it have to be ‘someone’?” blue asked, placing extra emphasis on the ‘one.’

Blue and green Hermione got down on all fours and placed their faces over Harry’s engorged organ.

“today is the happiest day of my life,” Harry squeaked in an incredibly tiny voice. Harry proved how manly he was by lasting a whole forty-two and three quarter seconds before cumming for the second time. It was truly a manly act seeing how he was watching one version of Hermione stimulate another version while two others licked and suckled his bits.

“Did you just swallow?” blue asked green.

“Yes, I did,” green replied.

“That was very rude,” blue chastised. “Next time, share.”

“Someone mentioned stamina potions,” mumbled Harry. It seemed that he had very poor control over his motor functions and speaking was difficult.

“Yes, Harry, there’s a bunch in the spare bedroom,” three Hermiones answered in unison.

As Harry staggered and stumbled to the bedroom, he overheard one Hermione comment “Hmmm... I wonder what ‘Miss Nibbles’ tastes like?” followed very quickly by another Hermione yelping in surprise.

The young wizard held his hands on the sides of his head like blinders. He knew that if he saw what he thought was happening behind him, he’d most likely die from pure joy. Although it would be a nice way to go, he’d rather last a bit longer. Perhaps even be between the two versions of Hermione while they did what he thought they were doing. Hell, he’d like to give them pointers. Yes, he

reasoned, dieing while participating would be a much better way to go than just watching.

But to be able to participate more, he'd need that stamina potion. 'Harry, Jr.', despite the ample amounts of naked Hermiones encouraging him, was fast asleep. Obviously the things he had just seen and having received head from two Hermiones was just too much for the member. Also the thought of pleasuring six Hermiones was intimidating. So Harry needed as much help as he could muster.

Lying on the table next to the cauldron were three dozen small bottles containing a bright red liquid. Clearly these were the stamina and virility potions that Hermione had made. Harry quickly gulped downed one bottle and was about to head out the door when a glimmer of light caught his eye.

He found a tiny gold Time Turner sitting on the table just behind the bottles of potion. Harry smiled as a devious thought occurred to him. If Hermione could use the magical device to make duplicates of herself, so could he.

Much like one of the reasons Hermione had donned a blind fold – besides being kinky – Harry didn't want to tempt a paradox, so he decided to wear a blind fold as well. He found an old school robe lying over a chair and quickly tore off a length of it. After wrapping it around his eyes, he reminded himself to use the Time Turner sometime in the future, perhaps in the morning, and return to this time. Just then, Harry heard a pop.

"Hi, Harry," a masculine voice greeted him. "It's me, Harry, from about nine hours in the future."

Another pop and someone announced "I from twenty hours in the future."

Another two pops sounded, one after the other. Then the cupboard in the corner of the room creaked open.

“Don’t remove your blindfolds,” another Harry commanded. “I’m from a few days in the future. I sort of helped Hermione get the Time Turner.”

“Really, how’d you do that?” the current time Harry asked.

“You’ll see,” the other replied. “I’ve been hiding in this cupboard, waiting for you blokes to show up.”

“Well now that you’re all here, let’s go ravish some Hermiones,” one Harry cheered.

Harry felt a tap on his shoulder followed by a suggestion in his own voice “Let’s double team one of them?”

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“You know, two blokes, one bird, no waiting,” he answered.

“Do you think she’ll mind?” the current time Harry asked.

In response, all the other versions of Harry laughed uproariously.

“All right, everybody take a dose of the potion,” one ordered. “We’ve got a lot of witches out there and we need to be ready for repeat performances.”

After a bit of fumbling and a few bottles clinking together, everyone was ready. Harry knew this because someone was poking him in the side and it wasn’t with their finger. “Do you mind? Budge up.”

“Okay, we’re all ready?”

“Yeah,” was the chorused answer.

“Then let’s do this for justice!”

“Wait, ‘justice’?” one asked. “What do you mean?”

“We’re performing the Morgy Ritual,” another answered. “We’re inflicting pain on Death Eaters.”

“Oh, I thought we were doing this for mad sex.”

“Good point.”

“Okay... let’s do this for justice and mad sex!”

With that battle cry, the multiple Harrys charged out of the room (Harry heard one or two of his counterparts bang into walls).

“It’s about time you got out here,” one Hermione stated. “Some of us started without you.”

“Hermione, uh, the Hermione with the scarlet blindfold, that is., remember when I said you’d need the extra help of five copies,” another Hermione said. “Well, you’re about to find out first hand just what I meant.”

What followed was a loud and rambunctious, almost chaotic, orgy. Bodies pressed against one another. Fumbling limbs and screaming orgasm.

The current Harry was able to fulfill one of the future Harry’s suggestion of “double teaming” a Hermione. Current Harry was on the bottom (and in the bottom), future Harry was on the top, and Hermione was sandwiched between (and Harry guessed that it was the current time’s Hermione because of the future Hermione’s playful warning about needing the extra help). And Harry understood now why his future selves laughed when he asked if Hermione would mind. The witch was shouting loudly the word “Yippie” and the phrase “Oh Fuck Yes!” repeatedly.

“Now, this is how you properly share,” one Hermione stated a few minutes later. This version of the brunette witch sounded as if she was holding something, perhaps a kind of liquid, in her mouth.

“Yum, thanks. Now I see what you were saying,” a different Hermione, who also sounded like she now had something in her mouth, said.

When everyone had climaxed (which gave the room a peculiar aroma), one Hermione asked; "Wait a second, how many Harrys are there?"

"Dunno," a Harry, one who sounded like he was somewhere near the end of the couch, replied. "Lost count."

"All right then, sound off," she demanded. "Count yourselves."

"One," the first Harry called out.

"Two."

"Three."

"Four."

"Five."

"Six," a final Harry called out.

"Okay there are six of each of us," concluded one Hermione.

"Um, actually, there are seven Harrys," another Harry announced. "When everybody was counting off, I had my mouth full."

"Damn right you did," another Hermione said in a breathy and satisfied voice.

"Fine then, that makes thirteen of us all together," one Hermione stated.

"And the ritual only listed the effects up to six participants," another Hermione picked up. "I added another 'me' just to give it a little boost."

"And if six participants meant the targets felt as if they were on fire and there are thirteen of us..." a third Hermione continued.

"That means the Death Eaters must be begging for mercy right now," a fourth concluded.

"Well, I know everyone here will be disappointed, but thanks to the stamina potion, I have another go left in me," one Harry announced with mock concern. "Damn thing won't go down."

"Oh, no, so do I," another Harry stated. "Lousy erection."

"Me too," a third fake pouted. "It's just sitting there throbbing away."

"Me three. Oh, what can we do?"

"Aren't you other four going to add anything?" a Hermione asked the darkness. "Perhaps some crude comment about being a human ring-toss or hat-stand?"

"One of them isn't verbally telling me he has another shag left in him," one Hermione grunted happily. "He's showing me; and quite admirably at that."

"Hey, Hermione, you have something in your mouth," one Harry pointed out. To which the Hermione he was speaking to responded:

"No I don't-gth mumh ghiz," she sputtered as if something had been pushed rapidly into her mouth.

"You boys be careful and check your aim," one Hermione offered. "You don't want to poke the wrong person."

As if on cue, one Harry shouted "Ow, damn it. Watch out."

"Sorry," another Harry apologized.

"Try going a foot to your left."

"Oh, yeah, that's it!" a Hermione cheered. "Dead on target!"

"Thanks for the suggestion," one Harry said to the other. "I think I found it."



Multiple Harrys, multiple, Hermiones, and multiple orgasms. Overall, it was a very good night.

All over the British Isles that night, screams were heard. And not just from the Head Students' quarters.

## Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

### Chapter Twenty-Eight: Christmas Shopping, Returns, and Other Headaches

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Twenty-Eight: Christmas Shopping, Returns, and Other Headaches... and pains in the arse.

The next morning, after a good long rest, thirteen naked, sweaty, and fairly sticky people fumbled around in blindness.

"No one remove your blindfolds," one Hermione commanded. "We don't want to risk a paradox."

"It's funny that we're worried about a paradox when this whole thing was created by a paradox," another version of the witch commented.

"Good point," the first agreed. "We don't want to create further paradoxes so no one remove their blindfolds."

"So, what do we do now?" asked one Harry.

"Hhmm, let's see; we're all nude... lying on top of each other... what should we do?" another Harry asked mockingly.

"Hey now, you back off," a Hermione commanded a Harry. "I had two of you at the same time last night. I could use a bit of rest."

"I'm the Hermione from a few days from now. I could use two Harrys," another Hermione offered.

"You know, it would be terribly rude not to grant her wish," a Harry stated.

"True," another agreed.

"Watch where you step," a different Harry protested as some of his counterparts began to move about. "I don't want a knee in my groin as you blokes crawl around."

"Sorry about that," a Harry apologized. "Where's the Hermione who wants to be double teamed?"

"Over here," a witch answered. "Just follow my voice."

"Gotcha."

"Let's see... one penis," the eager Hermione began counting. "Two penises... three penises. I only agreed to being double teamed, boys. The owner of this third penis, go find another me."

"Ooh, I'll take your extra one," another Hermione offered.

"Okay, let's all start... again, except for the current time's Harry and Hermione," a Hermione said over the squelches and moans. "You two need to go back in time."

"Um, I already started," one Harry admitted.

"Well then hurry up. We've got a tight schedule to keep."

Odd but incredibly fun was the best way for Harry to describe using the Time Turner to re-participate in the Morgy Ritual. It was odd tapping the past version of himself and suggesting to double-team Hermione, but it was definitely fun doubling up on her.

By his seventh and final pass at the Morgy Ritual, Harry had memorized the sporadic conversations his past selves and the various Hermiones had. For example, when one Hermione complained about her mouth going numb, Harry knew that in a few seconds the version of himself that had not used the Time Turner yet

would freak-out when the third time through's Harry's discharge landed on the former Harry's foot.

“EW! EW! GET IT OFF!”

It was a very hectic period over the next few days. Hermione would stop what she was doing every eight hours (and seeing that it was Hermione, it was precisely eight hours; not seven hours and fifty-four minutes or eight hours and six minutes, but eight hours) and head back to their shared bedroom to utilize the Time Turner. Harry on the other hand, was not as punctual as his girlfriend. At seemingly random points, sometimes after five hours, others after ten, and any length in between, Harry would stop whatever he was doing and used the Time Turner.

And during this time, our heroes' peers would get very confused. They would pass either Harry or Hermione several times while they walked down the halls. And that wasn't the half of it. Take for example the morning where Ron was enjoying a chess match with Harry in the Head Students Chamber only to hear peculiar sounds coming from the spare bedroom.

“Don't pay that any heed,” suggested Harry as he moved his bishop. “It's nothing.”

“It sounds like you and Hermione going at it,” Ron said while staring at the closed door. “And I can swear that I hear two birds in there who both sound like Hermione.”

“It's nothing,” Harry countered with a bemused smile, “just the wind blowing and the old castle creaking and whatnot.”

Then, as if to challenge Harry's explanation, Hermione's voice filtered through the door, saying quite clearly “That's it Harry, cum on her titties!”

“See, just the wind,” a smiling Harry stated.

“This castle sure does make weird noises,” Ron said with a shrug.

The Morgy Ritual was a resounding success. The morning after they performed the aforementioned ritual, the Daily Prophet's headline read in great bold letters:

**"MASSIVE BLOW TO DEATH EATERS!"**

St. Mungo's, which was just sacked yesterday, was overrun once again by the minions of He Who Must Not Be Named. Nearly one hundred and ten Death Eaters rushed the hospital late last night. This time, however, the Death Eaters did not come to raid the hospital, but rather begging and pleading for help.

The scores of evil doers were screaming in agony. Initial diagnostic charms couldn't reveal the source of the suffering. Many Death Eaters claimed the pain was worst than You Know Who's dreaded Cruciatus Curse. Some were even bleeding from various orifices.

Ministry Aurors were quick to sweep up the scores of Death Eaters, many who were wanted and dozens more who were not known to the Ministry as members of the Death Eaters. Several of these previously unsuspected Death Eaters, including Hilbert Rogers and Lantana Smyth-Billings, were actually spies for He Who Must Not Be Named, working deep undercover within key position in the Ministry. These spies, according to an anonymous informant in the Magical Law Enforcement Department, could have done 'great harm to the Ministry and its people.'

The Ministry is unsure how or why the Death Eaters were in such immense pain. Some believe that these hundred plus Death Eaters offended their master and he punished them (although this theory is not without its debunkers; such a loss of manpower has surely hurt You Know Who and therefore punishment on this large scale could only cripple himself and his aims). Some have speculated that a ritual, intended to raise their power, backfired in some way. Still others believe that it was an attack against all marked Death Eaters. The last Harry was charged with taking the Time Turner back to the Ministry.

"Now you have to go back to the day I fetched it," Hermione said.

“Right, so I’ll meet the past you in the Department of Mysteries and once you take the Time Turner, I’ll put the future version in its place,” Harry summarized. “That way, no one will miss it.”

“Take some migraine relief potion with you,” Hermione added in a serious tone, clearly telling her lover that he should do as she suggested. “You’ll need it.”

Shrugging in acceptance, Harry took both the Time Turner and the potion. After placing the chain of the Time Turner around his neck, Harry spun the hourglass several times. The world dissolved away and he felt as if he was flying backwards. Moments later, Harry found himself standing in the Head Students’ quarters alone. Harry glanced at the calendar hanging on the wall to confirm that he had traveled far enough back.

Knowing that since not being seen was imperative, Harry fetched his Invisibility Cloak and threw it over his head and shoulders. Harry then crept out of his room and down to the entrance of the castle. He passed the Great Hall where the past version of himself and Hermione were reading the Daily Prophet article about the Death Eater raid on St. Mungo’s which had originally inspired Hermione to fetch the Time Turner and perform the Morgy Ritual. Quickly and quietly, Harry made his way out of the castle and out onto the grounds. Walking briskly for several minutes, he finally passed the outer gates of the school and its protective wards.

Wrapping the Cloak around him tightly so it would not get lost while in transport, Harry squeezed his eyes shut and concentrated on the Ministry building. Harry tried to ignore the unpleasant squeezing sensation as he Apparated.

He opened his eyes and found himself exactly where he wanted; in the alley just a short distance away from the payphone that hid the lift to the Ministry Building. While still safely covered by his precious invisibility cloak, Harry took the lift down into the Ministry. The lobby was packed full of witches and wizards bustling back and forth. Harry was taken back slightly at the lack of noise in the overcrowded room. Normally, he assumed, with that many people milling about, there

would be much more noise. Most of the witches and wizards had their heads down, as if they dare not look each other in the face. Only a handful of people were speaking, and their sparse and soft conversations consisted of “excuse me,” and “pardon me,” as they bumped into each other.

Pushing his ponderings to the back of his mind, Harry moved through the lobby to the lifts. He had to get to the Department of Mysteries in order to replace the Time Turner as Hermione picked up the past version of it.

It took a good long while for Harry to find an appropriate lift, well over half an hour. Each time the doors would open, Ministry employees rushed the small compartment, jamming it full with their bodies. Harry realized that he'd have to wait for a less crowded car. He knew that if he entered the lift when it was so full, people would bump into him and realize that he was there. So he waited while lift after lift filled up.

Finally, an empty lift dinged open and there was no one there to enter it. Harry rushed into the compartment and mashed the button. With no one else in the lift, Harry didn't have to worry about bumping into anyone. Unfortunately, before the doors closed someone entered. And sadly, Harry didn't need to worry about bumping into this person, because this wizard could easily see Harry under the Invisibility Cloak.

“Potter,” Mad Eye Moody grumbled and hobbled up to the invisible-to-everyone-else Harry. The scarred wizard's magical blue eye pointed directly at Harry's face and Moody demanded, “Just what are you doing here, boy?”

“Um... I'm... uh... Just out for a stroll,” Harry lied. He didn't need Hermione telling him that it would've been a bad idea to tell Moody that he was planning to go into the Department of Mysteries.

“Out for a stroll, huh?” Mad Eye asked disbelievingly. “In the Ministry? Under your Invisibility Cloak?”

Harry answered weakly, “Yes. Good for the constitution.”

With his normal eye still fixed firmly on where Harry stood, the electric blue eye swiveled in Moody's head and back, apparently, at the buttons on the wall behind him. The magical eye snapped back to Harry and Mad Eye asked, "You're not planning on making a trip to the Department of Mysteries by any chance, are you?"

"No, sir."

"Because that would be stupid," Mad Eye continued. "Ever since the war restarted, the Ministry has beefed up security around the Department; loads of wards and traps. Besides the traps that'll turn you into dust, there are sensor wards that'll spot you the moment you approach the Department. You'd need some sort of Legendary-Super-Invisibility Cloak that no one could see through to pass by them. And since you don't have one of those," he said and patted 'invisible-to-everyone-but-Moody-and-Dumbledore' Harry on his shoulder, "you shouldn't go mucking about in there."

"Yes, sir."

"Why don't you head back to Hogwarts boy," the old wizard more ordered than suggested.

Nodding his head in defeat, Harry walked out of the still opened lift. Harry meandered through the lobby, lost in thought. How was he supposed to get into the Department of Mysteries with all the added security? Obviously, Hermione was able to pass these wards somehow because she was able to retrieve the Time Turner. Harry came to the conclusion that he'd have to wait for Hermione to show up. That way she'd be able to figure out a way into the Department. She was, after all, the smartest witch in their generation. With this new plan, Harry headed to the lift that would take him to Muggle London.

Without using his cloak to hide within, Harry waited for Hermione; he stood just a few feet away from the payphone that hid the lift to the Ministry lobby. Shortly after twelve noon, he saw Hermione trot toward the lift.

"Hermione," he called out.



“Harry, what are you doing here?” she asked while walking up to him. His girlfriend seemed quite surprised to find Harry waiting for her. “I thought we agreed that I’d do this on my own?”

“I’m here to bring back the Time Turner so no one will realize we took it,” he said.

“So it worked?”

“Brilliantly,” he said with a smile. ‘Harry, Jr.’ began to stir at the thoughts that swarmed in Harry’s mind; so many breasts, so many flowers, and those bums...

“So let’s go fetch it,” suggested Hermione.

“Hm?” asked Harry who was still deliciously distracted.

“The Time Turner,” Hermione pointed out. “Let’s go get it so you can put it back.”

“Oh, yeah,” he said, trying to push the wonderful images out of his mind. “We may have a problem.”

“What is it?” she asked.

“I ran into Moody. He told me that the Department has loads of wards around it,” he answered. “Really tough ones.”

“Well, obviously we were able to bypass them because you have the Time Turner,” Hermione said aloud.

“Yes, I’ve got it right here,” he said and pulled the golden device from his pocket, holding it in front of himself.

“Well, then, clearly we were able to figure out what the wards were and how to slip by them,” she said. Hermione worried her lip and went into one of her ‘deep thought modes.’ “What kind of wards are we dealing with? Clearly a number of Major Repelling and Detection Wards along with Defensive and Offensive ones.”

As Hermione tried to work out a plan, Harry eyed the Time Turner dangling from his fist. Hermione was right, they had somehow gotten the Turner, but how did they do it? He held the evidence that proved that whatever they did had worked. They were able to face anything the wards threw at them and they had not been captured. But what had they done?

Hermione's face began to grow pale. "We're dealing with top ward casters, the best the Ministry has to offer. That means we have a major problem. It'll take hours, maybe even days, to try to figure out what types of wards they have, much less bypass them. Obviously, time isn't an issue. Since we got the Time Turner, we can always go back in time. But it still can take us days.

"And then there's the normal security," she added nervously. "We'll have to deal with patrols of witches and wizards so we'll have to remain under your Cloak the entire time. And what if Moody is one of the ones patrolling? I mean, he has no trouble at all in seeing through your Cloak. Oh, goodness, how will we ever get the Time Turner?"

"Here, take it," Harry said offering the Turner. Hermione looked at him suspiciously. "Listen, I already have it. We don't have to risk ourselves trying to nick it. This is the safest way."

"Your right," she agreed and took the Time Turner.

Then, an odd thought came to Harry.

"Wait, I just gave you the Time Turner," he said and Hermione nodded. "But that was the Time Turner you gave me, or will give me, to return..."

"Yes," said Hermione.

"But where did it come from?" he asked. "I mean, it turns out I gave you the Time Turner that you gave me so that I could give to you."

Pressure and pain started to form behind Harry's eyes as he continued on this train of thought.

"The only reason you have the Time Turner is because I gave it to you. You never took it from the Department because I gave you one instead. But the one I just gave you is the one I got from you, I mean; you'll give to me so I could give it to you."

"Don't worry about it, Harry," Hermione tried to comfort him.

"But where did this Time Turner come from?" he asked as the pain in his head grew rapidly. "It didn't come from the Department. It came from me... but I got it from you... and you got it from me."

"It's okay, Harry."

The headache began to pound wildly, almost rattling his skull. The perplexing question of how the Time Turner came to be racked his mind. When he started out on this little trip into the past, he assumed that he would be standing next to Hermione in the Department of Mysteries, then, the moment after she would've picked up the past version of the device, Harry was going to place the future version in its place. He had reckoned that there'd be two copies of the Time Turner, one that Hermione picked up and the one Harry replaced. But now, he was realizing that there was only one Time Turner: the one Harry took in the past and gave to Hermione... the same device that Hermione gave to Harry so that he could go back in time to give to her... to give to him... so that he could give to her...

"How was it made? Did someone make the Time Turner? You didn't make it and I didn't. No, but it's still here, as if it just popped into existence. But that's not possible. So it can't exist. But there you are, holding it in your hand." Harry babbled.

"It was created by a time paradox," Hermione explained while she tucked the Time Turner into her pocket. "A fluke in time caused the Time Turner to exist; our actions created this item."

"But if you're right, we couldn't have done the things we did to create the Turner if we didn't have the Time Turner in the first place," he argued. He felt as if his eyes were about to melt because of the massive headache. "How could we have used the Time Turner if it

wasn't real when we used it because we created it?" Harry was suddenly reminded of the old puzzle about the chicken and the egg but to an extreme level.

"I know it's very confusing, but just accept the knowledge that the Time Turner was created by a paradox." Hermione tried to explain.

"That's right, you, and a few other versions of you, said something about it all happened from a paradox," Harry said and he rubbed the sides of his head. "ow."

"Go back to Hogwarts, see Pomfrey and get a headache potion," commanded Hermione.

"No, I have one," he said and pulled the glass vial from his robes. "You made one for me because you knew this would happen."

After downing it in one gulp, Hermione asked "Do you feel any better?"

"Yeah."

"Good, now let's head back to the castle," she said and took his arm in hers. "Once we get there, I'll go back in time an hour so no one will miss me and you hide in the spare room until we're all done. And try not to think about how the Time Turner came to be."

Several days later, Harry was enjoying dinner in the Great Hall with Hermione, Ron, Luna, Ginny, and Neville.

"So, Harry what are your plans for Christmas?" Ron asked, again, with his mouth full of partially masticated food. "We're going to have a big one. Charlie and Bill will be there, along with Fleur and her folks, Luna and her dad'll be there too."

"Well, I think he should come with me to my folks this year," Hermione offered.

"Hey, you and your folks can come to the Burrow, too," suggested Ron. To which Hermione just rolled her eyes. Oblivious to many

things including Hermione's disapproval, Ron turned to Neville and suggested "Why don't you and your Gran come to our place?"

"NO!" Ginny blurted out a response. Trying to recover, the red haired witch quickly added, "I mean, no, it's too soon in our relationship to have our three families over for Christmas dinner."

"What do you mean 'our three families'?" Luna asked. Ginny balked, realizing that she had just hinted that she was carrying Neville's baby and that she had referred to her family, herself, Neville, and the baby, along with the Weasleys and Longbottoms. Luna pressed "Did you mean the Weasleys, Longbottoms, and my family? But Fleur's family would make four."

"YES! That's it exactly!" cheered Ginny, thinking that Luna had provided a way out of her faux pas. "I'm just a dunderhead for forgetting Fleur."

While their friends continued to talk amongst themselves, Hermione asked Harry, "So, I can take it that you'll be coming to my parents' home this holiday?"

Remembering the horrific time he had during dinner with Hermione's parents, where both her mum and dad disapproved of their relationship, Harry tried to find a gentle way of telling his girlfriend that he had no intention of voluntarily going through that again. But before he could voice his protest, Professor McGonagall stood and made an announcement.

"Attention everyone," she called out. "I know there have been a number of rumors flying around about a student returning. Many of you are concerned, but let me assure you that this young wizard has changed."

Harry gritted his teeth and balled his hands into fists until his knuckles turned white. He didn't think McGonagall truly understood what she was doing. Despite her reassurance that Malfoy had changed, Harry didn't agree. Malfoy was a Death Eater; he helped kill Dumbledore and nothing could change that in Harry's mind.

"I ask that you all give him a chance," continued McGonagall. "And I know his reintroduction into the castle will be... unconventional. But he requested it and I felt obligated to fulfill his wish," McGonagall paused to look over the crowd, and gave her saucy wink directly at Harry. The young wizard shivered over the notion of what that wink could mean.

"Let's all welcome Draco Malfoy back to Hogwarts!" announced McGonagall.

Suddenly, red, green, yellow, and blue lights flashed from the ceiling in rhythm to a thundering low bass beat and rapid high screeching beeps. The doors to the Great Hall flew open and smoke billowed in. All the flashing lights pivoted and pointed at the now open door. Then Draco walked in. Well, danced into the Great Hall in tune to the music, more correctly.

The blond wizard shook and swayed his hips as he hopped and spun down the center of the Hall. Throwing his arms up in theatrical triumph, Draco beamed a glorious smile. The flashing lights reflected and sparkled off of the jewels stitched into the fabric of his shimmering pink robes.

"Goodness," muttered Hermione. "When'd he become gay?"

Harry looked at Draco in disbelief. Malfoy wasn't gay. Why would Hermione think such a thing? Then the blond Slytherin turned, looked directly at Harry, winked at the raven haired wizard and blew him a kiss. Harry thought it was some sort of elaborate joke, that Malfoy was mocking Harry. But then Harry recalled McGonagall's statement that Draco had changed. And her saucy wink. At that moment, Harry realized that Draco was not joking nor was his wink and blown kiss done out of mockery.

"Holy shit," he muttered in fear.

"HELL-O-O-O-O EVERY ONE!" Draco shouted with a lisp, which was odd considering there were no "s" sounds in his greeting. "I'M BACK!" To emphasize this point, the former Prince of Slytherin shoved out his bottom. Of course, his buttocks were pointing straight at Harry.

“Holy shit,” repeated Harry.

“I’m inviting everyone,” Draco said flamboyantly and eyeing Harry, “to stay over the Winter Holiday here at Hogwarts. I’ve planned a welcome back party. We’ll have games and punch!”

Somehow, Harry knew that Draco’s ideas of games involved getting Harry alone in a cupboard with some body-oil and introducing ‘Draco, Jr.’ to Harry’s ‘no-go-hole’.

“That’s a brilliant idea,” Harry said to Hermione. “Let’s go to your folks for the break.”

Harry suddenly realized that he’d rather face the ire of his potential future in-laws than spend a night in the same castle as Draco.

Over the next week, Harry kept busy by staying away from Draco. Whenever Harry passed Draco, the brave Gryffindor would duck behind something (a statue or tapestry) or someone (usually Hermione) in order to hide his courageous self. Thankfully, Malfoy had not joined the other seventh years in class yet; he was busy trying to catch up on the lessons he had missed. If he had shared lessons with his peers, Harry had a plan in order to avoid any unnecessary or uncomfortable contact. Our hero planned to bravely arrive five minutes late to each lesson that he shared with the Slytherin so that he wouldn’t bump shoulders with Malfoy as they entered. Harry would also leave class early, sneaking out under his Cloak, for the same reason.

At first Hermione had criticized Harry for his irrational fear of Draco. “Just because he’s come out of the closet doesn’t mean he’s going to violate you,” she had argued. Then she saw the love letters that Draco had been slipping under the door of the Head Students quarters. She had gotten as far as “... I want you to pull back my foreskin and...” before she realized that Harry’s irrational fear was actually quite rational.

One day, as Draco pranced down the corridor and Harry hid behind Hermione, the brunette witch asked, “Draco’s a marked Death Eater,

how'd you suppose he was able to overcome the pain of the Morgy Ritual? I mean, we sent over a hundred running for help. Why didn't he end up at St Mungo's like the others?"

"Don't know," Harry whispered, dreading that Draco might hear him.

"Oh hell," cursed Hermione. "I just remembered. Snape's on our side."

"And?"

"And he's a marked Death Eater. That means he suffered from the Morgy Ritual as well."

"Good."

"Harry, we should have warned him," protested Hermione.

"Why?"

"Because he's working for us," she explained. "He's helping us hunt Horcruxes. We should have warned him that we were planning an attack against all of the Death Eaters."

"And just how were we supposed to do that?" asked Harry. "I can't just send him a post now can I?"

"Dear Snape,

We're planning on hurting the lot of you. Hope you don't mind.

Yours truly,

Harry and Hermione."

 mocked Harry.

"We could have tried," she persisted.

"No, we couldn't," Harry countered. "If someone had intercepted our note, Snape would be revealed and most likely killed."



“Oh,” Hermione breathed.

“Is that Harry Potter?” an effeminate voice called out.

Harry and Hermione looked in horror as Draco skipped toward them, waving his arms about frantically.

“Run,” Harry ordered, dragging Hermione behind him as they bolted around the corner.

After Hermione placed a simple Glamour Charm on her eyes to change them back to their previous brown (Harry was still paranoid that Hermione’s parents would be furious over the “Sorry I shagged your eyes green” incident), the young couple began packing for their stay at her parents’ house.

“Do I have to go?” whimpered Harry. The thought of how upset her parents were when they had found out that Harry and Hermione were having a physical relationship made the young wizard second guess his decision to visit the Grangers.

“You can stay here,” she offered as she folded up several pairs of his socks. “Of course then you’d be risking your virtue with Draco milling about.”

“Let me help you with that,” offered Harry, and placed several of his pullovers into the suitcase.

The train ride to King’s Cross was uneventful; uneventful to everyone except for Ginny that is.

“Why is the damn train jostling so much,” the red haired witch said peevishly while her complexion turned a nasty green.

Ginny vomited four times in total. Three of those times, she had made it to the loo. Her fourth wasn’t so lucky. Neither was Ron, who was the proud owner of the lap that his sister got sick on.

“What’s your problem?” Ron demanded while he tried to clean the sick from his robes and trousers.

"It's not me," Ginny said, wiping her mouth with the back of her sleeve. "The bloody train's bouncing too much."

"Well, it's not bouncing more than it normally does," Ron pointed out.

One shared look with Hermione told Harry that his girlfriend was thinking the same thing as he was; "Ginny's baby doesn't like to travel."

If Harry was hoping that Hermione's parents had grown more accepting of their relationship, his hopes were dashed when Richard, Hermione's father, greeted the young wizard by asking "Have you enjoyed molesting my princess?"

The car ride to Hermione's began politely, despite Richard's greeting. For fifteen minutes, Hermione and her parents talked and talked. Harry, sagely, decided not to tempt the elder Grangers' ire by attempting to join in on the conversation. Then without warning, Fiona asked her daughter flatly, "Hermione, are you using protection?"

"Of course I am, mother," Hermione replied, clearly offended that her mother thought such a thing.

"Don't give me attitude, young lady," her mother snapped. "I don't know what types of precautions you have in the magical world and how effective they are."

"They're very effective," informed Hermione.

"Oh really? Tell me, does that red head girl you got off the train with use protection?" demanded Fiona.

"What do you mean?" asked Hermione.

"I can tell she's pregnant," Fiona said hotly. "Do you use the same protection she used?"

"How can you tell Ginny's pregnant?" Hermione inquired. "She isn't showing, is she?"

"I'm a mum, I don't need to see a bump to tell when someone's with child."

"It's that particular shade of green she had about her," Richard grumbled, obviously angry that he was forced to be in close proximity to the person responsible for deflowering his princess. "Your mother got that way whenever we would travel back when she had you."

Harry felt very sorry for Ginny. If Fiona, who only had one child, could tell from a distance with one look that Ginny was pregnant, certainly Mrs. Weasley, who had seven children, would find out. Harry suspected that he would be able to hear Mrs. Weasley screaming at her daughter halfway across the country.

"So, answer the question, young lady. Do you and that girl use the same type of protection?" Fiona asked again.

"No, I use a better one. More reliable," Hermione lied. Clearly she didn't want to admit to her mother that she did use the same charm Ginny had used but the fact that Neville was so overly-endowed that he was able to physically bypass the seaman repellent charm by pushing through Ginny's cervix. There are some things one cannot discuss with one's parents. That definitely includes "My friend's boyfriend makes Hippogriffs feel inadequate."

When they got to the house, Richard sweetly said to his daughter "Your room's just the way you left it, princess." He then turned to Harry and pointed to the couch. "You'll be sleeping there," he ordered with a considerable decline in the sweetness factor.

"Dad, we share the same bed at school," protested Hermione.

Richard turned white then flashed red in less than two seconds.

"Not in my house you don't," he said angrily.

"Hermione, dear, it would be irresponsible for us as your parents to allow you to fornicate under our roof. Especially while you two are just dating," her mother explained. On the surface, her voice was calm

and cool, but there was an angry and venomous edge hidden just below the calm. "Perhaps when, or if, you marry, we might allow it."

"Over my dead body," grumbled Richard while staring daggers at Harry.

"Until then, we will not allow you to do such things," concluded Fiona. The day before Christmas, Harry had to get out of the Granger house. He and Hermione had been there for three days and they hadn't been left alone for even a second. Her mum and dad were watching the young couple like hungry vultures. If Harry attempted to kiss his girlfriend, one or both of her parents would make a noise (like a cough or a threat of bodily harm) and glower at them.

On the second night, Hermione tried to protest to her mother after the matriarch forced her daughter from giving Harry an innocent kiss.

"Mum, I've done a whole lot more than just kiss him," the brunette witch had dared to say.

"Well, you shouldn't have, and now you're paying the price," her mother said firmly.

"Mum," Hermione started to argue.

"What you did was rash and foolish," Fiona chastised. "You should've waited before you moved your relationship ahead like that."

"But mum, you were involved in a three-

"Don't give me that! It was the seventies, things like that happened," Fiona said, using the same excuse that Hermione had used when she had told Harry about the infamous "Tumbleweed Dance" incident.

Because of all the tension in the air and the fact that he hadn't shopped for Hermione yet, Harry apparated to the Leaky Cauldron so that he could pick up some gifts at Diagon Alley.

As he walked through the dimly lit pub, Harry took notice of a group of wizards sitting at a nearby table. Most of them had their heads hanging low, but one wizard was beaming happily.

"Why so glum, fellows?" the happy wizard asked his peers.

"Why so chipper?" one asked bitterly in response.

Curious as to what these wizards were talking about and why most of them were so down, Harry slowed his pace so that he could overhear the conversation.

"Obviously, you didn't catch the Prophet the other day and the great news it reported," the happy wizard stated.

"Yeah, we did," a sour looking wizard countered. "What's to be happy about?"

"One hundred and ten Death Eaters captured, my boys," the nearly euphoric wizard declared. "This war is about to end."

"One hundred and ten out of how many? Two hundred? Four hundred? A thousand?" a wizard asked with a frighten frown. "No one knows how many followers You Know Who has. He may have so many that a hundred Death Eaters might mean nothing to him."

"And don't forget about the giants or werewolves," another pale faced wizard added. "You Know Who's still got loads of them following him."

The formerly happy wizard suddenly turned pale with fright.

"It's gotten so bad, I can't concentrate on my work," one wizard added.

"Work? Hell, I can't concentrate on my life," a wizard whose hands trembled stated. "Last night, while in bed with the missus, I couldn't even sleep much less anything else but worry about Death Eaters or giants busting through my door to kill everyone."

"You're over exaggerating a bit aren't you?" the formerly cheerful wizard asked. The tone of his voice told Harry that the wizard was

hoping that his peers would say at any moment that they were joking and that the situation wasn't so dire.

"My second-cousin, his wife, and two kids were slaughtered last week," someone offered. "Ever since then, I haven't slept a wink. I'm always looking out the window for some attacking force."

As the conversation continued down into despair, Harry made his way to the entrance to Diagon Alley. As the bricks stretched out of the way, a bothersome thought entered his mind; by all rights, everyone should be happy if not elated that scores of Death Eaters were now in custody. Harry and Hermione had done a great service to wizarding kind by performing the Morgy Ritual... and a great service to themselves because the sex was great, too. But for some reason, people were still frightened.

As Harry made his way to Gringott's to pick up some money, he noticed that Diagon Alley wasn't particularly full; only a handful of wizards and witches could be seen. He had expected that it would be jammed with people rushing to buy last minute gifts like he was doing. Sadly, Harry now knew why there weren't many people about. Just like the wizards in the pub, people were still dreadfully afraid of the war. The fear of Voldemort and his Death Eaters and what they might do had seeped into and affected every aspect of their lives. This was so unlike his fellow students at Hogwarts; they were bright and chipper. The war had not affected them, not to the extent of the adults outside of the school.

The first place Harry stopped after fetching some gold was Flourish and Blotts to pick up a few books for Hermione (in that aspect, his girlfriend was very easy to shop for – any book would be a cherished gift). Then he paid a visit to a little curio shop to buy something for the Grangers. He looked at statues, but stayed away from anything "Princess" related (he didn't want to give Hermione's father a chance to say something like; "Oh this statue of a beautiful princess hasn't been violated by some hooligan."). After buying a magical statue of a rose that would blossom every morning, Harry decided he'd buy something special for Hermione, something very personal that he'd give to her in private.

“Oh, hello Harry,” Alicia Spinnet greeted him as he entered the shop. “Welcome back to Franklin’s of Cardiff.”

“Hi, Alicia,” Harry said with a smile.

“Did Hermione like the lingerie you bought her?” she asked. “I always suspected that she had a ‘Hello Kitty’ fetish.”

Recalling that he had not been brave enough to give his girlfriend the bra and knickers that had the cartoon cat stitched in strategic places, Harry muttered, “I forgot about those.”

“So, you’re Christmas shopping for your witch today?” Alicia asked. “We have some very nice holiday themed knickers. They’re called ‘gift-wrapped boxes.’”

“Actually, I was thinking about... uh... toys,” Harry said with a touch of embarrassment.

“It’s always the brainy ones,” Alicia said and her smile broadened.

“Tell me about it,” he said and felt his face heat up even more.

“Did you need some help or did you want to browse around a bit?”

“Um, browse,” he replied.

As Harry shuffled to the back of the shop to where the toys were kept, Alicia said “Just give me a shout if you need any help.”

After thirty minutes of shopping; placing several items back on the shelf only to pick them up again, Harry walked up to the counter and placed the dozen or so toys in front of Alicia.

“Wow, she really is kinky?” Alicia said, clearly impressed at the number of products Harry had selected.

“Yeah,” Harry said, unable to make eye contact.

Alicia rang the first three items up. Then she pointed to the fourth and asked "Have you used anything like that yet?"

"No, not yet," Harry said while looking around the shop, hoping that no one could see what he was purchasing. Even though the shop was devoid of other customers, he was still nervous.

"You must tell me if it's fun," she said and placed the cardboard tube that contained the fourth item into a paper bag.

"Um, sure," he said as politely as he could without blushing.

As Alicia continued to tally up the many toys, Harry took notice of a number of books behind the counter. Knowing that books were always welcomed for Hermione, Harry looked them over. Many of them had to do with beauty, make-up and hair, a few dealt with celebrities, but oddly, only three books covered sex and intimacy. Harry had assumed that a shop like this would be overflowing with books on such things.

"I see that you're checking out our sex-book collection," Alicia said following his gaze. "Don't waste your time. One deals exclusively with 'the joys of the missionary position.' It's the most prudish sex-book I've ever heard about. The other two are more than fifty years-old and only cover a few simple positions, nothing fun."

"I'm surprised," Harry said and finally made eye-contact with the witch. "I would've reckoned a place like this would have loads of books."

"No one's written one in a while," she said. "Not worth reading anyway."

Harry pondered over the idea of copying his 'special book' and passing it out. It was old, like two of the books the shop had, but it was dead helpful – not just with sex either, the book had some useful spells and whatnot.

"Well, that'll be thirty-five galleons, eight sickles, and twenty-seven knuts, please," Alicia said and pushed the bag to Harry.



“Shouldn’t it be more?”

“I gave you the employee discount. You’re the first sale I’ve had in weeks let alone the only customer in days. No one’s even bothering to come in anymore. Everyone is so preoccupied that sex is the last thing on their mind,” Alicia said with a touch of disappointment. “Preoccupied isn’t the right way to describe it. Scared is more like it.”

“If I’m the only customer you’ve had in a while, you guys must be hurting financially,” Harry said, trying to steer the conversation away from the war. “I don’t want to take any money away from you, especially if nothing is coming in. Besides, I don’t like taking things I don’t think I’ve earned. And getting a discount just because I’m the only one here doesn’t feel right.”

“Okay then, let’s make a deal; you keep the discount but you have to do something in return, that way you will have earned it,” Alicia smiled sweetly at Harry and reached in the bag to pull out the mystery toy hidden in the tube. “But you must tell me how this works out, okay? I’ve been eyeing this for weeks but I’m a little curious to find out if it’s any good or not.”

If this had happened a few months previously, Harry would’ve been floored in embarrassment. The idea of someone asking him such a personal question would have left him flabbergasted. But now, after nearly every student and at least some of the teachers at Hogwarts had seen him and Hermione have sex (a lot), Harry was quite surprised to find that he wasn’t embarrassed. In fact, his previous shame over buying sex-toys disappeared as well.

With a lopsided grin, Harry said, “I’ll owl you the first chance I get.”

He waved his wand over the bag, shrinking it and its contents to the size of a matchbox. Giving his former housemate and Quidditch partner a wave goodbye, Harry walked out of the shop.

That night, Harry, Hermione, and her parents had a special dinner made up of ham and all the trimmings. Like the last time he had visited the Grangers, Richard, Fiona, and Hermione had wine whereas Harry was only allowed milk.

Harry and Hermione were asked (okay, ordered) to sit at the opposite ends of the table. These spots, traditionally held by the parents, were given to the young lovers, clearly to put as much distance away from one another.

Throughout the dinner, Richard continuously glared threateningly at Harry while the older man stabbed and speared his food as if subconsciously trying to stab and spear Harry in effigy. Fiona did a bang up job of pretending that Harry wasn't there much less even alive.

Remembering his mistake of not eating his meal the first time he visited and how upset Richard was, Harry forced himself to eat. As he ate his meal, Fiona (whose back was turned to Harry) was having a pleasant conversation with Hermione.

"Have you learned anything exciting, dear?" she asked her daughter. "I do so love some of the things you can do with magic."

Hermione brightened. A smile graced her lips, one that her parents seemed to believe was sweet and innocent. However, Harry had come to realize that the particular smile Hermione had meant that was preparing to do something naughty. He gulped in fear.

Hermione pulled her wand out of her pocket, waved it around almost theatrically, and incanted "'Loninquitas Amorus!'"

"eep," murmured Harry. Being the creator of the spell Hermione had just incanted, Harry knew what was about to happen and knew that he was about to enter a whole world of trouble.

"Nothing happened, dear," Richard commented.

"Oh, silly me, I messed up the incantation," she said and her not-so-innocent smile widened. She waved her wand again and said "Saltatus Candelabrum!"

The two candle-sticks that adorned the table jumped in the air and began to spin and dance two feet above Richard and Fiona's heads.

“That’s simply lovely,” Fiona said in wide eyed wonder. Richard, was transfixed as well, nodded his head in agreement.

While her parents’ attention was on the flying candle-sticks, Hermione snatched a pad of butter with her left hand. Before she lowered her hand and hid it under the table, Harry could see her fingers flexing into and relaxing from a fist, spreading the smeared butter over her palm and fingers.

Harry shook his head and silently begged Hermione with a pleading look in his eyes not to continue with her plan. If her parents discovered what she was doing, they’d certainly be furious. The twinkle in her eyes told Harry that he was a dead man.

Then, he felt it. Harry could feel Hermione’s greasy fingers stroke his flaccid organ. Thanks to the charm Harry himself had created (the Long Distance Love Charm) Hermione was beginning to give him a magical hand-job from six feet away. Despite his fear and dread of being discovered by the elder Grangers, Harry’s penis was more than eager for a romp. It didn’t matter to ‘Harry, Jr.’ what dire trouble was going on; the walls could be crumbling down around Harry’s ears and ‘Harry, Jr.’ would be up for a go with Hermione. He could feel his member grow and swell, stretching down his trouser leg. Much like how a snake burrows in the earth.

Richard’s attentions snapped from the candles to Harry. At first Harry had feared that Hermione’s father had discovered that his daughter was using magic to stimulate Harry and that the young wizard had a raging hard on as he sat at the table. At any moment, Harry expected Richard’s hands around his throat.

“So, what are your intentions with my daughter?” he demanded.

“Sir?” asked Harry. Hermione took this awkward opportunity to give Harry a squeeze. In Response, Harry sat bolt straight in his chair.

Evidently, Richard took this motion that Harry was being polite and attentive, not that his daughter was magically playing with the boy’s

cock. "I asked; what are your intentions with Hermione? Do you plan on dumping her now that you've gotten into her skirt?"

"Daddy," chastised Hermione. Clearly, she wasn't overly upset with her father's attitude because at that moment, she gave Harry a long, firm stroke. All the way from the base, up to his crown, and back down again.

"No, Hermione, your father and I have the right to know," Fiona insisted and finally turned to face Harry.

"Can you at least be gentle with him?" asked Hermione as she rolled her thumb over 'Harry, Jr.'s head.

"Just for you, princess," her father agreed. Obviously, he was still wrapped around his little girl's pinky on some level.

Smiling, Hermione moved her other hand so that it too disappeared under the table. The next second, Harry could feel Hermione's hand massaging his testicles while the other continued to slowly stroke him.

"Well, sir... and ma'am..." Harry fidgeted in his seat. Beads of sweat popped up all over his face. Luckily, the Grangers assumed that he was sweating because he was in the hot seat so to speak, not because Hermione was wanking him. "I intend to marry her."

"What? Now?" asked Richard while chuckling in a mocking way.

"You're a bit young to get married," added Fiona. "You're not just saying that in hopes that we'll accept your relationship are you?"

Harry bit his lip. He knew that Hermione was getting off on this, making him so uncomfortable. And the only way she'd stop was when he climaxed.

"Please cum," Harry muttered softly, praying this would end soon.

"What was that?" Fiona asked.

“Um... err.. no, ma'am. I will marry her... just not now... come when we have things settled... jobs and whatnot,” Harry said, trying to recover from his slip of the tongue.

“Well, what would you say if we won't accept that you want to marry Hermione?” Richard asked.

Harry was having difficulty not only speaking coherently, but also from not overtly fidgeting in his seat. Hermione was stroking him at a slow and agonizing rate. He felt almost compelled to thrust his hips forward, to urge her to pick up her pace.

“Not really your choice,” Harry said boldly. Well, it would've been bold if he had comprehended what he was saying. He was so focused on the hand-job and not alerting Hermione's parents to it that he didn't fully comprehend just what he was saying beyond not blurting out ‘Your daughter's rubbing one out of me.’ “I'll marry Hermione whether you like it or not.”

Both Richard and Fiona were visibly taken back. If Harry had not been so preoccupied with the magical hand-job, he would've wondered if the elder Grangers had done so because they were impressed with his bravery or if they had taken offense at his brashness. On the other hand, Hermione seemed to be impressed by Harry's words because she began to rub him faster. If their attention had not been so fixed on Harry, Richard and Fiona would have been perplexed by Hermione; her hands were moving so fast that she was rocking her arms.

“She is my sunshine,” Harry muttered, still not comprehending what he was saying. “I live for her.”

Fiona's expression suddenly softened whereas Richard demanded of Harry “Why are you glowing?”

“He does that when he thinks about pure love,” Hermione said with a rosy bloom to her cheeks. She was grinning from ear to ear, as if basking in the golden light. “Harry's power comes from love and whenever he focuses or thinks about true love, he throws off light. It makes anyone in the light feel good and happy, even loved. I saw him

turn a foul painting into a... well, she became nicer... well less of a bitch."

"Oh," Richard asked as his expression softened like his wife's. For a few moments, Richard and Fiona shared an understanding look. Finally, Fiona offered; "Well, maybe we've been a little too rough on you."

They may have come to this conclusion because they accepted Harry and Hermione's love (on a very small scale, mind you, a scale that included no touching) or because the glow that Harry was throwing off made them feel happy and therefore a little more forgiving.

"OH THANK GOD!" cried Harry.

"Now don't get ahead of yourself, young man," Richard said sternly while wagging a finger at him. "We still aren't giving you permission to fool around, especially under our roof."

As his loving glow subsided, Harry nodded his head in acceptance. To be honest, he hadn't cried out because of what Fiona had said. He had done so because he had finally climaxed and shot his load down his trouser leg. But Hermione's parents didn't need to know that.

"Let's clear this up," Fiona said while gesturing to the dinner plates, "so that we can move onto dessert."

"I've got it, mum," Hermione said and waved her wand. With a small whoosh sound, the plates took to the air and flew into the kitchen. Another flick of her wand and a chocolate cake floated out of the kitchen and glided on the table.

"Oh, that looks wonderful," Richard said in appreciation of the cake.

"Hermione made it," Fiona said as she began to cut up the dessert.

Harry gave Hermione a questioning look. He knew for a fact (thanks to her failed attempts at making a cake for Ron) that Hermione could not cook. In response, Hermione gave Harry a look that told him that she cherished what he had said about how he felt for her and that

she would show him this appreciation by shagging his brains out in a short matter of time. It really didn't answer his question of whether or not she had made the cake, but he didn't mind – especially since he was about to get his brains shagged out.

After giving out equal portions to all at the table, everyone began to dig in. The first bite told Harry that a House Elf had made it (it was far too moist and delicious for Hermione to have made), perhaps Dobby. Within a very short time, Hermione's parents had started on their second helpings.

"I really shouldn't," Fiona said as she scooped up a forkful. "But it's so delicious."

Harry had to agree; it was a very good dessert. But under the chocolate, he could taste an odd flavor he didn't normally associate with chocolate cake. It was by no means unpleasant, but it was unexpected.

With a clank, Hermione's parents dropped their forks after they finished their second helping onto their empty plates. They looked at each other with dark and heavy lidded eyes.

"Well, I'm off to bed," Fiona said breathily. Slowly, she rose up from her seat and sauntered to the hallway, swaying her hips as she went. As she walked away, Harry noticed where Hermione had inherited her wonderful bottom from. The older Granger woman turned and looked at her husband. "Care to join me, Richard?"

"Um, yes," Hermione's father nearly sputtered his response. He stood and Harry had to avert his eyes. Apparently, Richard had liked the cake so much that he had become aroused.

Richard began to follow his wife out of the dining room when he stopped and said to Hermione and Harry "We're turning in early. This doesn't mean you two are allowed-" he began to lecture when Fiona called out:

"RICHARD, GET UP HERE NOW!"

Completely forgetting what he had been planning on saying, Hermione's father dashed out of the room and his footsteps thundered up the stairs. A second later, Harry heard a door slam shut.

"What the hell is up with them?" Harry asked. Then for some unknown reason, 'Harry, Jr.' started to wake up again. He was about to congratulate himself on his virility when he saw the knowing smile on Hermione's lips.

"What did you do?" he asked, knowing that she was up to something.

Hermione took her time to answer. She ate another bite of the cake, working it slowly in her mouth. While she chewed, Harry felt himself rise to his full hardness.

"You spiked the cake?" he asked.

"No, I had Dobby spike it," she corrected. "While you were shopping today, I popped over to Hogwarts and had Dobby whip up this dessert. Knowing that mum and dad were a little tense, I added something to help them relax."

"What did you add?"

"A few dosages of Lust and Stamina Potions," she said with sweet innocence. "They'll be going at it like Ron and Luna on an all night sex romp."

"Wait, we ate the cake too," Harry pointed out.

"Well, I guess that means we'll be going at it like Ron and Luna as well."

"Good point," agreed Harry. "Let's head to your room."

Walking up the stairs while 'Harry, Jr.' was more than ready to play was a little painful and downright uncomfortable. The organ kept getting pinched as he climbed the stairs. The loud moans coming from Hermione's parents' room told Harry that they weren't about to



stick their heads out to see who was coming up the stairs. So, to alleviate his discomfort, Harry paused and freed his friend.

"My, I think I may have used a little too much Lust Potion," commented Hermione wryly as she looked at the organ jutting out of her boyfriend's trousers.

As they passed the room where Richard and Fiona were making love like sex starved teens, Hermione magically locked their door. Once they were in Hermione's room the brunette witch waved her wand again, casting a Silencing Charm.

"You were a bad witch down there," Harry said. "Wanking me off in front of your parents and then spiking the desserts. Very bad."

"How bad?" she asked. By the look in her eyes, Harry could tell that she was ready to pounce.

"Bad enough to be punished."

"I had hoped so," she said, smiling. "Will I be paddled?"

"No."

"No?" she asked with a shocked expression. "I think I deserved to be spanked. In fact, I demand it."

"Too bad," Harry said flatly. "I have a different idea for punishment."

Harry pulled his wand out and conjured a big squashy chair. As he sat down, Hermione asked "Is my punishment going to be in the form of a blow-job?"

"No, you will get on your bed and pleasure yourself," Harry informed. "While I watch."

"How about you masturbate while I do the same," she offered. "That way I can see you pleasure yourself as I pleasure myself."

“And if you hadn’t been a bad witch I’d happily agree to that,” Harry returned and crossed his legs. He was trying to look reserved and sophisticated, an added visual element to the whole scenario. But having his naked and erect organ jutting out of his lap somewhat ruined the effect. “You were naughty, and this is your punishment.”

“Have it your way,” Hermione shrugged.

She crawled onto her bed and slowly removed her top. Her skirt was next to be flung to the side after being removed. One glance and Harry was able to confirm the Lust Potion Hermione had spiked the cake with was affecting her as well; her nipples threatened to poke through her bra and a wet patch could easily be seen on her knickers. After discarding her bra, the brunette witch teased her nipples.

“I bet that you won’t be able to hold out; you’ll jump me in less than five minutes,” she dared while tracing circles around her hard nubs with her fingertips.

“You’re on,” he replied, taking the challenge. “If I win – and by win I mean I won’t wank myself or jump on you until after you cum – I get to do whatever I want to you for the rest of the night.”

“Within reason,” Hermione said, giving her nipples a pinch.

“What do you consider ‘within reason’?” he asked, resisting the urge to help Hermione tweak her nipples.

“I don’t want to be hanging halfway out the window shouting ‘Fuck me harder Harry, fuck me harder!’ or anything like that.”

“Gotcha, no dangling out of windows,” Harry agreed. “What if you win?”

“I watch you masturbate,” she said and then added; “And if you win – which you won’t – you definitely can’t take me into the hall and bang me while I’m leaning up against my mum and dad’s door.”

"I think you're stalling," Harry stated. His girlfriend was about to protest, but he clicked his fingers and ordered, "Enough dawdling, start fingering 'Miss Nibbles.'"

Her fingers hooked around the sides of her knickers and she tugged them down. In a slow and deliberate tease, Hermione dragged the tips of her fingers all over her lower half without touching any of the fun parts. She was smiling, knowing that it was driving Harry mad.

Sitting on his chair, Harry watched with a mask of bemusement; which was rather difficult for the young wizard. What he wanted to do was shout at Hermione "WOULD YOU STICK A FINGER IN ALREADY!" He knew, however, that if he would do this, it would just egg his lover on and she would continue to tease him until he lost his cool and jumped her; thereby losing the bet. So he forced himself to sit there, watching in a false patient manner.

"Oh God," Hermione breathed out when her fingers ('finally' thought Harry) brushed against her clit. She began making circular motions with her forefinger on the bud. The wicked smile that had been adorning her face disappeared. It was now replaced with a slack mouth and half-shut eyes.

As he watched (which he was doing very intently), Harry saw that Hermione was very turned on. He pondered whether this was so because of the Lust Potion or if his girlfriend really liked being watched. As Hermione pinched her clit, he came to assume that it was the latter.

While Hermione slid a finger in, 'Harry, Jr.' looked up at Harry with a tear in its eye. The organ was begging Harry to get up from the chair and give Hermione a hand... or better yet; a penis. Harry tried to console his member and say that he had a plan and if they played their cards right, they could have a lot of fun with Hermione. But 'Harry, Jr.' was impatient and it wanted to have fun right then, Harry's plans be damned. Harry almost caved when Hermione took her free hand and pushed her middle finger into her bottom. The happy squeal she made nearly shattered his resolve.

When Hermione asked, between rapid pants “Touch yourself, Harry,” the wizard slipped and he placed his hand on his member. His need for her had grown desperate. But he screwed up his courage and let go of ‘Harry, Jr.’. He wanted to be in win this bet.

Several agonizing long minutes later (well, agonizing for Harry because he felt like he was about to explode but Hermione enjoyed those minutes completely) Hermione reached ecstasy.

“I can’t believe you made it,” commented Hermione breathily.

“I won,” Harry said and stood. He reached into his pocket and retrieved the shrunken bag of goodies he had bought at Franklin’s. “I was going to give you these when we got back to the castle, but I figure why not now?”

He waved his wand over the bag, canceling the Shrinking Charm. From her seat on the bed, Hermione tried to peer into the bag. “What is it?” she asked.

Harry didn’t respond. However, he stuck his hand into the bag, fished around a bit, and pulled out a crimson-red ball-gag. He dangled it in midair, showing it off to Hermione. The witch’s eyes grew wide with excitement. “Toys!” she squealed.

Harry placed the still full bag on the ground and walked to his lover with the gag in his hands. As he started to bring the toy to Hermione face, she said “You know I won’t be able to suck you off with that in my mouth.”

“Oh, woe is me. I guess I’ll just have to suffer,” he said lightly and put the ball in her mouth. Harry fastened the strap behind her head and walked back to the bag.

“Mrph mrrmwgink?” Hermione attempted to ask through the gag.

“If you asked where am I going, you’ll see,” he replied and pulled the package that Alicia had been so interested in out of the bag.

Hermione cocked an eyebrow, as if to ask what the tube contained. Harry smiled and he popped the lid off. He reached in and slowly and theatrically pulled the toy out. His finger was hooked around a red ring. Dangling from that ring was a long string. Five small rubber balls, each the size of a walnut, were separated by two inches on that string.

As Hermione flung herself over and stuck out her bottom, clearly giving Harry the go-ahead to use the toy, Harry recalled how he felt for his witch. Harry loved Hermione completely. He practically worshiped her. And he was going to show that love and devotion he felt for her by pushing this toy up her bottom, ball by ball, and shagging her senseless. As the wizard began to push the first ball into her bum, the room lit up from Harry's special glow. Love is grand.

# Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

## Chapter Twenty-Nine: Showtime at Hogwarts!

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Twenty-Nine: Harry and Hermione return to the castle.  
"Mum, Dad, are you awake?" Hermione asked after softly knocking on her parents' door. The only response she got was a muffled and utterly exhausted sounding "Muffgirk" noise. "It's Christmas Morning, well actually Christmas Afternoon," Hermione explained and then paused. "If you want to be technical about it, it's actually early evening. Did you two want to get up and exchange presents?"

After a long pause, Hermione's mother said in a fatigued voice; "Your father and I exchanged gifts already, dear."

Harry could help but to comment softly in his lover's ear, "More like they exchanged... ahem, 'gifts' a dozen times already."

"You two go ahead without us," Richard offered in a half groan. "Would you be a dear and bring up some food?" he requested.

While Hermione prepared two platefuls of ham sandwiches, she began to doubt her plan for spiking the cake with Lust and Stamina Potions. "I think I may have overdone it. I mean we made love until six this morning and yet we could hear them still going at it when we fell asleep."

"Which normally should be an emotionally scarring experience for most," commented Harry as he nicked a bit of ham for himself. "But

you're the one that thinks parents having sex is an expression of their love, not the unnatural act that it is."

"But what if I did them more harm than good?" the brunette asked with a worried warble to her voice. "There is such a thing as too much sex."

Just then, as if to challenge Hermione's fears, two sets of voices began to groan loudly from the upstairs room.

"Looks like we shouldn't take this food up to your folks just yet," Harry said while gazing at the ceiling. He could almost swear that the light fixture in the kitchen was shaking thanks to Fiona and Richard's efforts.

Hermione set the two plates down on the countertop, stating, "I guess we should go open our presents now."

A loud and nearly joyous "Yes!" emanated from upstairs and the groaning quickly stopped.

"That was rather fast," Hermione said with wide, slightly horror filled eyes.

"Well, to be fair, that was probably their twentieth go, give or take five, so they deserved a quickie," Harry said, lifting up the two plates.

"You're not going in there now, are you?" Hermione asked. "They just had sex!"

"You're barmy," Harry returned. "I'm going to have you crack the door open just a touch and then I'll slide the plates in. Mind you, I suggest we have our eyes firmly shut at the time, just in case."

Once they had successfully placed the sandwiches in her parents' bedroom (where Harry had loudly hummed the theme to Mission: Impossible), the young couple opened their gifts to one another. Harry received a pair of leather trousers from Hermione ("to show off your bum," she explained). Hermione gushed over the books that Harry bought for her ("I only have the first edition of Roderick's Spell Encyclopedia and I've been eyeing this third revision for some time!").

Hermione's smile quickly faltered once all the presents had been opened. With guilty eyes, she said apologetically "You got me two gifts, this book and those lovely toys, but I only got you one gift."

"To be honest, I enjoyed the toys, too," offered Harry. Then he realized that he could use Hermione's guilt to his advantage. "Although there is one way you can even the score, so to speak."

"And what would that be?" she asked with a saucy grin, clearly knowing where Harry was going.

"Well, we've haven't had sex in a kitchen," Harry said as if it was a curious thing to not have done yet.

"And my parents are out of commission, so we won't be interrupted," added Hermione.

"I have to fetch something from your room first," began Harry.

"A toy?" she asked with her voice full of hope.

"Yes, a toy."

"Which one? The beads again? The infamous Rorschach Branded Rubber Chicken? Oh, oh, the gag; please say the gag," the brunette rapidly said in naked excitement.

"No, none of those. I was thinking about one we haven't used yet," Harry answered.

"There's still more toys?" she asked and began to hop in place.

"Yes, a few more," Harry couldn't help but smile. "Now you go in the kitchen and get yourself ready while I get the toy."

As Hermione bolted to the kitchen, Harry purposefully took his time retrieving the toy he had in mind. He wanted to play with his lover's patience. When he walked in the kitchen after retrieving the toy, he



noticed that while Hermione was waiting for him, she was still fully clothed.

"I thought you were going to get ready?" he asked.

"I was waiting for you," she said, and then added "I didn't want to start without you."

"Well, then, it looks like I'll just have to do all the work and get you prepared myself," Harry said with a wide smile. He rooted around the drawers in the kitchen until he found a quilted oven-mitt. "Now bend over the counter," he ordered while slipping on the mitt.

Because of the mitt's protective padding, it took more effort than normal in his paddling to turn Hermione's bottom a nice shade of red. But thanks to the quilting, it left a rather fetching pattern on her bum cheeks.

Now the toy that Harry used was quite unique, and Hermione thoroughly enjoyed it. The toy itself was a rubber ring with a small rubber troll standing on the top of it. The toy, being magical, did a wonderful thing: it moved. Now it didn't do a dance or fly around the room or anything showy like that. But when the ring was in use, the troll would gently grab a certain small protrusion and vibrate. If extra description is needed, then please continue and read the next line; if not, please skip to the next paragraph. Harry placed the ring so that it was around the base of his first ever friend, 'Harry, Jr.', and when he entered 'Miss Nibbles' completely the animated troll promptly took hold of Hermione's clitoris and began to shake and vibrate. Every time he pulled back, the troll tugged slightly at Hermione's clit. And when he pushed back in, the magical toy snatched up her sensitive bud once again. This action was repeated, to great effect, with each thrust.

On Boxing Day, when she and her husband were finally able to stagger out of their room, Fiona announced to Harry and Hermione; "We need to have a talk."

"Yes, mum," Hermione answered with her best "I'd never do anything wrong because I'm your sweet and innocent little girl" voice.

"You did something with the cake didn't you?" her father asked as he held an icepack to his groin.

"Um, what makes you think that?" Hermione asked. Her "I'd never do anything wrong because I'm your sweet and innocent little girl" voice was starting to fade a bit. She was such a poor liar.

Harry was trying to do his best at being invisible. He reckoned that the best plan was to be unseen by Hermione's folks. Mind you, he knew full well that he was about to catch hell, but it would be less damaging to himself if he tried to lie and cover up the fact that the cake had indeed been spiked.

"We may not be magical, but we know that something happened to us after we ate the dessert," Fiona said. With every word, a smile threatened to destroy her angry mask. Harry could tell that she was upset over the incident, but she was also damn pleased with it as well.

"Ah, well, to be honest, we did add something to it," admitted Hermione. Harry was about to chuck his plan to stay silent out the window and point out that he had nothing to do with it. But he knew it would be bad form to rat out his girlfriend. Especially since the repercussion of said "ratting out" would include Hermione denying him sex for quite some time.

"And did that something cause your father and I to do something?" Fiona asked and Richard added in an undertone "Over and over and over."

"Yes," Hermione squeaked.

Fiona nodded her head sagely. "Well, we can only blame ourselves really."

"Yes," Richard agreed. "Wait -- what?"

"We have been far too strict on the two of you," Fiona continued with a sparkle evident in her eyes.

"We have?" Richard asked his wife, obviously surprised by this revelation.

"Yes, we agreed to ease up on our restrictions," answered Fiona.

"We did? When did we do that?" he demanded. It was clear that he was unwilling to cut Harry any slack when it came to Hermione.

"Early Christmas morning," Fiona stated. "Around four in the morning."

"I don't remember agreeing to anything," Richard protested.

Fiona leaned close to her husband and whispered in his ear. After a moment, he objected, "That's not fair. I'd have agreed to anything at that point. Especially when you do that!"

"Regardless, you agreed so we are going to give Hermione and Harry a little more freedom," Fiona continued. The young lovers smiled happily. But Fiona was not smiling as she continued. "But not too much freedom. We'll allow you two to hold hands and kiss lightly. But. We. Will. Allow. Nothing. Further." She said firmly. "No hugging, no snogging, and definitely no sex while you're under our roof."

Harry knew that Fiona was ignoring the fact that she and her husband were holed up in their room for nearly two days and was obviously deluding herself by pretending that her daughter and Harry did not have sex during that time. But it was also clear that Fiona had truly enjoyed being holed up in her room, so she could ignore whatever had happened during that same period.

"I still don't agree," Richard said with a frown. "My previous statement agreeing to allow this situation doesn't count, I was under duress at the time."

Fiona leaned into her husband's ear and whispered once more. After a moment, Richard, who was still frowning, announced; "All right, I agree to what your mother said."

The remainder of the holiday was far less stressful for Harry and Hermione. The witch's parents' held true to their word and allowed

the young couple to hold hands and kiss chastely. Of course Richard would still glower at Harry when they did this, but it was still better than having Hermione's dad threaten to eviscerate him.

When the time came to return to Hogwarts, Harry and Hermione arrived early to Platform Nine and Three-Quarters. They stored their things in a compartment and then made their way to the Head car for the Prefects' Meeting. After the train started moving, the Prefects joined Harry and Hermione in the car. Ron waved at his friends before sitting down.

"I tell you I can't wait to get back to school," the fifth year Hufflepuff Prefect announced once everyone had sat down.

"That's the spirit," Hermione congratulated him for his eagerness to begin learning.

"My parents were so-o-o depressing," the Hufflepuff continued.

"Yours too?" a sixth year Ravenclaw asked.

"My Mum and Dad weren't depressed," a Gryffindor interjected. "They were too busy preparing for some attack that never came to be depressed."

"What are you on about?" asked Hermione.

"Oh, our parents are paranoid," someone offered.

"To say the least," agreed another.

"My Mum and Dad even had a guard schedule set up," yet another chimed in. "He'd take the ten pm to four am shift and then she'd take over so he could sleep."

"Why were they doing that?" Hermione asked.

"They're afraid," Harry answered. He had yet told Hermione of what he had saw and heard while in Diagon Alley.

"Terrified is more like it," some witch corrected.

"My Mum was so scared that we'd be attacked by giants or Death Eaters that she was losing clumps of hair."

"But you're in Slytherin," another student asked. "Why would Death Eaters attack you?"

"That doesn't mean me or my family works for You Know Who, you ninny."

"But why would they be afraid?" asked Hermione. "Over a hundred Death Eaters were just chucked into Azkaban."

"A hundred out of how many?" someone asked, echoing the fear that Harry had heard from a frightened wizard in the Leaky Cauldron.

"No giants were captured either," another added. "You Know Who still has them."

"It'll be great to be back in the castle. At least there, no one frets obsessively over the war."

"And I'll get to see my witch again," someone added cheerfully. "I haven't seen her in days."

"Once me and my bloke get the chance, I'm dragging him into the nearest cupboard," another said with a genuine smile.

"Well, you'll have to find another cupboard 'cause I'll be using it to ravish my girl."

"No, that just means you'll have to budge over," someone said with an easy chuckle. "I figure all the cupboards will be jammed pack tonight."

As the conversation became lighter, Hermione gave Harry a worried look. Clearly she was concerned over the outlook of the war.

Once the meeting had concluded, the Prefects began to shuffle out of the car. Ron trotted up to Harry and Hermione.

"I have news that you won't believe" the red head announced somberly.

Hermione and Harry waited for Ron to tell them this news, but the gangly wizard turned and headed to the door.

"Wait, what's the news?" asked Harry.

"Oh, I'll tell you later," Ron said. "Luna said she wants to do it in the lavatory and I don't want to keep her waiting."

With that, Harry and Hermione were left alone in the compartment.

"Why are people so upset?" she asked. "They should be overjoyed that so many Death Eaters were captured. We performed the Morgy Ritual to give them hope."

"It seems like they're too afraid to see that hope," offered Harry.

Hermione shook her head. As a good boyfriend should, Harry turned Hermione's attention away from such a troubling topic by suggesting, "Let's do it."

"Oh, how romantic," Hermione said as sarcastically as she could.

"I'm not talking about romance," Harry countered. "I'm talking about lifting up your blouse, pressing your bare titties against the window, and shagging you from behind."

"That means if anyone is watching the train pass, they'd be able to see my breasts up against the window," the brunette witch pointed out.

One should notice that she "pointed" this fact out and that she didn't object to it. This is important, because less than five minutes later, Hermione had her naked breasts squashed up against the window

while shouting “Fuck me, Harry, fuck me HARDER!” (Thankfully, Harry had placed a Silencing Charm on the compartment so that they wouldn’t draw a crowd. That was a bigger threat than normal since Harry had purposefully left the door unlocked, adding to Hermione’s arousal with the threat of being walked in on.)

A satisfied and tussled looking Harry and Hermione walked through the train to find their friends. As they passed through car after car, the couple noticed a majority of their peers were just as satisfied and tussled looking as they were.

When the duo finally reached their friends’ compartment, they found Ron sitting with Luna and Neville, but no sign of Ginny.

“You two won’t believe what happened,” Ron declared when Harry and Hermione entered.

“Ronald, I think Neville should be the one to tell them,” Luna (whose hair was so tussled that it looked like she recently had her head hanging outside of the moving train) said. The blonde fixed her eyes on Hermione and said in a dreamy fashion, “Oh, by the way, Hermione, I saw your breasts again when Harry had you against the window. Ronald had me dangling out of the lavatory window, and when the tracks turned I got a good view of your boobs.”

“That’s nice,” Hermione said dismissively, clearly not concerned over this revelation. “So what’s the news, Neville?”

“Ginny and I are married,” Neville answered with just a touch of embarrassment.

“So Molly found out Ginny was pregnant?” asked Harry.

“Wait, you knew she was pregnant? And you didn’t tell me?” demanded Ron. His face was quickly growing red with anger. “I’m your best mate and she’s my sister and you didn’t tell me?”

“They probably didn’t tell you because they knew this was how you’d react, Ronald,” Luna said to her husband. She then turned back to

Hermione and complimented; “You do have lovely breasts. Would you like to see mine? It’s only fair after all.”

“I’ve already seen them,” Hermione pointed out.

“Hey, I’m still upset here,” Ron persisted.

“Yes, Ronald, but you shouldn’t be,” Luna said and then added to the other witch; “But I just saw your breasts, and I’m a strong believer in fair play.”

“It’s quite alright,” insisted Hermione.

“I have a right to be upset,” Ron carried on.

“No, you really don’t, my love. Harry and Hermione knew that you would take the news badly, so they logically didn’t tell you. Honestly, they were protecting you,” the blonde said off-handedly before returning to her conversation with Hermione. “I’ll feel terrible if I don’t show you my breasts.”

“If she really wants to, I say why not,” offered Harry as he tried to coyly position himself next to Hermione in the off chance that Luna would show her boobs.

“Harry,” warned Hermione.

“He does have a point,” Neville said as he, too, stood next to Hermione to enhance his chance at an unobstructed view.

“All right, fine,” Hermione said with a huff. “Whip them out.”

Smiling broadly, Luna popped open her blouse letting her enormous breasts spring free (Harry could’ve sworn he heard two “boing” sounds – one for each boob).

“My God,” Neville began.

“They’re,” continued Harry.



"Huge," concluded Hermione.

"Have you three had enough of ogling my wife?" Ron demanded.

"Not just yet," Harry said. Neville held up his index finger as if to say to Ron that he needed just one more moment. Of course, during this interchange, Harry, Hermione, and Neville had been staring wide-eyed at the blonde's chest. Luna stood there, happy as a clam while three of her friends were transfixed with her melons.

"They are fascinating," commented Hermione. "I'm not into women in the slightest, but I can't help but stare."

"Not really into women, huh?" Harry whispered in her ear so that she was the only one to hear. Of course, his eyes were still glued to Luna's ample mounds. "That wasn't the case when we performed the Morgy Ritual."

"I told you then, it was just an advanced form of masturbating," Hermione said in an equally soft voice. She then added, in a louder voice, "Do you see that blue vein on her left tit..."

"This one," Luna said while pointing to her own breast.

"No, the one a few inches above it," Hermione corrected and Luna moved her finger up. "Yes, that's the one. Doesn't that look like an outline of a Quidditch goal post?"

"What? Quidditch? Boobs?" Ron said as he pushed his three friends out of the way. While Ron gazed at his wife's milky flesh, Harry commented internally that all the red head needed now was food and the three things that he loved most in the world would be wrapped up in one.

After everyone had gotten a good long look, Luna finally pushed and squeezed her mounds back into the confines of her blouse. A few minutes later, after everyone regained their composure, Ron (who was much calmer now) brought up his sister's pregnancy again.

“So, the day after we get home, Ginny pukes at the breakfast table,” Ron began, still wiping the drool off of his mouth with the back of his hand. “Mum grabs her by the ear and hauls her to the bathroom. Apparently, she had already figured it out but she wanted to run a few pregnancy test charms on Ginny just to be sure. And when Mum got the results, boy was she mad.”

“Speaking of which, you no longer seem that upset that Harry and Hermione didn’t tell you about Ginny,” Neville pointed out. “Why is that?”

“My breasts have a calming effect on Ronald,” explained Luna. “That was one of the reasons I wanted to expose myself.”

“Just one of the reasons?” asked Neville.

“Yes, for another, I like exposing myself,” Luna answered honestly. “It’s rather fun. And another reason is I like to give the girls a breath of fresh air every once in a while. It’s not good to keep them confined like a hard shelled-marlwomp.”

“Anyway, Mum starts shouting and wailing,” continued Ron. “She demands to find out who the father is and Ginny tells her.”

“Let me guess, Molly forced Neville to marry Ginny,” assumed Hermione.

“No, it was my idea,” Neville answered. “Mrs. Weasley fire-called my Gran and demanded we head over to the Burrow. I pretty much knew that Ginny’s secret had been revealed. So I decided to do the right thing and ask her to marry me right when I got there. Thankfully she said yes a second before her mum shouted ‘Damn right you will marry him, Ginevra. My grandchild will not be a bastard!’”

“It was the most romantic thing I’ve ever seen,” Luna said in an extra dreamy way. “They had the wedding a few minutes later. Everyone was still in their pajamas and the vicar was in his bathrobe. Molly had floo’d over to his house and practically dragged him out of the shower for the ceremony.”

"How'd your grandmother handle it?" Harry asked the new groom.

"Surprisingly well," Neville answered. "I think she was afraid that she was going to die before she got any great-grandkids."

"Where's Ginny now?" Hermione asked.

"The train ride made her so sick before that her dad got a Muggle auto from the Ministry and is driving her up to school."

"That'll take a while," Harry said.

"Yeah but using the floo would be awful for her and I'm not even going to think about how bad the Knight Bus would be," Neville commented.

"I take it Molly is still furious?" asked Hermione.

"Just a little; I think she's excited about the baby but she won't admit it," Luna said.

"Yeah, and she spent a whole night yelling at Charlie, Bill, Fred and George. If Percy wasn't such a prat and had been there, she would've yelled at him, too," Ron said with a chuckle. "She said that they were dragging their feet in bringing her grandbabies. You should've heard how she moaned that she never thought Ginny would be the first one to be a parent and then yelled at my brothers for not doing their jobs. She hollered at Bill for not knocking up Fleur yet and even offered him some Fertility Charms. 'I have one that makes the witch ovulate. Don't make me cast it on Fleur when you're not looking,'" Ron said in a high voice, apparently trying to imitate his mother (which he did poorly). "Then she screamed at Charlie and the twins for not even being married. George pointed at me and tried to throw me into the flames so to speak. 'He's married,' George said, 'yell at him.' Mum cuffed him around the side of the head for that; hit him so hard she nearly took his ear clear off his head. 'Luna, the dear,'" Ron began again in his dreadfully poor high voice.

"She did; she called me 'dear'," Luna said while beaming proudly.

“‘Luna, the dear, has another full school year after this one,’ Mum said. ‘You can’t expect her to have a baby while at school.’”

“Speaking of that, what’s Ginny going to do next year?” asked Harry.

“Well, she’s probably going to take the year off,” Neville said. “So she can take care of the baby. Me, my Gran and Ginny’s mum have offered to take help out so she can go back to school, but we’ll see what happens.”

“You do realize this means we’ll have to throw a baby shower,” Luna said with a happy smile. “Everyone’s invited.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, but I’m busy that night,” Harry said immediately.

“We haven’t set a date yet, Harry,” Luna pointed out.

“Yeah, I know. I’m just saying I’ll be busy doing something then,” Harry said with absolutely no subtlety. He had no intention of hanging around witches as they gushed over concepts like dirty nappies and stretch marks. “I don’t know what this thing is that I’ll be doing yet, but I know it will be vitally important and that I can’t go to the shower.”

“Whatever he’s doing, I’m with him,” Ron added.

“Yes, I’m sure I’ll need help in whatever it is that I’ll be doing,” Harry agreed.

Back at the castle and after supper, Seamus, Parvati, and Lavender walked up to Harry.

“Hey, mate, welcome back,” Seamus said, and added in a serious manner; “we need to talk.”

“What is it?” asked Harry.

“You’re in trouble,” Lavender answered.

"Why, that's unusual," Harry said lightly. "I've never been in trouble before. Let's see; does an instructor want me dead? Or could it be the most feared dark wizard has put a price on my head?"

"No, we mean it," Parvati said. "We've heard some pretty disturbing things over the holiday."

"Go on," Harry said. He was expecting that the three would say that the people outside of Hogwarts were acting frightened.

"We stayed in the castle this year because the three of us wanted to spend some time together," began Seamus, completely countering Harry's assumption that they were going to tell him about the state of the world outside. "Anyway, Malfoy has it in for you."

"Yes, I know," stated Harry.

"No, not like he used to have it in for you where he'd tried to get you expelled or the like," Lavender corrected. "I mean he fancies you."

"We got that impression before we left for the holiday," Hermione said with a bemused smile. "It was obvious by the way Draco kept eyeing Harry." She continued, clearly enjoying the fact that this topic made Harry squirm in his seat.

"Well, we kind of made it worse," Seamus admitted sheepishly.

"What did you do, you little bastard?" Harry demanded angrily. He already had enough problems with Draco and didn't need anymore.

"You see, we were just talking to him on Boxing Day and asked why he thought he was in love with you," Parvati spoke with apprehension. "It turns out he had some sort of nervous breakdown shortly after he and Snape escaped after... well at the end of last year. He was a mess and there were rumors that You Know Who was going to order his execution. Draco then told us he saw that Daily Prophet article way back during the summer holiday where you were at Ron's brother's wedding and said that you loved Draco."

"That was a misprint," Hermione interjected.

"We know that," Lavender said gently. "But Draco thought it was true. He became so inspired that he escaped. Fought his way to freedom and all that tosh. And now that he's back here at school, he wants to be, you know, with you," she concluded with an extra emphasis on the phrase 'with you' as if to drive home the fact she was using a euphemism for "he wants to stick his erect penis up your rectum."

"But I'm not gay," Harry objected.

Seamus suddenly became chipper and said, "Believe me, we know," as he nudged his elbow into Harry's ribs. "We saw the Pensieves, you kinky sod."

"Did you tell him about Harry and me?" Hermione asked.

"Oh yes, some of the other students chimed in as well. A bunch of us were telling him about those Pensieves," Lavender answered. "So it wasn't just the three of us but everyone who stayed over the holiday tried to tell him the truth."

"And he didn't believe you?" asked Harry. He was slightly surprised to notice that he wasn't embarrassed or concerned about talking so openly about the Pensieves that most of his peers had seen. Either he was no longer ashamed over that fiasco or he was just more worried about Draco.

"We even told him you were the MPL," Lavender said as if the initials meant something.

"MPL?" asked Harry.

"Master Pussy Licker," the blonde witch explained. Harry shrugged his shoulders in acceptance; it was a better moniker than "The Boy Who Lived." At least he earned the name Master Pussy Licker.

"He said that you were just confused, Harry," Parvati said. "He then said that he'd show you what love truly meant."

“Obviously, he’s still delusional from his breakdown,” speculated Hermione. “He must have built up this fantasy world centered on you, Harry, and won’t accept the fact that you’re not in love with him.”

“Just great,” muttered Harry. He thought to himself that this situation couldn’t get much worse.

“Then Seamus made it even worse,” Lavender said with shame. Harry groaned pitifully.

“I didn’t mean to,” Seamus weakly defended himself.

“What did you do?” demanded Harry.

“It was an honest mistake,” Seamus continued. “I was just trying to tell him how ‘not gay’ you are.”

“He said to Draco ‘The only way you’d ever get Harry is to tie him down and bugger him,’” Parvati stated.

“Then Draco said that was a splendid idea and he’d do just that,” Lavender added.

“For the love of God!” screeched Hermione. “You challenged a mentally unstable wizard to anally rape my boyfriend?”

“It was an accident,” the Irish wizard said, stepping away from the angry witch.

“I don’t think Malfoy will really rape Harry,” offered Parvati. “Ever since sixth year, he’s been nothing but a spineless twat.”

“Mind you, I think he’ll try everything short of tying you down to sway you,” warned Lavender.

“Is there anyway to transfigure my pants into iron?” Harry asked as he scanned the Great Hall looking for Draco.

While they walked to their chambers, Harry kept looking around frantically. He was deeply, deeply concerned that Draco might hop

out of the shadows, while very naked and very aroused, to tackle Harry.

“What do you think my Mum did to get my Dad to accept her terms over the holiday?” Hermione asked, clearly trying to ease Harry mind and distract him. “I mean he was adamant about us not even brushing up against each other. But then Mum whispered in his ear and he automatically agreed to allow us to hold hands.”

“She offered to let him bugger her,” Harry replied while still eyeing every shadow suspiciously.

“What makes you think that?”

“I reckon that since you got your bum from her, the two of you like the same things.”

“Oh,” she uttered in acceptance. Then Hermione stopped walking, and her expression and voice turned angry. “You were looking at my mother’s bottom?”

“Yes,” Harry said without guilt. “It’s a rather attractive bum.”

“You cheeky bastard, you ogled my Mum’s bottom,” Hermione snapped. “How could you do that? I mean, she’s my mother!”

“Well, I did say that you got your glorious bottom from her. And I was using her posterior as a comparison of time,” Harry said with a crooked smile. “And judging by how well you Mum’s bottom has held up, I think it’ll be glorious for a good long time to come.”

“You think my bum’s glorious?” Hermione said with a glow to her cheeks – her upper cheeks mind you. Although, Harry assumed that the glow in Hermione’s upper cheeks meant that the witch wanted to be spanked so that her lower cheeks would glow as well.

The wizard stepped up to his witch and slipped his hands into her robes. His palms glided over her belly, around her back, and down passed her skirt. Then, with time honed skills gained by playing with



her bottom, Harry slid his hands under her skirt and massaged her bum.

“You’re not wearing your knickers,” Harry said. This drew the attention of ‘Harry, Jr.’. The organ pressed against his trousers and was shouting, “Let me see! I wanna see knickerless-Hermione for myself!”

“They’re in your pocket, remember,” Hermione said and pushed her hips against his. “After we shagged in the train, I gave them to you as a memento.”

“Oh, yeah,” Harry said. His right hand left her bottom and retrieved the lacy garment from his robe pocket.

Once again, Hermione pushed her hips into Harry, this time grinding her body against his.

“You keep doing that and I’ll take you right here in the hallway,” Harry half threatened, half hoped.

“Promise?” she asked while still rubbing herself on him.

“That’s it, I’m going to push you on the ground and have my way with you,” Harry warned playfully. “Of course you’ve been rather vocal lately, not that I mind in the slightest, but if I’m going to shag you in the middle of the hall I don’t want to attract attention to us.”

“You can always gag me,” offered Hermione.

“Hot damn, you’re kinky,” cheered Harry as he momentarily lost his composure. After regaining his cool, he slipped back into character. “It’s a shame that the ball-gag is in my trunk,” he paused and theatrically held up Hermione’s knickers. “However, I do have these.”

“Oh, that’s dirty,” Hermione said, or rather what she had apparently wanted to say. Harry was uncertain because the moment she had opened her mouth and said “Oh,” he placed the edge of her knickers into her mouth, effectively silencing her.

While both were blushing madly, Harry continued to stuff the undergarment in Hermione's mouth. And while he stuffed, Hermione had straddled his leg and was rubbing her naked flower on his trousers. Once Harry had successfully pushed the knickers in her mouth, Hermione began to pull down his zipper.

"I know you two have grown into exhibitionists extraordinaire, but you should really get a room," a familiar voice suggested from behind Harry and Hermione. They turned and saw Courtney, the Auror in training, standing a few feet away from them. In a panic, Hermione tugged her knickers out of her mouth. "Hot damn, you're kinky, Hermione," congratulated Courtney.

"I swear to God they're clean," Hermione explained desperately as she shoved the garment into her pocket.

"Yes, but you're not, you dirty little witch," Courtney said, her tone indicating it as a flattering remark while a naughty grin appeared on her lips.

"Uh, Courtney, what are you doing here? I thought your tour of guarding the castle was up?" asked Harry, hoping that his question would direct attention away from what he and Hermione were just doing.

"I volunteered for another tour just so I could see things like what you were just doing," the Auror in training replied. "Now turn her around, hike up her skirt, and give her a spank. I just know she has to like it."

"Um, so why'd you volunteer?" Harry asked, hoping to divert the conversation.

"I just told you," she returned. "Give her a whack."

"I was being serious," Harry pressed.

"So was I," Courtney said. "It's so bad out there in the real world. You kids in here aren't terrified of your own shadow. You lot are loving and living, not like the people outside. I just needed to come back here, to reaffirm life, if you know what I mean?"

"Is it really that bad?" asked Hermione.

"Yeah, it's pretty horrible," replied Courtney with a frown. "People only leave their homes for work and nothing else. They've barricaded their windows and spend their nights in fear."

"That's horrible," Hermione muttered.

"And that's why I had to come back here," Courtney continued. "It was so bad that they were starting to drag me down with them. I came to the castle because you kids aren't like that. I mean, out there, you won't see folks shoving their knickers into their mouths, no sir."

Hermione turned a brilliant red. Trying to recover some dignity for his girlfriend, Harry lied "We're not like that. It was just a, um, joke. A fluke really, if you must know."

"Bullshit," challenged Courtney. "I heard about the Pensieves. So I know that you two are kinky enough to be shoving each others underwear in your mouths."

"You know about the Pensieves?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah I know about them. But I didn't see them so I feel all sorts of left out," Courtney said. "I know; you can make me feel better by giving her a whack right here!"

"No," Harry said flatly.

"Why not?" asked Courtney.

"Despite everything you've heard, we're not exhibitionists," explained Harry.

"Aw, you two are no fun," pouted Courtney. "Well I suppose I'll just have to go to that bloke who can draw well, I think his name is Dean, and have him make some sketches of what he saw in those Pensieves for me. Ta-ta," she waved goodbye and skipped away from the young couple.

“Do you suppose it’s true?” asked Hermione after Courtney disappeared around the corner.

“What, about being exhibitionists?” Harry asked then answered. “Yeah, I guess so. Otherwise I reckon we would still be upset over the notion of having everyone see us being intimate through those Pensieves. And then I had your naked titties pressed against the window a few hours ago, basically showing everyone the train passed by your boobs. So, yeah, we are exhibitionists.”

“We also willingly made an instructional Pensieve for Ron and Luna,” Hermione added. “But that wasn’t what I was asking about,” she corrected. “I was wondering if she was right about everyone being terrified.”

“Yeah, she was,” Harry answered. “I meant to tell you, when I went shopping the other day, I saw a lot of people and they were exactly how Courtney described. And when I spoke to Alicia, she mentioned that no body had been in her shop for days because no one’s buying anything.”

“That’s awful,” Hermione said with sorrow. “I can’t wait for this war to be over. But for now,” she paused and pulled her knickers out of her pocket.

Picking up on her cue, Harry snatched the knickers out of her hand and slowly pushed them back into her open mouth. Next, he bent her over, tossed up her robes and skirt to expose her bare bottom, and gave it a swat. Hermione moaned playfully as Harry rubbed the red spot on her bum. The witch let out a muffled shout when he swatted her bum twice in a row. Harry was about to deliver another spank when he heard someone clapping in a slow and deliberate manner.

“That’s really a nice bottom, Hermione,” congratulated Courtney as she continued to applaud. Apparently, as Harry and Hermione were getting prepared, the Auror in training had silently doubled back and was now leaning against the wall a few feet away, watching the show.

“Tkint oop,” Hermione mutter through her knickers.

“She said ‘thank you,’” translated Harry. He surprised himself by not trying to cover Hermione’s naked bum. Of course, Hermione didn’t try to cover herself up either.

“May I?” Courtney asked while looking at Hermione’s bottom.

“Be my guest,” Harry said and stepped to the side, surprising himself once more. It seemed to Harry that Courtney was right; he and Hermione had become exhibitionists.

Courtney brought her hand down on the brunette’s backside with a resounding smack. “Nice and firm. Do you work out?”

“Ekz tha ksklez,” gagged-Hermione replied with obvious pride. “Halk tha skaits moot ah guk werthaut.”

“She said ‘it’s the castle, all the stairs make a good workout,’” again, Harry translated. “But I think it’s genetics as well,” he added. “Her mum has a splendid bum, too.”

Courtney gave Hermione another hard swat and said; “That was fun. You two can carry on now.”

As she walked away, Harry asked the Auror in training “Are you leaving for sure this time?”

“Nah, I was going to hide in the shadows and watch you shag her if you don’t mind,” she replied and walked into a dark alcove.

“Fine, just keep an eye out for Draco,” requested Harry.

“Gotcha,” Courtney said. “I don’t know who Draco is, but I’ll put up a Do Not Disturb Ward in the hall. That’ll make anyone turn around and walk away if they approach. Now get on with the sex, I’m impatient.”

“Damn, we’ve grown kinky,” Harry said to Hermione.

“Yek, eev hak,” agreed Hermione before Harry gave her another good spank.

As they proceeded to give a show, Courtney was unseen but not unheard.

“Are you using your legendary Parsletongue magic?” she asked as Harry worked on Hermione’s flower.

“Yes-s-s, I am,” he replied in Parsletongue. He then added with pride; “This-s-s is-s-s why I’m called the Mas-s-ster Pus-s-s-s-sy Licker.”

“Oh, that must tickle,” Courtney noted.

A few minutes later, as Harry and Hermione progressed, Courtney began giving helpful hints from her dark hiding place.

“Harry, grab her bum. That’s it, dig your fingers in. And Hermione, why don’t you give his nipple a twist. Good girl.”

And;

“When you’re all the way down, grind your hips into his, honey.”

Also;

“Nibble on his ear. Oh, wait, you can’t with those knickers in your mouth. Okay then, you nibble on her ear, Harry.”

Then as Harry was clearly about to finish, Courtney asked “Are you going to cum in her or on her?”

“What – ah- do you – oh – suggest?” he grunted.

“Good porn always ends with the bloke cumming on the girl,” she said. “That’s my boy,” she cheered as he fulfilled her request. “Now rub it in her skin.”

As the two lovers were catching their breath, Courtney sauntered up to the half-naked pair. “You make a really funny face when you cum, you know that?” she asked Harry.

“So I’ve been told,” he replied.

“Here you go,” she said handing a balled up item to the wizard. “You can add it to your collection.”

As she walked away, Harry unfolded the ball Courtney had given him to find that it was a pair of pink silk knickers.

# Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

## Chapter Thirty: Threats, Boobies, and Fake Names

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Thirty: Draco makes his move!!!

"You had sex in front of Courtney?" Luna asked for the third time in as many minutes.

"Yes. I don't see what is so difficult to understand," Hermione answered.

The two witches were sitting on the couch, while Ron and Harry played a game of chess. The four were enjoying the solitude afforded to them in the Head Students' chamber. The topic of conversation had dealt with the fact that Harry and Hermione proudly admitted that they performed a public sex act. More shockingly, the couple had sex, knowing that they had an audience, albeit of one.

"You two have grown so kinky that you're now having a live show, that's what's so hard to understand," explained Ron after he moved a pawn.

"No, what's so hard to believe about the situation is that we weren't invited," Luna stated. "I had assumed that when you finally did have someone watch, it'd be us; your best friends."

"Um, honey, count me out of that," Ron requested, while Harry fretted over his next move on the board. "Harry and Hermione are like siblings to me; watching them shag would be just creepy."



"But you've already seen us. Remember, through that Pensieve we made you," Harry pointed out. He hesitantly moved his knight, knowing that he'd more likely than not lose the piece with Ron's next move.

"Yeah, but that was different, wasn't it," Ron said. "For one thing, it wasn't live, you know? Seeing it in real life, where I would smell you guys, it would be too weird for me. And second, you were teaching me something. So I was able to force myself to overcome my queasiness of watching you go down on Hermione; I was focusing on the knowledge that I could learn what you two were showing me."

"Ronald, dear, what are you talking about 'queasiness'?" Luna asked with a pleasant smile. "You masturbated as we watched the Pensieve."

"Just that once," he tried to defend himself.

"Actually the first ten times we watched," corrected Luna.

"Fine, alright, I lied," Ron confessed in a huff. "Wanking to a Pensieve memory is a lot different from the real thing. If I watched the live act, I'd end up wanting to wank. And that thought scares me because I'd be masturbating to my best mates, one of whom is a bloke, while they could see me. Wanking my willy in the same room as Harry getting laid is a little too close to being gay for me, okay?"

"That is quite all right, Ronald, you can stay while I'll go and watch when Harry and Hermione invite us," Luna said dreamily.

"Um, you do realize that it was a kind of spur of the moment thing, right?" Harry said as he watched Ron's white bishop sodomize one of his remaining few black pawns. The bishop had taken off his mitre and was waving it above his head like a cowboy at a rodeo as the piece buggered the helpless pawn. "Where the hell did you get this chess set?"

"Of course I understand," Luna said happily. "I'm just saying that if that spur of the moment thing ever strikes you again that you ask me to watch."

"You already have watched us. When I had you take polyjuice to look like me on the train when term began, you watched me perform oral sex on Harry," Hermione pointed out. She turned to Ron and reprimanded, "And you had no problem shagging Luna when she looked like me. 'Think of me as a sibling,' my backside."

Ron pretended to have not heard Hermione as he concentrated on his bishop spanking Harry's violated pawn.

"That was just oral sex, Hermione. I want the whole deal," Luna said with a hint of excitement. "I don't want to pressure you two or anything, but I do want to put it in your heads that I'm next in line for the entertainment."

"Um, sure," Harry finally said. "You'll be the first one we contact."

"And, as an added incentive, I'll allow both of you to watch Ronald and I make love as well," Luna added.

"We will?" Ron asked nervously.

"Yes," the blonde said evenly.

"What, now?" Ron asked.

"No, Ronald, you're playing your game," Luna said with a shake of her head as if she was disappointed that her husband couldn't understand such a basic concept. "It wouldn't do to have sex in the middle of a match. Perhaps we can do it once the game is over."

"That's not necessary," Harry said.

"Are you certain? I can use the chess pieces as helpers," Luna offered.

"How would you use the pieces?" asked Harry... and he instantly regretted it.

"It's a wonderful game I invented," she said with a bright smile. "It's called 'The Spelunking King.' Ronald and I were just playing it with the black king before you two started playing your match."

Harry had been eyeing his king (which happened to be the black piece that Luna had referred to) and was about to move it, but now had second thoughts about even touching it. He wondered whose cave the king had gone spelunking in (much less what cave) and whether or not it was cleaned afterwards.

"It's alright, Luna, we'll just take a rain check," Hermione said.

"What does that mean?" the blonde asked.

"It means that we'll take you up on your offer at some later date," explained Hermione. It was clear to Harry that Hermione had no intention of fulfilling that obligation.

It didn't take long for Ron to trounce Harry. But how the red head had won was what surprised Harry. Apparently, Ron's pieces had thrown the rules away and had all participated in a gang-bang on Harry's queen.

"Just where the hell did you get this chess set?"

"Bukkake!" Ron's two knight pieces shouted as their battle cry.

The next morning, Harry sent a post to Alicia telling her in great detail that the toy she was interested in had worked wonders (a brief excerpt of the note described the "wonderful sounds Hermione made every time I tugged a ball out of her bum told me she really, REALLY liked it"). After Harry sent Hedwig off to deliver the post, he joined his friends in the Great Hall. Hermione had already finished her meal and was busy reading the Daily Prophet. The front page of the paper was dedicated to a new pamphlet that the Ministry had begun to circulate. This pamphlet would only end up accentuating the wizarding population's current irrational fear.

"Ministry Advises the Public to Stay Indoors!" the paper read.

“After multiple reports of random attacks committed by roving gangs of giants, werewolves, and Death Eaters, the Ministry released a pamphlet instructing witches and wizards not to go anywhere after sundown. The only time the Ministry suggests someone should leave the safety of their homes is in the case of an emergency.

This official document also urges people to barricade their homes with various wards. Many of the wards that are suggested are considered high level wards, such as Ill-Will Repeller and Bind My Foes. As these wards are highly difficult to erect, far above the ability of the average wizard and witch, most of these wards will need a Certified Wards Master to make them.

Some of the defensive spells the Ministry highlighted include the Stun Hex and the Impediment Curse. The Ministry suggests that if someone were to be attacked that they should use these two spells in order to buy enough time to escape.

‘How the (expletive deleted) am I supposed to use a (expletive deleted) Stun Hex on a giant? A Stunner just bounces off a (expletive deleted) giant,’ Wilhelmina Murray, aged one-hundred and two, commented demurely after she read the pamphlet. “And even if I’m attacked by (expletive deleted) Death Eaters with no (expletive deleted) (expletive deleted) giants, a Stunning Spell won’t do (expletive deleted). The moment I’d knock one of those (expletive deleted) down, one of the other (expletive deleted) would Rennervate them and I’d b (expletive deleted) out of luck.”

Another wizard, Hans Von der Kidd, stated that he’d most likely leave the country. “I can’t make wards like these; they’re too difficult,” Mr. Von der Kidd said. “And I know that I don’t stand a chance dueling with a Death Eater, much less a giant or werewolf. It’d be for the best if I just leave this place. I’m about to decide to let You Know Who have England.”

“This is horrible,” Hermione groaned so that only Harry could hear and tossed the paper on the table. “I thought that performing the Morgy Ritual would help. Even though we took out over a hundred Death Eaters, it doesn’t matter. The war has gotten so bad that everyone’s now afraid of their own shadow.”

With a sad look, Hermione surveyed the Great Hall. The Hall was packed full of happy students, all of them laughing and smiling.

“Why isn’t everyone else like we are here,” she said loud enough that their friends heard.. “None of us are pulling our hair out. None of us are frightened that we might get attacked and killed.”

“Maybe it’s because we’re in Hogwarts,” offered Ginny, as she ate her breakfast. “It’s got a bunch of really strong wards around it. And we’ve also got Aurors patrolling the castle and grounds. So it’s pretty much safe from attack.”

“But we were attacked last year,” Neville pointed out, “even with the wards and Order of the Phoenix members patrolling the grounds.”

“Then why is everyone here acting so carefree?” Luna asked.

Harry bit his tongue. He had a theory, the one that the pervert, Gryffindor, had pointed out. The young wizard wasn’t about to blurt this theory out. So over the course of the day, Harry pondered how he could approach Hermione about this once-outlandish idea.

“I think I know why everyone here isn’t affected by the war,” Harry began when he and Hermione were alone in their chambers later that night. “It’s because of us.”

“How do you mean?” asked Hermione.

“Well, I think the students, and some of the teachers, aren’t overly worried about Voldemort because we, well we’ve given them something to do other than fret,” he explained vaguely.

“And just how did you and I do this?”

“Well, to be honest, it was more like Dobby did it.”

Hermione looked at Harry in deep thought for a moment. Then she narrowed her eyes and challenged, “Are you saying that because everyone here saw us have sex that they don’t worry about the war?”

“Basically, yeah,” he agreed. “Listen, I know it sounds far fetched, but I’m in the middle of this war, and it’s no secret Voldemort wants me dead. You’re in the limelight too, not only because you associate with me but because you’re a Muggle-born witch, making you a target twice over. So by all rights, out of everyone in this castle, you and I should be the ones most affected by the war. But we don’t let it get to us, not to the extent of the people outside the castle. We’re living our lives the way we want to and not in fear. And by seeing all those Pensieves, our peers were encouraged to do the same. I know it’s not a conventional way of boosting morale, but it worked.”

“Harry, I don’t consider an active sex-life the cornerstone of living our lives without fear,” argued Hermione.

“But it is. Most people out there are terrified. So much so that they aren’t even sleeping properly; they sleep with one eye open. And the last thing on their minds is sex. You know for a fact that sex is a great stress reliever.”

“And how do you know people aren’t having sex?”

“I talked with Alicia. She’s working at Franklin’s of Cardiff, and she told me that no one’s been shopping there in weeks,” he told her.

“Franklin’s of Cardiff? Is that where you got those toys?” she asked and he nodded in the affirmative. “I’ll have to go there one day.”

“The back section’s where they keep the toys,” Harry pointed out.

“Let’s say that I agree with your assumptions that people aren’t having sex and that lack of activity is a part of the problem,” Hermione speculated. “Are you suggesting that we have Dobby start passing out the Pensieves again, only this time to everyone in England?”

“Not exactly,” he replied. “You see, Ginny was right to a point. This castle has wards. They do have a way of making the people inside feel secure, even though a small group of Death Eaters attacked last

year by bypassing those wards. However, most homes don't even have the simplest wards."

"What does that have to do with us having sex?"

"Well, we could create new rituals, ones that could erect wards around people's homes," Harry said.

"Yes, I can see that. I've actually had a few ideas in that area," Hermione said while chewing her lip. "But how do you suppose we teach these potential rituals to everyone? I mean, having Dobby pass out Pensieves to everyone in the country is a little impractical."

Harry spoke very slowly and clearly so that he could drive this point home... that and he reckoned that it would turn her on so he didn't want her to misunderstand him.

"You... and I... will... write... a... book."

"A bo-b-book? Me, an author?" she asked hesitantly. Suddenly Hermione's irises shot open, leaving only a hair-thin ring of color, her lips puffed up a touch, and her complexion flushed. Harry could see her nipples harden through her blouse, and he felt it was safe to assume that she was getting rather wet. Harry's assumption about the dampness of his girlfriend was confirmed when she ordered throatily: "Shag me silly, Harry."

As Harry was in the process of carrying out her request of shagging her silly and while he was tugging on her hair, Hermione brought up a good point.

"Wait, why don't - -uh - -we just - -smack my bum - -copies of the tantric book we - -that's it - -already have?"

"Uh - -we - -oh - -can use some of the - -er - -spells from that book," Harry said and paused to give Hermione a good hard swat. "But - -oh- - it doesn't - -uh - -have a lot of ward rituals."

“So you’re saying - -ooh, yesssss rub my clit - -we need to make an - -mama - -updated version of The Magic of Making - -FUCK ME! - -Love?”

“I’m gonna cum - -Yeah, a new version,” Harry answered. “One that will - -almost there - -help people deal with Voldemort.”

“Hold on, I’m close - -I think we should - -just a bit more, baby - -follow the author of the ‘special book’ and - -oooh so- -o- -o- -o close - -use pen-names - -NOW! DO IT NOW!”

The next day during Potions, Hermione and Harry were quietly discussing what spells and rituals they should put in their forthcoming book from the ones that they had already invented.

“We should definitely include the Wit-Enhancing ritual,” offered Hermione as she put a dash of powdered frog toes into the bubbling concoction they were brewing. “Of course, that would mean we’d have to put in a section on stretching techniques so that the reader would be limber enough to perform that ritual.”

“One spell that we shouldn’t put in is the ‘Loninquitas Amorus,’ the long distance love ritual that I created,” Harry said. “I could see some bad people doing bad things with that one.”

“You mean like if Snape had that ritual in school, he would’ve used it on your Mum?” speculated Hermione.

“Why’d you go and say that?” demanded Harry as he felt his stomach lurch. “You could’ve left it at ‘bad people doing bad things.’ But no, you had to bring up that greasy bastard’s obsession with wanking over the thought of my mother.”

“I’m sorry, Harry,” apologized the brunette. “I’ll make it up to you after supper tonight.”

“Well, it better be good,” he pouted. “You mentioned my mother and Snape in the same sentence. And you made it about sex, making it even worse.”



“All right, I let you bugger me and you can cum on my tits,” she said casually, stirring the contents of their cauldron. “Would that be good enough?”

“Throw in a hummer before hand and we’re even.”

“Well, that goes without saying, doesn’t it,” she said. “Of course, I’ll expect the same in return. Perhaps we can pleasure each other at the same time.”

Hermione checked the board once more, reviewing the instructions. “Hand me that mandrake root,” she asked Harry.

The wizard reached out and took hold of the root. The moment his fingers wrapped around the mandrake, it began to heat up and shake. Knowing that mandrake roots should not do that, Harry dropped the item. It fell back on the table and continued to shake.

“Why’s it doing that?” Harry asked Hermione.

“It didn’t do that when I fetched it from the supply cupboard,” she answered. “Someone must have tampered with so it would activate with your touch.”

A second later, the root stood up on one end and began to reshape it self. It stretched and shrunk, changed from a dirty beige color to a warm pink. Veins started to pop up all along the surface. After a moment, it flopped down and stilled. Harry and Hermione were looking down at a very detailed pink dildo, foreskin, veins, wrinkles, and all.

“Who the hell would want to change a mandrake root into a penis?” asked Hermione. “Oh My God, it’s throbbing.”

“You-hoo!” Draco Malfoy called out effeminately from across the lab. He gave Harry a limp wristed wave and shouted, “If you like that, you can get the real thing later!”

Harry looked at Draco then he looked at the phallic object for a moment before it hit him - - no, not the dildo, the truth.

"I think I'm going to be sick," he groaned out.

"What's wrong?" asked Hermione.

"Draco transfigured the root into a copy of his willy," Harry explained as he turned a nasty shade of green.

With a disgusted expression marring her face, Hermione pulled out her wand, unwilling to touch Draco's organ, even by proxy, and in a series of light jabbing motions, pushed the phallic object off of the table. It landed on the floor and made a fleshy slapping sound.

That sound was enough to send our hero over the edge. With a gut-wrenching gurgling sound, Harry promptly vomited into his and Hermione's cauldron.

While Hermione helped clean up the mess on the table and on Harry, Draco said in a loud voice; "Oh, look, he's so excited that he got sick..."

Over the next two weeks, Harry and Hermione busied themselves with designing and practicing new content for their proposed book. They had come up with several new rituals, mostly for home defense, a number of potions, and some tactics just for fun. The couple used the magically upgraded Shrieking Shack as their testing grounds.

Not all of the rituals were strictly for defense. A few of the simpler sex-rituals were designed for household charms. One in particular was created to keep the participants' home neat and orderly. It would magically dust, sweep, and mop along with straightening chairs, leveling photos, and the like. This particular ritual needed some milk and honey dribbled over both parties' torsos and they needed to have sex on the home's kitchen table.

But Harry and Hermione came up with several rituals that would effectively erect protective wards around the house. One ritual that Hermione had created was a powerful Anti-Apparation Ward. As opposed to other Anti-Apparation Wards, this one was relatively simple to erect. For the ritual, the wizard had to suckle on the largest toe on the witch's left foot, whilst she sucked on his thumb from his

right hand for fifteen minutes. Then the wizard had to ejaculate on each of the four corners of the building (this part of the ritual obviously would take some time to complete, allowing the wizard to recuperate between corners).

One Ward that Harry created was a nasty Anti-Harm Deterrent Ward. Basically, this ritual set up a ward around a house designed to detect the intentions of anyone who approached the house. If the person's intentions were good, the ward would let them pass. But if the person wanted to physically harm someone, then the ward would cause that person to empty their bowels violently. If the person was left in the effects of the ward long enough, he'd collapse from dehydration. This ritual involved anal sex and the wizard had to pinch his own left nipple while simultaneously pinching the witch's nose shut.

Another ward, dubbed the Evil Freezer, caused anyone who tried to cast an Unforgivable Curse to freeze in mid-incantation. The ritual was one of the longer ones to perform. First, Harry had to take Hermione from behind as she hung halfway out a window that faced the East as the sun rose, then he had to work on her bare bottom in a specific series of swats, pinches, and squeezes. Then he had to take her again, this time as she hung out a window on the West side during sunset.

However, not everything the couple came up with worked. Take for instance a potion Hermione had tried to create. Her plan was to have the potion halt the wizard's climax, thereby extending the man's performance by a significant period of time. Unfortunately when Harry tested this potion on himself, he proved that it didn't work. In fact it was a very messy disaster. The potion didn't extend his performance; it did however have the nasty side-effect of increasing the amount and force of his discharge a thousand fold.

"Blimey, it's getting all over the place," Harry commented. The potion had turned him into a lawn-sprinkler. Not the type of sprinkler that rains down evenly in a circular pattern, mind you. He was the type of sprinkler that spat and squirted in uneven, long arcs of fluid with a noisy discharge. Added to this analogy, 'Harry, Jr.' was making a very loud noise similar to a sprinkler. "SHPLISH - - SPLISH - - SLPISH-SQUIRT-SQUIRT-SQUIRT"

“Harry! STOP!” Hermione demanded and spat, as she tried to back away from the human sprinkler.

“I can’t!” he grunted and launched another rapid series of squirts that arced across the room, hitting the walls, floor, and ceiling... along with his girlfriend. A part of Harry, the dirty part, actually liked the latter target and so, unwillingly (or so he’d later claim) he aimed for the witch.

“AHK! PHHT!” Hermione spat and sputtered again. “Don’t get it in my eyes! Oh No! Not in my hair!”

And there were a few ideas that had nothing to do with magic. Such as Hermione’s own Massaging Oil which wasn’t too greasy, and heated upon contact (it could also be used as a lubricant, wink-wink). This new oil also turned out to be a healthy substitute for butter in baking (Harry wrote a note to mention in the book not to use it as a butter substitute after it was used for one or both of its other uses). And then Harry had several ideas on massages; he found he was a natural at foot rubs. Of course foot rubs led to the calves being massaged, which led to the thighs getting a good rub-down, and logically, this led directly to finger-banging.

One night after supper, Harry and Hermione were making their way back to their chambers down a deserted hallway.

“I came up with a new ward,” the brunette announced. “This ward will theoretically create an infallible door locking charm, as well as strengthening the windows and doors of a house during an attack. So if an attacker bypasses or breaks through the other wards, this ward would prevent him from entering the house. AnAlohomora wouldn’t work and the attacker’s blasting hexes would be ineffectual. It would be the ideal ward to allow the inhabitants to escape through the floo, or even simply give them enough time for help to arrive.”

“That’s neat,” Harry said. And then asked what he felt was the most important part: the casting of this ward; “How’s it done?”

“Well, we’ll have to test it out,” she said. It was obvious by her eyes that she was more than willing to test the ward out dozens of times.

Even after the ward was proven, it was clear that Hermione would still be willing to “test” it several more times. “But you, the wizard, would have to take me, the witch, from behind while I have my naked tits pressed against the door, or window – which ever item we’re trying to strengthen. Then, after you cum in me, you’d have to rub your bits on the same door or window, thereby spreading our combined juices on it. The ritual would have to be performed for every window and door.”

“Gee, the Shrieking Shack has a lot of doors and windows,” Harry said knowingly.

“Yes, that would mean that we would have to perform this ritual a number of times then, won’t we?” Hermione said with a smile. “Are you up for shagging me against each and every door and window in the Shack?” she asked coyly.

“Oh, at least two times for each one. In fact, I think I should take you into this classroom,” he said and led her to one of the castle’s numerous abandoned rooms, “and give the ward a try right now.”

The moment the door creaked open, a shout of “Accio Wands!” came from the darkness behind them. Before either could register what was happening, Harry and Hermione’s wands were magically pulled from their pockets, soaring to where the voice had come from.

Harry spun in time to see someone in the shadows flick their wand in his direction. An invisible wall forcibly pushed Harry and his girlfriend into the empty classroom. The couple tumbled across the floor and crashed into the far wall. As Harry started to get up, he heard Hermione yelp in surprise. The black haired wizard looked up to see his girlfriend already standing, but she had a thick rope coiling around her as if it was a snake. It wrapped around her ankles, up her legs, over her hips, it pinned her hands and arms to her midsection, and it bound her shoulders. Hermione teetered for a second before falling to the ground.

“Harry, run-” Hermione began. But a length of fabric materialized and tied itself around her mouth, effectively gagging her.

“At last, we’re alone,” Draco Malfoy said as he sauntered in and closed the door behind him. Hermione muffled something, most likely a threat at Draco. The blond ponce looked at the bound witch and corrected his statement. “Well, we’re mostly alone.”

Draco took two steps to Harry. With each step, Draco unhooked a clasp of his flaming pink robe.

“Wait, Malfoy, you don’t want to do this,” Harry protested as he took two steps back. If he had his wand, he’d Stun Draco, free Hermione, run out of the classroom, and pretend that this never happened. But since Draco was the only one with a wand and Harry knew that if he tried to escape, the blond wizard would either magically trip him or worst; tie him up like he had to Hermione.

“Oh, but I do want to do this, Harry,” lisped Draco. He unhooked another clasp and Harry could see that Malfoy wasn’t wearing a shirt under his garishly colored robe. “You know, shortly before I returned to this marvelous castle, I was hit with a bout of unbearable suffering. Apparently, this dreadful pain affected anyone with a Dark Mark. It was all over the Prophet if you don’t recall.”

“Yes I do, actually. Why don’t you tell me how you overcame it,” Harry said nervously. He was hoping to distract Malfoy long enough to figure out a way to escape.

“I managed because of our love,” Draco said affectionately. “The thought of our passion, our destiny, our love, gave me the strength to persevere. That and drinking half a bottle of Fire Whiskey in one swallow helped, too.”

At this point, Draco theatrically threw his robes open. Harry quickly averted his eyes. However, he was not quick enough to miss the fact that Draco wasn’t wearing any pants or trousers. And, worse, that he had a frilly lace ribbon tied in a bow around a certain part of his anatomy.

“Come to me my heart. Let us join in the bonds of fated love,” Draco said, and began to walk to Harry with his arms wide open, ready to embrace the black haired wizard.

Harry, being the brave Gryffindor that he was, leapt behind Hermione's prone body and attempted to shield himself from Draco with his girlfriend. Hermione tried to protest, because she obviously didn't like the sight of the "gift bow" either.

"Aha, poor befuddled Harry," huffed Draco disappointedly, "still trying to deny your inner feelings of longing."

The blond flicked his wand and Hermione was tugged from Harry's grasp, and dragged to the other side of the room.

"I guess I'll just have to show you the error of your ways," Draco said with a knowing smile. "I've been saving myself for you."

Draco took another three steps toward Harry. The black haired wizard scurried on his bum across the floor as to not give Draco a target.

"Well, to be honest, there was the five snog sessions with Colin," Draco admitted, pausing in his approach. "But he was just an appetizer compared to you, so I don't think I should even count him." Again Draco moved and again, Harry scurried backwards on his bottom.

"Why do you run, my heart?" asked Draco adoringly. "We are meant to be together. It is fate, kismet, destiny!"

"Listen, that Prophet article was a misprint," Harry blurted out. He had faced death on numerous occasions, but he never had to face the possibility of a willy shoved up his bum, much less one with a "gift bow." "I'm in love with Hermione. We've had sex loads of times."

"Refuse it all you want, my dearest soul mate," Malfoy said, smirking. "Soon, you and I will be in the throws of passion. You'll forget all about your frizzy haired beard."

Hermione grunted another protest. Whether it was in defense of Harry or due to offence by being referred to as a beard, Harry couldn't tell.

Suddenly, the door to the classroom swung open. All three sets of eyes turned to see Courtney walk in.

"Hey, what's going on in here?" the Auror in training asked upon seeing Hermione bound and gagged. A demented twinkle appeared in her eyes and she said hopefully, "Oh, how kinky. You've tied Hermione up and now you two are going to take turns with her! Can I watch? I want to see the blond bloke take Hermione first!"

"What? I'd never touch a witch," Draco said, clearly appalled by such an idea.

"Courtney, you have to help," Harry said as he ran and bravely hid behind her. "Malfoy is infatuated with me; he's positive that I'm in love with him."

"It's not infatuation, it's true and pure love," Draco objected. "You are my knight, the rescuer of the damsel, me."

"He's not gay," Courtney said dismissively while looking the pink robed wizard up and down. Clearly, she was not offended by the fact that Draco had his bits exposed, nor that he had a frilly bow tied around his John Thomas.

"Yes, he is," Harry argued.

"Yes I am," agreed Draco. "Look at what I'm wearing."

"Bright colors do not make a person gay. By the way, I like the bow," the witch said with a smirk. "Personally, I've know plenty of gay blokes. Hell, I even dated a few of them before they came out of the closet. I can recognize a gay wizard from a mile away, closeted or otherwise." Courtney then added in a soft undertone "Wish I would've had that skill before I dated the poofers to be." She then said to Draco "You're just confused."

"No, I'm not," Draco challenged. "I'm gay as the day is long!"

"Oh really, are you sure?" she asked. Courtney took a step towards Draco. She looked him in the eye and inquired; "Do you crave, no



need to hold another wizard's cock? To feel his pulse throb in your hand? Is it a dream of yours to run your tongue up his hot shaft and taste his sweat? Do you desire to have the musky taste of his cum on your tongue?"

As she spoke, Courtney inched forward, slowly closing the space between her and the blond wizard. Draco's face twitch once or twice as the witch painted images with her words. But his eyes still held that defiance.

"Or is the thought of large breasts more appealing to you?" she continued to ask. Harry saw Courtney tug her robes open and took another step toward Draco. She was so close to the blond wizard that her orbs were gently brushing against his bare torso. "Would running your hands over the milky white flesh of a witch's bosom make your heart race? Do you want to feel her hard nipples between your fingers as you tweak them?" She moved her torso so that her titties were being rubbed in circular motions on Draco's chest. "What kind of sounds would she make when you rolled the nub between your fingers? Does the way her skin prickle at your touch fascinate you? Or does a part of you want to gently scrape your teeth on the underside of her breast? Do you desire to bat your tongue over her hard nipples?"

Draco's face had turned a bright red and tiny droplets of sweat had sprung up on his brow. While still leaning into the wizard, Courtney looked back over her shoulder at Harry.

"He's not gay," she announced.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked nervously.

"Oh, yeah," she said smiling. "When I was talking about man-bits, I didn't get a twitch out of him."

"Excuse me, his face got all scrunched up when you said those things," Harry pointed out.

"I wasn't talking about his face," she clarified. "But once I started talking about jugs, well, let's just say that the evidence that he doesn't like blokes is pressing against me right now."

Thankfully, Courtney did not move away from Draco to prove this point. However, Harry could see that Draco had his eyes fixed on the witch - - but it wasn't her face that he was staring at. Despite this, Harry could still see that Draco was a little confused and our hero feared that his school nemesis would have a relapse, so to speak, and try to molest him once again. A sudden idea came to Harry as to how he could keep Draco away from him.

"Courtney, could you... you know... take care of Draco?" Harry asked. "For me?"

"What the hell are you asking?" Courtney demanded. She closed her robes and turned to face Harry.

"Well, he's still thinks he's gay, at least a part of him does," Harry explained. "Could you, please, show him that he really isn't gay at all?"

"Are you asking me to shag him?" she demanded with her brow furrowed in anger.

"No, at least not necessarily," Harry clarified. "I was thinking you could take him out and see how it plays from there. If shagging occurs, then so be it."

"Sure, he's a yummy. But, he hasn't even bought me flowers or anything like that."

"Here, Draco," Harry began while digging through his pockets. He pulled out a few galleons and handed them to the mostly naked wizard. "Go buy Courtney some flowers."

Draco snatched the gold from Harry, threw the two wands he had captured down on the ground, and dashed out of the room; clearly to go buy some flowers for Courtney. That or masturbate over the thought of her boobs. Or both.

"I can't believe you did that," she said with a touch of anger. "You're trying to get him to go out with me because you don't want him trying to molest you again."

"That's the gist of it, yes," Harry said while nodding his head.

"You're barmy," she said. "What if it doesn't work? What if we go on a date, he finds out I'm not his type of witch and he slips back into thinking he's gay for you?"

"He got an erection," Harry countered. "Of course he'll like you."

"Harry, just because he got a stiffy doesn't mean he's into me. Here, watch," she said and pulled her robes open again.

"Oh, my," murmured Harry as he tilted his head to the left. His other head took a distinct turn to the right. Hermione made some noise. Again, Harry didn't know if she was protesting the fact that her boyfriend was looking at another witch's bare breasts or if she was upset because she couldn't see them herself.

"See, you already have wood," Courtney gestured to Harry's groin. "It doesn't mean that you're into me."

After a second he shook his head (not that one, the one with two eyes) in an attempt to think clearly. "Listen, you said it yourself, Draco's confused and you can help him stop from making a mistake."

"What's in it for me?" she asked.

"You may grow to like him," speculated Harry even though he didn't believe it himself; he couldn't see how anyone with a pulse could like Draco. But some people were weird that way.

Courtney tapped her foot on the ground several times as she mulled over the proposition. This foot tapping caused her mounds to jiggle a touch to Harry's fascination. Finally, she agreed. "All right, but you have to hook me up with someone else if it doesn't work out. He has to be cute. But it's okay that he's ugly if he's hung. Or rich."

“Deal,” Harry said. He paused as a glimmer of light drew his attention back to Courtney’s breasts. “What’s that on your nipple?”

The wizard had been so transfixed by her breasts - - as any man would tell you, breasts are the most captivating object in the entire universe; the beauty of a picture perfect sunrise cannot hold a candle to a good boob - - that he had not noticed the silver ring dangling from her pink nub.

“Oh, it’s a nipple-ring,” she replied and threw her chest out so Harry could get a better look at the dangling piece of jewelry. “Do you like it?”

“No. A tit isn’t a Christmas tree; you don’t need to decorate it,” Harry said while still transfixed.

“They’re hot and fun,” Courtney argued. “Go on, give it a tug.”

“What?” Harry asked, taken back by the request.

“Tug on it,” she repeated. “It feels great.”

“Um, I have a girlfriend,” Harry said and pointed to his bound and gagged witch a few feet away. He was trying to use the age-old “My girlfriend will kill me if I do anything remotely like that” defense.

“She can give it a pull after you,” Courtney said and then turned to Hermione. “You don’t mind, do you?”

Surprisingly, Hermione shrugged her shoulders in acceptance and muttered through the gag “mf-kay.”

Courtney spun back to face Harry and threw back her shoulders in order to present her sizable mounds to him. “All right now give it a tug.”

Hesitantly, Harry raised his hand and moved it slowly to Courtney’s offered tit. With a tremble in his hand, he took hold of the ring

between the tips of his thumb and forefinger. Gently, he pulled the ring up and let it fall back down.

“What the hell was that?” demanded Courtney.

“I don’t want to hurt you,” protested Harry.

“I told you to tug on it,” the Auror said. “It’s not like I asked you to rip it off. But you didn’t even properly tug on it. You barely even touched it.”

Courtney rolled her eyes and flicked her wand at Hermione. The ropes and gag vanished with a soft pop. “Oi, Hermione, you’re a kinky girl. Come over here and show your boyfriend how to tug on my nipple ring the right way.”

A sweet smile graced Hermione’s lips as she stood. She carefully smoothed out the pleats of her skirt before walking up to the Auror.

Harry Potter had prevailed over numerous attempts on his life. He was the only known survivor of the dreaded Killing Curse. He survived wrestling with a troll when he was eleven. When he was only twelve years old, he defeated a Basilisk. The young wizard vanquished hordes of Dementors when he was just thirteen. Survived a dragon and dueled the most feared dark wizard to a standstill when he was fourteen. And he fought off a dozen fully trained Death Eaters when he was fifteen until help arrived. But what Hermione did nearly ended Harry’s life.

The brunette witch politely folded her hands behind her back, bent over slightly at her hips so that her face was level with Courtney’s breasts, opened her mouth wide and stuck out her tongue. Harry watched as his girlfriend’s tongue wriggled a bit before hooking the nipple ring. Deftly, Hermione’s talented tongue pulled the ring into her mouth before closing her teeth on the piece of jewelry. With a growl, Hermione pulled at the ring like a dog pulling on a toy. Courtney moaned softly as her sensitive flesh was stretched.

Simply put; it was a miracle that Harry didn’t drop dead right there.

“Cor, that was a good one,” cheered Courtney. The Auror looked at Harry and commented, “I think you broke him.”

“No, he’s fine,” Hermione said as she stood. “He just has a raging hard-on right now. Come on, baby, let’s go take care of that.”

“I don’t think I can move,” Harry said in a small voice as he felt his heart start to beat once more.

“We’re not going far. We’re just going over to the table over there so Courtney can watch again.”

“Okay,” Harry said and staggered to the teacher’s table.

“Although I should go fetch Luna,” Hermione said absentmindedly. “We did promise her that she could watch the next time we had a show.”

“It’s about time,” Luna’s disembodied voice sounded. The blonde witch slowly pulled off an invisibility cloak, announcing, “I’ve been following you two around for ages waiting for you to say that.”

“Where did you get that cloak?” asked Hermione.

“It’s Harry’s,” she replied, and carefully folded the magical cloak up. “I borrowed it so that I could follow you two.”

“Don’t you want to invite Ron to watch, too?” asked Hermione, clearly not bothered that their audience was growing.

“No, Ronald, the dear man, is quite boisterous when he masturbates. I’m afraid he’d distract from the show. I mean, I’ll cheer and give encouragement. But Ronald makes loud, nearly screaming, grunting sounds when he pleasures himself.” Luna took a seat and commanded, “Well, get on with the show.”

“You’ve been following us?” Harry asked. “But that means you watched as Draco tied Hermione up and threatened to molest me.”

“True,” Luna said casually.

“And you didn’t do anything to stop Malfoy?” the brunette witch asked.

“I told you that I wanted to see a sex show. Even though I had hoped that it would be you and Harry, at that point I would’ve settled for Harry and Draco. I was growing rather desperate.”

“Enough babbling, get on with the show,” Courtney ordered as she took a seat next to Luna.

As Hermione stripped Harry - - who still hadn’t fully recovered from Hermione tugging on Courtney’s tits with her teeth enough to use his hands properly - - Luna asked “Do they take requests?”

“Oh, yes,” Courtney answered. “What would you like to see?”

“Well, I think he should whack his penis against her face,” offered Luna in a sing-song tone.

As Hermione opened Harry’s trousers, she whispered in his ear; “That does sound exciting doesn’t it?”

That was when the shock of seeing his girlfriend playing with another witch’s tit went away. Encouraged by his kinky lover, Harry pulled ‘Harry, Jr.’ out of his pants.

“Yeah, penis!” cheered Luna.

Smiling, Hermione knelt down, closed her eyes, and waited for the playful blow. Now, since Harry wasn’t large, the “slap” was more like a “brush.” But nonetheless, both Courtney and Luna cheered loudly and clapped when the action was played out.

After the unimpressive but still appreciated “cock slap,” Harry and Hermione proceeded to give the two witches one hell of a show. There was oral sex, nipple tweaking, sensual massages, and hair tugging. But Luna and Courtney gave the lovers a standing ovation when Harry pushed his fore and middle fingers up Hermione’s bottom. Each time Hermione announced an orgasm - - which she did loudly - - the two witches clapped and whistled. And the audience of two

began chanting “Swallow, swallow” when it was apparent that Harry was nearing the end.

When the show ended and as the two lovers got dressed, Courtney stood and said; “This is always fun. Next time, tell me in advance of a show and I’ll bring refreshments.”

“See you next time,” Harry bid the Auror farewell as she walked out of the classroom. “I can’t believe I just said that there’ll be a ‘next time.’ God, I’ve gone kinky.”

“That was brilliant,” Luna said happily. “I’ll have to make a Pensieve, so that Ronald and I can revisit this for our own pleasure.”

“Oh, Luna, I have a question,” Hermione began. “Can your father’s printing press make books as well as newspapers?”

“Yes, certainly,” Luna answered. “What are you planning?”

“We’re going to make an updated version of The Magic of Making Love,” the brunette replied. “Harry and I have come to the conclusion that it would be very beneficial to release it now during this troubling time.”

“Understandable. And you would get off on the idea of hundreds of people looking at dirty pictures of you two,” Luna added. “Oh, please tell me there’ll be photos, because I’d gladly be one of those hundreds looking at them.”

“I reckon there would have to be,” Harry said. “You know, to show the reader the proper poses and whatnot.”

“Then I’ll be the one taking the photos!” Luna gushed. “I can’t believe I’ll be helping Harry Potter and Hermione Granger make a book!”

“We’ll be using noms de plume, actually,” informed Hermione. “Yes, we can admit that we’re kinky and have grown to like having people watch, but we’d still like some privacy.”



“Well, you’ll have to alter your features as well then,” Luna stated. “Harry is so recognizable that he’d be spotted straight away.”

“Good point,” the brunette agreed. “I’ll work on some glamour charms, and we’ll start taking photos this weekend”

“Hey Luna, how about you and Ron participate? You know, you two can act as models as well. That way, the reader will have two couples to look at,” offered Harry.

Luna’s response was not given in words as much as it was given in kisses. And it wasn’t just chaste innocent kisses, but the type of kiss where a bystander might get the impression that one of the parties was trying their best to suffocate the other with their tongue.

Harry, who had his hands up in surprise, could do nothing but stand there as the blonde witch dangled from his neck as she assaulted him with her tongue. He looked over at Hermione and was surprised to see that she was smiling as if she found this amusing.

“Um, Luna, that’s my boyfriend,” Hermione stated nonchalantly as the blonde continued to snog Harry.

After a good long time, Luna removed herself from Harry. She hopped in place with a bright smile as she said “Oh, thank you Harry! That would be brilliant!”

Harry wasn’t even given a blink of an eye to recover from Luna’s kiss before the blonde pounced on Hermione. Just as she had with Harry, Luna rammed her tongue deep into Hermione’s mouth. The only difference between the two kisses was that after a few seconds, Hermione returned the kiss with an equal amount of energy. Apparently she had quickly become accustomed to Luna’s kiss and had decided to reciprocate it.

The wizard watched in awe as his girlfriend swapped spit with his best mate’s wife. He saw their tongues dance and fight with one another, teeth scraping against the other witch’s teeth, and their lips pushing each other.

Now, it was perfectly normal that this view caused 'Harry, Jr.' to suddenly wake up again. And it was also perfectly normal for a majority of the blood that filled Harry's brain to be rapidly redirected so that the body could reinforce this spontaneous erection. This caused our hero to become light headed and swayed a touch.

Luna finally pulled away from Hermione's lips. A thin string of spit still connected the two witches' mouths.

"You are energetic, aren't you?" Hermione asked the blonde rhetorically.

The blonde licked her lips and happily commented, "So that's what Harry tastes like." She licked her lips once again and added; "I see now why you like to swallow. He's very yummy."

"It's the diet I put him on," Hermione replied. "I cannot recommend it enough."

Fighting the hemorrhage that was threatening to end his existence, Harry tugged down his trousers, freeing 'Harry, Jr.'. And after grabbing Hermione about the shoulders, and while he was dragging Hermione back to the table, he asked Luna "You care to stick around for another show?"

Squealing like a little girl who found out she had gotten a real live pony on Christmas morning, Luna dashed back to her chair. Before sitting, she requested; "Can I move my chair up to the table so I can get a closer view?"

"Why not," agreed Hermione while Harry tore open her blouse.

The chair scraped against the floor as Luna dragged it toward the table. "Wait, wait, don't start until I'm ready," she said.

Once the chair was next to the table, Luna flopped down and began hopping up and down on her bum. "Okay, you can shag away now!" Early on Saturday morning, Harry, Hermione, Luna, and Ron walked through the secret underground corridor and into the Shrieking Shack.

“Oh, wow,” Ron said in amazement as he looked up at the now opulent interior of the Shack. The alterations that Harry had accidentally made when he and Hermione had made love for the first time were still in place.

“Okay, you two, you go into one of the bedrooms and change, using that glamour charm I taught you. Harry and I will do the same in another room,” Hermione told the other couple.

“Sure thing,” Ron said while eyeing the impressive staircase.

Harry and Hermione made their way to the luxurious master suite. Once there, they parted and entered the separate bathrooms, in order to surprise their partner with their “new” look.

The wizard waved his wand over his face and cast one of the many glamour charms that Hermione had told him about. He eyed himself in the mirror and nodded his head in approval.

“Are you ready?” he called out to the other bathroom, as he entered the bedroom.

“Not just yet,” Hermione answered through the door. “Have you thought of a nom de plume yet?”

“Yeah, I’ll be ‘Tim Hunter,’” announced Harry. He felt that it was dashing and suited him to a Tee.

“Tim Hunter, I like that,” Hermione said.

“What’s your name going to be?” he asked.

“Mona Puckle” she replied.

“That’s neat,” Harry said.

As Hermione continued to change her appearance, Hedwig swooped in through one of the master suite’s picturesque windows. The owl landed on the wizard’s outstretched arm and presented a letter. Harry

note the letter and thanked his familiar. Hedwig hooted happily and flew out the window.

Harry opened the post and read a note from Alicia.

"Thanks for the information, Harry. After your endorsement, I finally worked up the courage and gave the beads a try. That's why I haven't responded to your post until now. My boyfriend was more than excited to tug those little bad boys out of my bum. We've been playing with it for days on end. Hell, I went to work with them wedged up there - bending over to pick up packages proved to be a surprising experiment. It was interesting to say the least.

If you have any other toys that you'd like to recommend, please don't hesitate to let me know.

Love,

Alicia"

While Harry read the note, Hedwig flew in and out of the room twice. Apparently the owl was dumbfounded that the interior of the Shack was so much larger than the exterior, and she was trying to figure out how this could be possible.

"Say hello to 'Mona Puckle'," announced Hermione, as she stepped out of the bathroom. Her now strawberry blonde hair was straight and cut short. Her nose was slightly longer with her cheekbones a touch more predominate on her face. A cute little dimple graced her chin.

"Wow, you look smashing," stated Harry, as Hedwig flew out of the room once more.

Hermione eyed her boyfriend disapprovingly. "For Heaven's sake, Harry; all you did was change your hair from dark black to dark brown."

"No, I covered up my scar, too," Harry protested. As he pointed to his forehead to show off his smooth brow, Hedwig swooped into the room once more, and landed on his arm this time.

"You still have your glasses on. And Hedwig's perched on your arm," scolded Hermione. "With just one look, anyone could tell that Harry Potter is Tim Hunter."

"I don't know what's wrong with her," he said while looking at his owl as the bird took flight once more. "She keeps yo-yoing in and out of the room."

"Come here," Hermione said. She led Harry into the bathroom she had used and retrieved her wand. She waved it in a complex pattern in front of Harry's face for a full four minutes. When she was done, Harry had short and spiky, dirty blonde hair, a square jaw with a cleft chin, and strong cheekbones.

"See, now no one can compare the similarities between Harry Potter and Tim Hunter," Hermione said proudly.

The disguised couple left the bedroom and made their way to the game room. There they found Ron and Luna waiting for them in their disguises. Luna had changed the color of her eyes to violet, and now had inky black hair that was so long it hung nearly to her knees. Added to her changed appearance, the witch's cheeks were rounder, both sets of cheeks that is. Ron had lost his gangly appearance with the illusion of an extra fifteen pounds of muscle, and a hint of fat around his waist. His hair was dark black, just as Luna's, and was medium length with wispy curls. With Ron's slightly furrowed brow, deep eyes, and half smile he had magically changed his expression so that he looked cool and calm while in deep thought - - or at least Harry thought it was an illusion, because when Ron normally tried to look like he was in deep thought, he often gave the impression that he was confused and a bit frightened.

Luna held up four pairs of black silk eye masks, saying, "I think we should wear these. It will add a touch of sensuality and mystery to the photographs. Also, I believe it will help conceal our identities. If we wear these masks, most people will assume that they are our only means of concealing our identities and won't attempt to investigate further."

"That's brilliant, Luna," Hermione said, and took one of the offered masks. She tied it around her head and introduced her alter ego. "Hello, I'm Mona Puckle."

"Hi Mona, my name is Perky Weatherby," said Luna as she curtsied. The now black haired witch gestured to Ron, stating, "And this is my partner; Neil Gaiman."

"Hello Neil, I'm Tim Hunter," Harry greeted and shook Ron's hand.

"I get this strange impression that we've met somewhere before," Ron playfully returned.

"How peculiar, I get that impression, as well," Harry said with a laugh.

"Have you come up with a name for the book yet?" asked Luna.

"Not yet," Hermione replied. "We'll think of something."

"I know, how about 'Books of Magic'?" offered Harry.

"That's brilliant," cheered Ron. "'Books of Magic: the Teachings of Tim Hunter and Mona Puckle, as told to Neil Gaiman!'"

"What about me?" Luna asked.

"Oh, yeah. '...as told to Neil Gaiman and Perky Weatherby,'" corrected Ron.

"If anything, it will have all four of our fake names as authors," Harry said. "Besides, now that I think about it, I believe 'Books of Magic' may already have been written. The last thing I need is to get sued for plagiarism."

"All right then, we'll come up with a title later. But for now; let's get started," announced Hermione. "I think we should begin by photographing some stretches and limbering exercises. That way the readers can hold some of the positions for the rituals. And we can loosen up for the rest of the necessary poses."

“Should we do it in the nude?” Luna asked.

“Why not,” Harry answered.

The four friends quickly stripped; not embarrassed or concerned with their nudity in the slightest.

Hermione walked up to Luna and, while looking directly at her enormous boobs, said, “You know, Luna, I think you’ve turned me into a bit of a breast connoisseur.” She reached forward and took hold of each large tit. Hermione squashed them. The milky white flesh of Luna’s ample breasts was compressed between Hermione’s fingers. Hermione admitted; “They’re simply amazing.”

While Hermione continued to fondle and jiggle Luna’s epic titties, Luna decided to return the favor. She, too, reached out and began playing with Hermione smaller, yet still wonderful, breasts. Nipples were pinched, tits were jigged, and boobs were squished together as the witches giggled and laughed lightheartedly.

After this mutual breast play, Luna looked over at the two practically comatose and openly drooling wizards, and echoed Courtney’s earlier diagnosis: “I think we broke them.”

To Be Continued

# Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

## Chapter Thirty One: Tootsies and Booksies

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Thirty One: Harry and Hermione's book gets printed and an old threat returns to loom over our hero's head.

Harry and Hermione were about to finish performing The Double-Up Ward for the photo session. They considered this ritual to be key to the different protections being offered in their book, as this particular ward increased the strength and efficiency of all the other wards placed on the house of the participants by nearly one-hundred percent. This ritual was also especially enjoyable to perform as it called for the use of three of Hermione's favorite toys: her anal beads, ball-gag, and a leather covered paddle. These toys were tied, inserted, and whacked much to her pleasure. It also required that Harry take a double dose of virility potion because after he came in her cunny, he had to promptly remove the anal-beads and sodomize her. A task which our young hero felt was his privilege to complete.

While Harry simultaneously buggered and paddled his happily gagged girlfriend, Luna, who had retrieved the discarded anal beads, was sniffing the hard rubber toy out of intellectual curiosity while Ron wanked himself and snapped pictures of the sex ritual – fortunately, the magical camera only needed one hand to operate, allowing the red haired wizard to relieve himself without neglecting his responsibilities as photographer. A moment before Harry climaxed for the second time, another powerful orgasm hit Hermione. A touch of her drool had sprayed out of the corners of her mouth and the ball-gag as she screamed in ecstasy.



After unloading a warm, sticky and very personal present in Hermione's naughty place, Harry unclasped and removed the ball-gag letting Hermione take in a long, shuttering breath. Luna placed the rubber toy under her arm so that she could applaud.

"Bravo," cheered the blonde. "That was fantastic!"

"I can't feel my toes," commented Hermione, with a satisfied glow to her face and body. Of course, that glow was significantly more pronounced on her spanked bottom, but that should go without saying.

After helping Hermione stand and guiding her to a comfy chair, Harry asked his friends, "What ritual should we do next?"

"How about the Degnoming Ritual?" offered Luna after she checked the list of rituals.

Harry looked at his girlfriend, who was wriggling her toes while smiling and stating "Nope, still can't feel them. You really did a good job, Harry," and the wizard sighed. The fact that he had shagged a portion of his girlfriend numb would normally be a noteworthy benchmark for the young wizard. However, having numb toes would hinder the Degnoming Ritual. This meant that either they would have to wait for Hermione to recover, or let Ron and Luna be the couple to perform the ritual. This, in Harry's opinion, didn't bode well.

Picking up on Harry's apprehension, Ron announced "Don't worry, mate. Luna and I can do it."

"Are you sure?" the black haired wizard asked dubiously. It was a very simple ritual to execute: the couple had to take the missionary, and the witch needed to have her toes spread out wide while the wizard had to bend his left knee and hold his left foot in the air throughout the ritual. Ron and Luna had already performed a few dozen of the simpler rituals that had been created for the book. Unfortunately, the married couple had performed less of a third of them correctly. Sometimes they didn't hold the position properly or, on more than one occasion, Ron "missed" his target and penetrated

the wrong tender entrance on his wife. These fouled up rituals led to some very bad side-effects, including fires, toilets overflowing and flooding the loo, and windows shattering to name a few disasters.

“How can we possibly muck this one up?” Ron asked rhetorically, dismissing Harry’s concerns.

Acknowledging that the Degnoming Ritual was the simplest procedure he and Hermione had created, Harry nodded his head – giving Ron the go-ahead – and took his place behind the camera. Harry shook his head in disappointment the moment Ron and Luna began making love. Ron kept kicking out his legs with each thrust, while Luna alternated between stretching out her toes and flexing them. Both of their actions utterly ruined the ritual. Shrugging his shoulders in defeat, Harry snapped a picture. He figured he would simply add these photos to the pile of Ron and Luna’s failed attempts.

Once the married couple had completed the botched ritual, Harry looked out one of the windows when he heard some odd grunts emanating from outside. Peering down, Harry saw scores and scores of ugly gnomes milling about the exterior of the Shrieking Shack. Instead of repelling gnomes from the house and surrounding area, the muffed ritual drew the pesky creatures toward it.

SoG SoG SoG

The sun began to set on Sunday night as Harry, Hermione, Ron, and Luna cleaned up the Shack. This was a time consuming chore, seeing how the couples had sex scores of times all throughout the magically expanded house. Each room required several passes with cleaning charms in order to remove the ample amounts of semen and other sticky forms of residue that had accumulated during the previous three days.

While they each removed the various glamour charms and reverted to their natural appearances, Hermione asked Ron and Luna, “Do you want to go into Hogsmeade for something to eat?”

“No, you two go ahead. Ronald and I have some excess sexual energy to burn off,” Luna informed them.

“How can you have any more energy?” asked Harry. “We’ve all had so much sex over the last three days that I think my penis is in a coma.”

“I’m beat. I’m not even going to think about sex for a week,” agreed Hermione. Knowing his girlfriend and how utterly kinky she was, Harry doubted Hermione’s statement would hold up.

“My Ronald is a super-charged-love-bunny,” Luna said and she smiled happily. “He can go for days and days. I’d offer for you to watch, but you’ve seen us have sex one-hundred and twenty-one times since we began photographing the many rituals for the book.”

“You counted?” asked Harry in surprise.

“Of course I did. And Ronald gave me three hundred and twelve wonderful orgasms,” Luna returned lightly as if Harry’s question was silly. “I told you, my Ronald’s a super-charged-love-bunny.”

“What can I say; when you’ve got it, you’ve got it,” Ron said, his chest puffing up with pride. “C’mon sweetie, let’s make that three hundred and thirteen.”

“Oh, at least,” chirped Luna.

“Have fun you two,” said Harry and he led Hermione out of the Shrieking Shack. The moment the door closed, they could hear Ron and Luna’s moans of pleasure.

“Let’s go to Madam Puddifoots,” offered Hermione over Luna’s emphatic shout of “OH GOD YES! RIGHT THERE!”

“They serve food there?” asked Harry as he tried to ignore the loud squelching sound from behind the door.

“Sandwiches and the like, I believe,” Hermione said and led her boyfriend away from the noisy Shack.

When they entered the teashop, Harry was struck at how dark it was inside: only a few candles were lit. Harry assumed that this was intentional; the lack of light was supposed to enhance the romantic mood of the teashop. A plump and jolly witch, obviously Madam Puddifoot herself, greeted Harry and Hermione at the door and led them to a table.

"I've never been in here before," commented Hermione in a hushed tone. Even though there was only one other couple in the restaurant, Hermione didn't want anyone to be disturbed by – or listen in on – their conversation.

"This is my second time," stated Harry. With a coy smile, he added playfully "You're not going to pout and whine like Cho did, are you?"

"I'm no hosepipe, thank you very much," the brunette said with a chuckle.

After the waitress took their order – Harry had butterbeer and a cucumber sandwich, while Hermione ordered elf-wine and a liverwurst and lettuce sandwich – Harry's eyes adjusted enough to take in the shop. Tiny, cheap decorations littered the teashop and the damn cherubs that had been present when he and Cho had a date there were still all over the place. Then Harry noticed the only other customers; they were sitting against the wall a few feet away, looking into each other's eyes.

"Courtney? Malfoy?" he asked in surprise.

"What are you two doing here?" asked Hermione.

"Oh, just going on a date," informed Courtney. She had a pleasant – but naughty – smile on her lips whereas Draco looked like he was in some duress. Sweat coated his deeply furrowed brow, and his hands were gripping the edge of the table. His eyes, which were firmly fixed on the Auror in training, were half closed but they burned intensely.

"Is he okay?" asked Harry.

“Oh, yeah, he’s just peachy,” announced Courtney. To prove this point, the witch bent over, took hold of the edge of the tablecloth, and flipped it up over their empty plates. Because of the darkened interior of the teashop, Harry couldn’t see the area under the table too clearly. All he could tell was that Courtney’s shoes were off and had been placed to the side. He strained his eyes in order to see what Courtney was trying to show them.

“Here, let me give you a hand,” offered Courtney. She pulled out her wand and pointed it under the table. “Lumos.”

The image Harry saw when the beam of light from Courtney’s wand illuminated the space under the table both amazed and shocked him. Courtney had her bare feet in Draco’s lap. And there, in between her feet, was ‘Draco, Jr.’ so to speak. For several seconds, Harry couldn’t pull his eyes away from the scene before him. He was transfixed by the aforementioned amazing and shocking sight. Courtney worked her feet, rubbing, stroking, and massaging Draco’s hard shaft. Her toes flexed and she deftly pinched his spongy crown between her surprisingly dexterous digits. Using the arch of her left foot to hold Draco’s cock in place, Courtney dragged the ball and toes of her right down the underside of his shaft. The blond wizard rolled his head back and groaned as Courtney squeezed his manhood between her feet.

Mercifully, Harry was finally able to look away. It didn’t bother him that Courtney was giving a bloke a foot-job. What was troubling Harry was the fact that the John Thomas that Courtney was rubbing with her feet belonged to Draco. That would scare any rational person, he thought.

In order to avert his eyes from the sight, Harry fixed his gaze on Hermione. Unlike Harry, Hermione was unable to look away. Her expression was a mixture of interest, wonder, and disgust – Harry felt it was safe to assume that she felt interest and wonder over Courtney’s talented tootsies and the same level of disgust that Harry had over seeing Draco’s exposed and erect member.

“That’s amazing, Courtney,” congratulated Hermione with her nose scrunched up in distaste.

"It's not too shabby, is it?" the Auror in training said with pride. "Some girls can tie a cherry stem into a knot with their tongue. I can use my toes to unzip a bloke's trousers, pull his beef out, and wank him off. Which do you think is the more useful talent out of the two?"

Then, Draco grunted loudly and Courtney giggled girlishly. Clearly he had just blown his load and shot it all over her feet and shins.

Hermione politely applauded and stated, "You are a master, Courtney."

"Thank you," the witch replied and bowed her head, accepting Hermione's praise. "Watch this."

He knew he was going to regret it, but Harry couldn't help but turn his attention back to the other couple. He watched as Courtney took hold of Draco's softening member between her feet, she pushed the fleshy organ back into his trousers, and then she pinched his zipper between her first two toes and zipped his trousers shut.

"Ta-da!" cheered Courtney, throwing her arms over her head triumphantly.

"So I take it you two have hit it off?" asked Hermione.

Draco blushed and smiled demurely. The fact that Harry could refer to another bloke's expression with such feminine terms frightened our hero. Did Harry subconsciously detect a touch of femininity in his school-nemesis? Harry gulped; perhaps he wasn't out of the dreaded "Draco wants to bugger me" predicament as he had previously thought.

"No, we're horrible together," Courtney playfully replied to the brunette's question. "Of course we hit it off, you silly witch! Do I need to show you his spunk on my feet as evidence to prove this?"

"Please don't," Hermione winced.

“Well, you two enjoy your dinner,” Courtney said and stood. She took the blond wizard’s hand and guided him out of his seat. “Draco and I are going to take care of his virginity problem.”

“Courtney,” Draco said with embarrassment.

“And just think, a few days ago you believed that Harry would be the one to pop your cherry,” Courtney returned impishly. Draco’s blush deepened. “Of course, that would’ve happened after you bugged him.”

At this point, Draco was such a brilliant red that he looked as if he had fallen asleep in the middle of the Gobi Desert and had received a severe sunburn from the exposure. This change in complexion warned Harry that Draco was not ashamed of his failed plan to woo and seduce the black haired wizard. In fact, Harry assumed that his school-nemesis was nervous and a little embarrassed by it, but not opposed to it. Harry’s concern that Draco still held a flame for him worsened. As Draco’s face continued to glow, Harry’s turned pale.

“Ta’,” Courtney said with a wave and she led Draco out of the tea shop. While the other couple was still within earshot, Harry could hear Courtney say affectionately to the blond wizard, “I’m going to conjure up a bit of silk ribbon and tie it around the base of your cock – not only to wrap it as a present to myself, but to help you from cumming too quickly.”

Harry, who was still fretting over Draco’s dubious orientation, had not noticed the naughty look in his girlfriend’s eyes. He was drawn out of his bothersome thoughts when he felt a pair of bare feet slide into his lap.

“Err, what are you doing?” he asked as Hermione’s feet fumbled gently on his crotch.

“Trying something new,” she replied. Harry recalled his earlier assumption that his kinky girlfriend had spoken too soon when she said earlier she wouldn’t even think about sex for days. The show that Courtney had given them had only encouraged Hermione and her sexually adventurous streak. After a moment of clumsy motions of

attempting to grab hold of his zipper between her toes, she requested “Open your trousers and pull ‘Harry, Jr.’ out.” It appeared that Hermione was concentrating on the task at foot to use the proper term for penis and had instead used Harry’s pet nickname for his manhood.

Not being one to pass an opportunity at any form of sex, Harry willingly did as requested. Hermione held the tip of her tongue between her teeth and had one eye shut in concentration. ‘Harry, Jr.’ was just starting to wake up – the organ was more than eager to try something new – when something horrible happened. You see, if either Harry or Hermione had asked Courtney, she would’ve possibly told them that they needed to practice a bit before jumping right into the delicate art of a foot-job. Perhaps some time spent using a banana in proxy for the real thing until Hermione got the required gentle force and dexterity down. Unfortunately, the young couple discovered first hand (or is that first foot in this case?) that without hours of trial and error performed on inanimate objects to learn the intricacies of foot-jobs, mistakes happen. The particular mistake that Hermione committed dealt with her losing control and accidentally dropping the heel of her foot on Harry’s tender and hypersensitive testicles.

When the waitress came back with the two sandwiches and drinks, she must have been quite surprised to see Hermione who had her wide, guilt-filled eyes fixed on Harry as he had his head on the table with tears of pain welling up in his eyes.

Once the waitress left, Hermione asked “I’m going to have to work a lot to make this up to you, aren’t I?”

“Yes, yes you are,” Harry half groaned, half whimpered.

SoG SoG SoG

For the next two weeks, all of Hermione’s free time was entirely devoted to writing the book and serving her punishment for accidentally dropping her foot on Harry’s genitals. This retribution was paid with blowjobs while he ate breakfast, intense spanking sessions after morning lessons before lunch, anal sex in cupboards after



dinner, and tittie-shagging before they fell asleep. As punishments went, Hermione thought hers were fairly enjoyable – especially the bugging and paddling.

It was decided upon by Harry and Hermione that since most of the photos of Luna and Ron showed the improper way to perform the rituals that the magical pictures of the married couple would be used in the book as warnings in a “Do Not Attempt the Rituals This Way” section. Each of that pair’s photos would contain alerts, notifying the reader the dangers of performing the ritual incorrectly. Such as drawing gnomes in droves or setting the house on fire.

To create the various pages of the book, Hermione used Sticking Charms to attach a photo onto a piece of parchment. She would then write lengthy directions, precautions, and a list of benefits under the photos. Even using wizarding photographs, some rituals needed multiple photos and several pages of directions, warning, and benefits. Once she was finished writing each page, she cast a special charm to turn her writing into block letters to make it look professional.

Finally, after hundreds of pages were composed and properly illustrated, Hermione set her quill down and announced proudly, “My first book is finished!” This was promptly followed by the brunette witch growling like a hungry puma and pouncing on Harry before shagging his brains out.

“CALL ME AN AUTHOR AND SLAP MY BOTTOM!” she cried out as she pounded herself on Harry’s lap, forcibly driving ‘Harry, Jr.’ into her sex.

SoG SoG SoG

“Luna, have you talked to your father about printing our book yet?” Hermione asked during lunch the next day.

“Yes, he informed me through a post I received yesterday that he’s made the necessary changes to switch the printer so that it can print and bind books,” the blonde said with a dreamy smile. “We can start this weekend.”

“That will be fabulous,” Hermione said. Her voice was a touch husky with a hint of lust.

“We still have to settle on a name then shouldn’t we?” asked Harry. “We can’t print a book without a title.”

“I know,” Ron stated. “How about ‘Ron Weasley and the -’

“No, Ron!” Hermione said, cutting him off irritably. “We’ve been through this already.”

“Mate,” Harry began, “you have to remember the book is not about you. It’s never been about you. I don’t know why you or anyone would think that the book focuses on you.”

“If anyone should have their name before the title, it should be Harry’s,” Hermione continued. “It was because his love power base that we stumbled upon the original book. And he’s the one who came up with the plan to write a new one to help the people of wizarding Britain. So if the book’s title was going to contain anyone’s name, it would read ‘Harry Potter and the...’. Definitely not ‘Ron Weasley and the...’”

“They’re right, Ronald,” Luna added, soothing her husband before he could retort with one of his illogical and baseless arguments. “Anyway, we were using disguises and aliases. So even if this was an alternate reality where the book inexplicably ended up focusing on you, it could never be a story about ‘Ron Weasley’.”

“I think we should use the title Harry suggested but with a minor change,” speculated Hermione. “I think we should call it ‘Books of Love Magic: Volume One’.”

“Wait – ‘Volume One’? Do you mean you plan on writing more?” asked Harry. The dark and lustful look in Hermione’s eyes told him her answer as well as informing him that they would be devising and practicing new rituals for the next book within a few hours.

“How do we plan on selling it?” asked Luna.

“Well, Alicia works at Franklin’s of Cardiff, so we can probably sell it there,” offered Harry, slightly distracted by the lusty look in his girlfriend’s eyes – which were growing darker and darker with want and desire by the second. So much so that Harry had to reassess his estimated time. Judging by the look his lover was giving him, he assumed that the moment they stepped out of the Great Hall, Hermione would drag Harry to a nearby broom cupboard. The notion of being a published author was making Hermione so randy that Harry reckoned that his lover must have been practically dripping by that point. Of course, the mere idea of his lover being so turned on caused Harry to become aroused himself.

“And we should have Fred and George market it,” Ron added, clearly happy to add something useful to promote the plan, for a change. “After all, they do a bang up job promoting the joke shop. I think they’d do wonders for the book.”

“That would be great,” Harry agreed. “After we stop by Luna’s dad’s, we’ll head over to the twins’ shop and talk to them about it.”

“This will be wonderful!” cheered Luna. “As to which one of us should get top billing so to speak, I think since Hermione has done all of the work, her nom de plume should get be first, with our names listed as her co-contributors at best.”

Bolstered by Luna’s declaration making her the main author, Hermione dropped all pretenses and snaked her hand into Harry’s trousers. After his lover gave ‘Harry, Jr.’ a squeeze and a stroke, Harry decided to copy Hermione’s actions and he slid his hand up her skirt, pushed his fingers under her knickers, and wriggled into her moist folds. After all, Harry prided himself on fair-play and being a gentleman. And if he didn’t slide two fingers deep into her already hot, wet, and quivering sex while she wanked him off, it would be rude and inconsiderate of him.

“You two are so deliciously kinky!” cheered Luna, knowing full well what Harry and Hermione were doing in the middle of the crowded Great Hall. “Just like Stripped-Kildricks during mating session!”

“Luna, would you mind casting a Silencing Charm on Hermione?” requested Harry as his lover closed her eyes in near ecstasy. “You know how much of a screamer she is.”

“Oh, poo,” bemoaned Luna with an exaggerated pout. “Hermione’s boisterous cries of passion are very entertaining. Not hearing her scream out ‘Sweet Baby Maeve’ every so often would be a dreadful disappointment for me.”

“We’ll make it up to you later,” Hermione groaned out.

“I want arse-to-mouth,” demanded the blonde dreamily. “That’s how you can make it up to me. I get to watch Harry bugger you, Hermione, then he has to cum in your mouth and you must swallow like the dirty witch you are.”

“Luna!” Harry said in shock and scandal.

“Fine, just have a mouth-cleansing charm ready for me afterwards,” Hermione said. Clearly she was not shocked or scandalized in the slightest over this demand. In fact, her eyes darkened even more. Obviously, Hermione was keen to try this new and naughty activity. Harry eyed his girlfriend appreciatively: would there ever be a time where he wouldn’t be amazed at just how kinky Hermione could be?

Having gotten her way, Luna giggled triumphantly before twirling her wand and casting the Silencing Charm on Harry and Hermione. The timing of this charm was impeccable, for Hermione cried out a mere second after it was cast. Judging by how much she flowed into his hand, Harry guessed that her scream would’ve echoed off the walls.

If the charm was not in place, Harry knew that loud squelching sounds would be emanating from Hermione. Her honey dripped off of his fingers as he continued to pump and rub away. Of course, Harry was not one to point fingers – even if those fingers weren’t busy stimulating his lover. He, too, was making wet squelching sounds. Thanks to his girlfriend’s firm and loving touch, sizable amounts of pre-cum dripped out of ‘Harry, Jr.’s eye.

While he stimulated Hermione and she him, Harry scanned his fellow students gathered in the Great Hall. Once in a while, someone would look in Harry and Hermione's direction. Thankfully, these people seemed not to notice what the couple was doing despite their bright red and sweat covered faces. Everyone was too caught up in their own dealings to have noticed the impromptu hand-job session occurring at the Gryffindor table.

Luna had her elbows on the table and chin perched on her hands and she watched Harry and Hermione happily. There was a joyous twinkle in her eyes and a pleased grin on her face. It was clear that Luna had openly embraced her new voyeur leanings. When Hermione's second climax struck, the blonde witch complimented Harry at his task; "Harry, you're doing a splendid job."

Obviously, both Ron and Luna were enjoying the show. However, whereas Luna was merrily content to watch, Ron looked as if he was having difficulty not masturbating himself right there and then. The wizard's hands kept clenching into fists while beads of sweat blossomed all over his face.

Noticing her husband's discomfort, Luna said in a soothing voice, "That erection of yours must be terribly uncomfortable, dear. Your penis is confined in your trousers, all scrunched up, throbbing away, and begging for release. I, too, am aching just watching. But since you and I aren't as adventurous as Harry and Hermione, we can't take care of our urges here in public. Once they finish, I'll take you to a cupboard and we'll fix our problems."

Finally, Harry shot his load down his trouser leg. Being the naughty witch that she was, Hermione made a show of licking her fingers.

Harry was about to make a comment regarding how lucky he was to have Hermione as a lover when he noticed something he had not seen before. From his seat at the Slytherin table, Draco had his grey eyes firmly locked on Harry. The blond wizard had a coy, impish smile while he winked theatrically at Harry.

"Um, we have to talk to Courtney and see how things went with Malfoy," Harry gulped.

“You just got wanked by your girlfriend and the first thought you have is about Malfoy?” Ron asked snidely. “You can’t be that interested in that git’s love life, can you?”

“If it will save me from being bugged, then yes, I am interested.”

SoG SoG SoG

After explaining that they were leaving the castle for an important, yet ambiguous, errand, Harry, Hermione, Luna, and Ron used McGonagall’s fireplace to floo-travel to the Lovegood home.

Taking Luna’s odd intricacies into account, Harry was expecting that the Lovegood home would be unique to say the least and attempted to prepare himself for this. Despite this preparation, what Harry saw while picking himself off the floor after he gracelessly tumbled out of the floo shocked him.

Doilies.

Hundreds, if not thousands, of round lace and linen doilies of every size and design littered the house. There were doilies carefully placed under each foot of every piece of furniture. Instead of throw pillows, frilly doilies lovingly graced the squashy chairs and couch. Dozen were placed on top of books as dust covers and some small doilies were placed in several books as page-markers. Scores were hung from the walls like fine pieces of art. Some of the larger cloth circles were placed strategically like stepping stones on the floor to guide guest to the kitchen and loo.

“Daddy has a penchant for doilies. He’s collected quite a number of them,” informed Luna conversationally as if everyone had such a peculiar hobby.

“I... I can see that,” Harry said in wide-eyed wonder.

A wizard with a touch of grey in his blond hair came bounding out of the hallway. The wizard, obviously Luna’s father appeared perfectly

normal and sane. But the doily that he wore at a jaunty angle on top of his head in lieu of a hat shattered this appearance.

“Luna, my darling daughter!” he greeted the blonde witch with an affectionate hug.

“Hello, Daddy!” she returned and kissed his cheek.

“Now, dear, I’ve made the necessary adjustments to the printer so that it will make books instead of my highly informative and entertaining newspaper,” stated Mr. Lovegood. “But I can’t stay around and help you out. There’s a wonderful doily convention in Berlin that I simply must attend. They’ll be displaying the new Smithenhoff pattern today and I can’t miss that!”

“Don’t worry, Daddy, I’ll handle everything,” Luna said cheerfully.

“Brilliant! Well, then, I’m off!” Mr. Lovegood said before dashing to the fireplace. He threw a pinch of floo into the flames and shouted “The Berlin Convention Centre!” before disappearing.

“The printer is this way,” stated Luna, leading the others down into the house’s cellar. Of course, the steps leading down to the cellar were covered with doilies, much like the rest of the house.

A massive contraption made out of wood, iron, and rock with steam-pipes, bells, knobs, dials, and leavers dominated the cellar. On one end of the device was a small drawer and the opposite side had a hole that opened onto a conveyor belt.

“It’s fairly simple to operate; you put the source material into this drawer,” said Luna, pointing to the drawer. “Then the patented Lovegood Publishing Apparatus will copy, print, and bind the material. The finished product will come out on the conveyor belt.

“Is the book ready? Everything is in order the way you want it?” Luna asked Hermione.

“Yes,” Hermione replied. The brunette witch pulled the large, neat, and orderly stack of parchment that she had worked so tirelessly on

out of her bag and handed it to Luna. "But I haven't made a book cover yet."

"Oh that's simple; the patented Lovegood Publishing Apparatus will make one for us," the blonde replied and took the stack of parchment from Hermione and set it in the drawer. She turned back to Hermione and asked, "How does a nice faux-leather cover dyed light red sound to you?"

"That would be lovely," Hermione answered with a smile.

Luna pulled out her wand and tapped the machine several times in a seemingly random pattern for several seconds. Then the machine began to make a groaning noise that reminded Harry of the sounds that would emanate from Dudley's stomach when the obese boy had not eaten his weight in bacon for a period of longer than four hours. The drawer closed on its own and the groaning grew louder and louder. The machine began to vibrate and shake violently. In a matter of moments, the machine made a loud, wet, belching sound and a large red book dropped out of the opening and landed on the conveyor belt.

With a noticeable tremble in her hands, Hermione carefully picked up the freshly printed book. Lovingly, she caressed its face which bore in elegant, gold lettering; "Books of Love Magic, Volume One by Mona Puckle with Tim Hunter, Neil Gaiman, and Perky Weatherby." With her eyes shimmering, she looked at Harry and euphorically announced, "I'm an author!"

Directly after this proclamation, Hermione had an orgasm so powerful that her knees gave way. Hermione loved books so much that holding one that she actually wrote was enough to send her to the heights of physical rapture. The machine belched again and another book was deposited on the conveyor belt. And Hermione groaned even louder. Harry watched intently as his lover moaned and trembled while clutching the book to her breast. And needless to say, 'Harry, Jr.' was urgently suggesting that they should go over there, pull Hermione's knickers down, and help with her orgasms. This seemed like a novel idea to Harry; after all, he was Hermione's boyfriend and it was his right as such to participate and share in her orgasms.



When the fourth book was printed – corresponding with Hermione’s fourth orgasm – Luna advised, “Perhaps we should take Hermione out of here? It seems that she’s having a climax every time a book is printed. Not that I don’t enjoy watching her ecstasy – which I truly do – but I think that Hermione may be in danger of dying of dehydration. This is a likely outcome since we’re going to print eight hundred copies in this initial run.” Luna’s stating of the projected number of copies triggered yet another body jarring climax for Hermione.

After scooping her up in his arms, Harry carried Hermione out of the cellar. While they walked up the stairs, Hermione continuously shivered and muttered, “I’m an author! – OH! – I’m an author! – OH!”

SoG SoG SoG

Once Hermione recovered – which included a quick yet completely shattering shag where she had clutched her book to her bosom and had wrapped her legs around Harry as he pounded away at her and the brunette shouted “I’M AN AUTHOR!” continuously, then a shower – the two couples made their way to Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes in Diagon Alley. Instead of the standard bell chiming when the door open, a loud, obnoxious, pants-staining fart sounded as the four friends walked into the shop.

Much like every other store in Diagon Alley, the twins’ shop was devoid of customers. The threat of Voldemort and his minions had scared everyone into hiding in their homes.

Obviously drawn to the sound of the unique door “chime,” Fred came strolling around the corner.

“Welcome to Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes!” he greeted the two couples.

“Fred, why are you wearing a blindfold?” asked Harry curiously.

“Ah, it’s you, Harry,” stated Fred without removing his blindfold. “Are there any witches of... ahem, advanced age with you?”

“No.”

“Are you sure?”

“It’s just me, Hermione, Ron, and Luna,” Harry informed.

“Brilliant! George, it’s safe to come out!” Fred called out while tugging off his blindfold. He blinked as his eyes became accustomed to the light.

“What’s with you two?” demanded Ron.

“It’s bloody Remus,” Fred began hotly as his twin took his place at his side.

“He pranked us back at Ginny’s birthday,” added George with an equal amount of anger to his voice.

“Ever since then, we’ve been forced to see through old witches’ clothing.”

“Do you have any idea of how much tits sag on a ninety year-old witch?” asked Fred.

“We do regrettably,” answered George, and both twins shivered in disgust.

Harry and Hermione shared a guilty look. It appeared that the little prank they pulled on Fred and George months ago was still in effect. Perhaps Harry’s power-boost had an unforeseen result, extending the length of the short-term spell.

“And the worst part is that Remus claims he had nothing to do with it,” continued Fred.

“Yeah, says he couldn’t have done it cause he wasn’t even there that night,” George stated.

“But we know he’s a Marauder. Little things like that wouldn’t stop him from pulling a prank.”

“So you two answer the door to your shop with blindfolds on, just in case your customer is an old witch?” asked Luna.

“It’s a necessary precaution in order not to see drooping and sagging bits and pieces,” answered George sagely.

An idea popped up in Harry’s head. He gave Hermione a look that told her to play along. But this look also asked Hermione to remain silent because Harry was about to lie. And since his lover was such a horrible liar, he knew that if she tried to help Harry, she’d give everything away and ruin his plan. The black haired wizard turned back to the twins and offered, “What if we convinced Remus to lift the curse?”

“That would be bloody fantastic!” cheered Fred.

“Too right, we’d owe you so much if you could do that,” George said.

“That’s great because we need a favor from you two,” stated Harry.

“If you got Remus to end this horrific and penis-shriveling prank, I’ll convince Fred to go down on you,” offered George. To which Fred nodded his head enthusiastically. Clearly, the continual shock of seeing every elderly witch naked had taken its toll on the twins; they were willing to do anything in order for it to end.

“Well, instead of sickening sexual favors, how about you two just promote a book for me?” Harry asked.

“What kind of a book?” one of the twins asked.

“A book on sex magic,” answered Harry as he handed Fred one of the copies.

Fred thumbed through the book with George looking over his shoulder. “Merlin, we heard about the Pensieves you two passed around Hogwarts, but we didn’t realize that you had grown so bloody kinky,” said George as he eyed one of the many photos in the book.

“That’s not us,” objected Hermione. “They’re friends of ours. You wouldn’t know them.”

As stated previously, Hermione was a poor liar. One might easily argue that the witch was a pathetic fibber. Her voice, which was warbling noticeably, was much higher than normal and her face burned a bright red as she denied George’s assumptions. Of course, this only served to confirm said assumption.

“Cor, Hermione, you’re a nimble minx,” commented Fred after turning another page.

“I swear this will help us get over the trauma of seeing naked decrepit witches,” added George while looking at one of the pictures with wide, impressed eyes.

“SWEET BUGGERING MORGAN LA FEY!” exclaimed Fred after he turned further into the book. “It’s always the smart witches, isn’t it?”

With a proud smile on his lips and in his eyes, George walked to Harry and hugged him. George said with naked pride, “Hang on to her, my boy. Don’t let her go.”

“Getting back to the matter at hand,” Hermione interrupted. Fred turned the book on its edge so that he could get a better angle on one of the photos. “Any suggestions as to how you two can promote this book?”

“Oh, we have some – SHE SWALLOWS?” cried out Fred. Once again, George pulled Harry into a tight embrace and spoke softly and earnestly, “Do not ever let her go. Every bloke should cherish a bird that does anal and swallows.”

“Hey, so does Luna!” Ron offered, clearly hoping to earn some of his brothers’ praise.

“She does?” George asked in awe.

“Where the hell do you two find such magnificently adventurous and open minded witches?” Fred asked Ron and Harry. “And can you find a set for George and me?”

“The last time we asked a bird if we could bugger her, she slapped us in the face and we never heard from her again,” explained George.

“Wait, ‘we’ and ‘us’?” Harry asked. “Don’t tell me both of you were asking the same girl at the same time?”

“Why not?”

“We’re twins.”

“We do everything together.”

“Even the same witch.”

“Yeah, they’ve got three holes after all and there are two of us.”

“Plenty of entry points, if you ask us.”

“Course we’ve only had access to two of those holes and, unlike Harry and our dear brother, have been denied the third, and most prized, hole.”

“How are you going to promote it?” interrupted Hermione, hoping not to hear any more on how much the twins shared.

“We’ll think of something,” replied the twins in unison.

“Where do you plan on selling this?” asked Fred. “It’s not like Flourish and Blotts will carry this.”

“We were thinking about Franklin’s of Cardiff,” answered Harry. “Alicia works there.”

“Speaking of which, we better head over there and see if she’ll even sell the book before you two start making plans on how to hype it,” Hermione said to the twins.

“Oh, don’t worry. We won’t be thinking of any plans today,” George said.

“Yeah, we’ll be wanking like mad over this book for the next few hours or so,” added Fred.

“Hey, you do realize that one of the blokes in those pictures is me, right?” Ron asked, shaken over the notion that his brothers were planning on pleasuring themselves over photos that depicted him.

“Don’t worry, dear brother,” assured Fred. “We won’t wank while looking at you.”

“We will, however, gladly and unreservedly wank while ogling your wife,” offered George.

“She’s got wonderful knockers,” complimented Fred.

“Epic, they are,” added George.

“Why, that’s so sweet,” Luna said sincerely while blushing at Fred and George’s crude compliments. “I’d pop open my blouse and give you a live viewing of them out of appreciation of your kind words. But as you’re Ronald’s brothers, that’d be inappropriate to do.”

Before the twins could voice a protest, Harry asked the top-heavy blonde, “If you don’t mind, could I take a gander?”

“Of course I don’t mind, Harry. Don’t even hesitate to ask,” Luna said with a genuine smile. “Once we’re out of view of the twins, I’ll open my blouse and you can look to your heart’s content.”

“Wait a tick, Harry and Ron are best friends,” Fred began to argue.

“They’re practically brothers,” continued George.

“And we need to see a set of young breasts...”

“... especially after being forced to see ancient witches’ sagging tits for months.”

“I’m sorry to say there’s a whole world of difference between ‘like a brother’ and ‘is a brother’,” Luna pointed out, denying the twins’ request yet again.

“I say you show ‘em,” offered Ron. “Just so they can see just what I get to play with every night.”

“And every morning,” corrected Luna, “as well as most afternoons. But since you’ve given me permission to expose myself to your brothers, I’ll gladly do it. After all, I do so love letting my breasts out in the open air.”

“Prepare to be amazed,” Harry told the twins.

Luna presented her covered chest to Fred and George and theatrically threw her blouse open. The twins’ eyes bounced in time with Luna’s own “twins” as her giant orbs sprang free.

“Oh, those are...” Fred muttered.

“Spectacular,” stated George.

“Now remember, look but don’t touch,” Ron warned. “As her husband, I’m the only one who can touch her titties.”

“Besides me that is,” announce Hermione, as she stepped up behind Luna. The brunette wrapped her arms around Luna’s sizable chest and playfully pinched both of her large nipples for everyone to see. This action caused Luna to giggle, which in turn caused her to jiggle.

The twins and Ron’s faces went white as sheets as every ounce of blood raced to their respective organs to reinforce their rapidly growing erections caused by the sight of one witch playing with another’s boobs. Harry knew this was happening to the Weasley brothers because the exact same thing was happening to him.

“Um, okay, we’ll get started on ideas to promote your book,” George said in a very small voice.

“That is after we’ve wanked ourselves raw,” Fred, whose voice was equally small, adjusted.

“That goes without saying,” concluded his twin.

“While you two are doing that, we’ll take our witches into a dark alley and have them take care of our erections,” teased Harry.

“Rub it in, why don’t you,” Fred said with a touch of envy.

“That’s a wonderful idea!” cheered Hermione. “I’ll have Harry cum on my bottom and he can rub it in.”

The twins were about to make a witty retort, but another of Hermione’s frolicsome pinches of Luna’s nipples took their breath away.

“Enjoy masturbating,” teased Harry as he led his lover and their friends out of the shop.

“We will,” replied Fred and George.

SoG SoG SoG

At Franklin’s of Cardiff, Harry told Alicia about the book while Hermione, Luna, and Ron browsed the toy section of the sex shop. Every once in a while, Harry could hear Hermione giggle excitedly – presumably she would do this over some new sex toy or product.

“You two are certainly kinky aren’t you?” Alicia asked while scanning through the book.

Realizing that denying the truth would be pointless, Harry forged ahead and asked, “Do you think you could sell the book here?”



“Sure, little good it will do,” she replied. “I haven’t had a customer in days. And the last one only bought a pair of discounted knickers and nothing else. Most days, it doesn’t pay to even open the doors.”

“We’ve got Fred and George on marketing,” informed Harry. “Hopefully they’ll be able to raise interest.”

“That should be interesting. Knowing those two, it should be something big and spectacular,” Alicia commented. The witch paused on one page in particular and her eyes bulged. She held it up so Harry could see the picture, and asked, “Didn’t this hurt?”

“You have to stretch up a bit before you try it. There are a few exercises in the first chapter so that you and your boyfriend can do it without hurting yourselves,” Harry informed, not bothered in the slightest about giving hints on sexual positions to his former Quidditch teammate.

Hermione finally came running up to the counter and deposited an armful of toys and gadgets.

“Looks like you’re going to be busy tonight, Harry,” Alicia commented as she tallied up all of Hermione’s toys. The witch paused and held up a rubber plug and announced “From what I’ve heard and what I’ve seen in this book, I’m positive you’ll like this one.”

After Harry paid for Hermione’s toys, Alicia sniffed the air and asked “Why do you lot smell of sex?”

“That’s because Ronald and I, as well as Harry and Hermione, had sex in the alley just before we came in,” explained Luna. “Harry came on Hermione’s bottom.”

“Ah, that’s why the odor is so potent,” Alicia said with a smile.

SoG SoG SoG

After stopping in their chambers, where Harry stuffed one of Hermione’s new toys – a ribbed, pink, bum-plug – up her bottom, the young couple made their way to the Great Hall for dinner. As they

walked... well, as Harry walked and Hermione limped – he proudly commented, “You are such a kinky girl.”

“And you love it,” Hermione said with a smile.

“Oh God, yes.”

“Then you better heed the twins’ suggestion: ‘Never let me go,’” she said with no shame as the plug wriggled in her bottom with each step.

“Oh, I’ll never let that happen,” Harry said and placed an affectionate kiss on her cheek. Jokingly, he added, “It would be downright stupid of me to let a girl who likes to swallow leave.”

“And don’t forget bugging,” offered a familiar voice. Courtney strolled around the corner and clarified, “Never let a girl go who likes to get bum-shagged. They’re definitely a keeper.”

“Very true,” Hermione said with a nod.

“Speaking of buggery; is that why you’re walking with a limp?” Courtney asked as she fell in step with the teen lovers. “Did Harry roger you so hard that he hobbled you?”

“No, as a matter of fact, I have a rather large and exceedingly pleasant plug up my bottom,” Hermione answered. Brazenly, the brunette added; “Although, after supper, Harry’s going to spank me silly, pop the plug out, and then shag me so hard that I’ll be limping even without the plug.”

“Both of you are so wildly naughty,” Courtney congratulated. “Even if Draco and I had sex in every cupboard in the castle – which we’re trying to do before term is up, it’s important to set goals – we’ll never reach the lofty heights you two have set.”

Harry stopped walking and asked in a serious, but nervous tone, “Ah, Courtney, about Draco. He’s still giving me the ‘eye.’”

“Oh, that,” Courtney said with a cute blush to her cheeks. “I wasn’t completely correct when I said Draco wasn’t a poofteer. After some

‘probing,’” she said the word knowingly, “I’ve changed my assessment – Draco’s mostly not-gay. I’d say he’s about twenty to thirty percent light in the loafers. This makes him mostly straight, I’m more than happy to say.”

Harry gulped fearful over the notion that Malfoy was gay – even if it was only twenty or thirty percent.

“How did you come to that conclusion?” Hermione asked. She, too, was fearful over this development. Of course she wasn’t as worried as Harry. But then again, she wasn’t the one Malfoy wanted to bugger.

“Well, have you ever heard of pegging?” the Auror in training asked.

“No,” Harry and Hermione both replied.

“Well, then, I can’t tell you what it is, because it’ll probably give Hermione some ideas,” Courtney informed. She explained “But, pegging doesn’t make a bloke gay, necessarily. However, the words and phrases of encouragement that Draco was saying – or rather shouting at the top of his lungs – kind of told me he still craves some stiff man-meat. A rather specific man’s meat, if you follow my meaning. If you don’t, I’m referring to Harry’s meat.”

Again, Harry gulped. This time, he swallowed a mouthful of hot bile that had been threatening to escape.

“Don’t worry, sugar,” Courtney said comfortingly. “I’m just the girl to keep him from trying to hump you.” She patted Harry on the shoulder and said cheerfully; “Speaking of which – I’m off to go shag my blond-boy-toy! There’s a bunch of cupboards on the third floor we haven’t fucked in yet!”

With a happy trot, Courtney left Harry and Hermione to go fetch Draco.

“I think I lost my appetite,” announced Hermione who had a green tinge to her face.

Harry, who assumed that his complexion was a shade that would of put Hermione's green tinge to shame, just nodded his head in agreement. As a pair, the two turned and headed back to their chambers in silence. Harry was so lost in thoughts of Draco still pining away for him that he had forgotten about Hermione's bum-plug and subsequent plan of spankings and shag.

However, Harry's fears over the threat of Draco were chased from his head when he and Hermione entered their chambers to find a brilliant, silver doe waiting for them.

To Be Continued

# Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

## Chapter Thirty Two: Book Signings and Doe Signs

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that stands for Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Thirty Two: The book goes on sale under a cloud of protest and Harry follows the doe.

The silver doe trotted slowly to the door Harry and Hermione had just entered. Once in the hall, the doe-shaped Patronus shook her head in a way that gave Harry the impression that it wanted him to follow.

Clearly thinking the same thing, Hermione made to follow, but Harry quickly took hold of her arm.

"It might be a trap," stated Harry suspiciously, looking at the silvery doe.

"Harry, it's a Patronus; a witch or wizard needs to focus on happy thoughts in order to be able to cast it," argued Hermione while the doe in question waited in the hall. "That means whoever created this had to have happy thoughts and therefore won't kill you."

"Voldemort is a sadist. To him, happy thoughts include torture and murder," countered Harry. Knowing that Hermione would press the issue, Harry decided to distract her from the doe. The wizard let go of Hermione's arm and walked to the cupboard at the back of their room.

"Harry, this might be very important," urged Hermione, just as Harry had predicted. "Whoever sent this must have something vitally important to tell us."

"But, I made a promise earlier and I can't go back on a promise," he said vaguely, opening the door to the cupboard.

"Who did you make a promise to?" the brunette witch asked as Harry reached into the storage compartment.

"This fella," he replied and boldly held up Hermione's wooden paddle. Her eyes, sparkling and wide, stared adoringly at the wooden tool. Turning it in his hand slowly so that his lover could see every part of it, Harry continued; "I told this little guy that he was going to get to play with your bottom. Now, if we go follow this Patronus, not only is there a possibility that we might be walking straight into a trap, but this poor little paddle won't get the chance to whack your bare bum. And that would make the paddle sad." Harry cradled the toy to his chest and added playfully, "We don't want to hurt the paddle's feelings, do we?"

Hermione spun around and, addressing the doe, spoke rapidly; "I'm sorry, but we're very busy. Come back some other time." She slammed the door with a resounding crash.

"That's my girl," Harry said affectionately. "Now let's get you ready."

With a twirl of his wand, a pair of fur-lined cuffs flew out of the cupboard and soared toward Hermione. The young, and overly kinky, witch squealed happily as the cuffs bound one of her wrists and pulled it behind her back. With another willing squeal, Hermione placed her free hand behind her back and smiled brightly when the cuff closed around this hand as well.

"Shame on you, Miss Granger," Harry scolded. "You didn't take the time to get undressed."

"But you cuffed me before I could strip," she protested.

"Are you giving me lip?"

"If it means I'll get a good, long paddling as punishment, then hell yes I'm giving you lip," she said proudly.

“Such an improper attitude, Miss Granger. I fear that I must beat such behavior out of you. You force my hand, young lady,” Harry said, slapping the paddle against his own hand for effect.

“O-oh,” purred Hermione. “If I were wearing knickers, they’d be soaking wet right now.”

“Really? I must be getting better at this dirty-talking stuff,” Harry said with an earnest smile.

“Yes, you’re splendid,” cheered Hermione. “Now get me out of these clothes!”

With a flick of his wand, all of Hermione’s clothes vanished with a pop. Instantly, Harry saw the light glisten off of Hermione’s bald feline. At first, Harry was going to make a comment regarding the truth of Hermione’s statement about wet knickers. But our hero decided to give his lover a treat and scolded “What a perverted witch you are! You’re wet, just like a common strumpet!”

“Oh, God yes!” she breathed out and her whole body flushed.

“Bend over the arm of that couch!” demanded Harry.

Giggling, Hermione trotted over to the couch and promptly threw herself over the arm, effectively sticking her bare arse up in the air, presenting it to her lover. Harry placed the paddle on the table in front of the couch and began massaging Hermione’s lovely cheeks. Once her bum was ready, meaning that an ample amount of blood was flowing through its fleshy goodness, Harry retrieved the paddle.

For the next twenty minutes, give or take a minute, Harry delivered blow after blow to his lover’s naked bottom. With the expertise that comes with time and practice, Harry skillfully paddled, smacked, and whacked Hermione’s twin orbs. At one point, the paddle became a blur of motion. This action turned Hermione’s bum into a convincing interpretation of the sea during a storm. Her now red flesh rippled and waved and her cheeks slapped together, causing even more ripples. For a while, Harry smacked Hermione’s right cheek with the paddle, which was in his right hand, and slapped her left with his bare left

hand. This caused her two cheeks to slap together and illicit happy sounds and screams from Hermione. Occasionally, the young wizard paused in his “loving attack” and massaged her rump. Not only did he do this to give the brunette pleasure, but he also did this to aid in the blood flow in the region to heighten her experience.

When all was said and done, or rather when Harry’s wrist became sore, Hermione’s bottom had taken on the appearance of a polished ruby, just the way she liked it. Harry was even able to see his blurred reflection in her nearly glowing skin. The pink nub of the bum-plug – still stuffed firmly up her happily assaulted backside — stood out in contrast to this ruby color. And, much like her bottom, Hermione’s flower was engorged and fiery red, shining with her love juices.

“Shag me, Harry,” Hermione commanded with a growl.

The dark haired wizard placed his hand on Hermione’s enflamed bottom and squeezed it. The witch’s breath hitched. Still squeezing, Harry said “Tell me I can do anything I want to you.”

The brunette licked her lips hungrily and responded, “‘Anything’ within reason.”

This was unacceptable to Harry. It wasn’t like he was going to do something inappropriate, just dirty – something really dirty actually. He knew that Hermione was aware of this and had most likely amended his command to toy with him. So, to play along with his lover, Harry took a firm hold of Hermione’s other cheek. His fingers dug in slightly into her tender, sensitive orbs as he gently pushed and pulled them apart.

“A-ah-a,” Hermione groaned out. “If you promise to make it rough, you can do anything you like!”

“‘Make it rough?’” he asked rhetorically. “My goodness, woman, I just spanked your bum for twenty minutes and you want me to make it ‘rough?’”

“Actually, it was eighteen minutes and forty-three seconds,” corrected Hermione. “I can see the clock from this position.”



"I really do have a kinky girlfriend," commented Harry, repositioning himself over the witch in question.

"And I want dirty talk, as well," the brunette called for, wrapping her legs around Harry.

Before Harry even pushed into Hermione's flower, he started out by tugging and tweaking on his lover's nipples while saying such things as "My, you're a naughty, wicked little girl," "Moan for 'Harry, Jr.'" and "Dirty girls like a cock in their sappy cunny" this comment coincided – or arguably, caused – an orgasm for Hermione. The brunette added her own dirty comments to the mix; "Pound 'Miss Nibbles' with 'Harry, Jr.'" and "Make my pussy drip."

After much nipple tugging and tweaking, labia pinches, a plethora of rather foul words, hair tugging by both parties, pulling out the bum-plug and reinserting it twice and a handful of "SWEET BABY MAEVE"'s, Harry felt his climax approaching quickly. In a rapid motion, Harry jumped up and stood so that 'Harry, Jr.' was hovering over Hermione's face. Hermione, being the kinky girl she was, immediately opened her mouth, obviously thinking that was what Harry wanted.

"No, no, close your mouth," Harry said while giving himself a 'firm handshake.' "And you'll want to close your eyes, too."

"What are you doing?" she asked, her eyes fixed on the spongy crown bouncing in front of her nose. Harry was fairly certain that Hermione knew what he was about to do, she just wanted to hear him say it.

"I'm gonna cum on your face," he pointed out, pumping away with his fist. "Remember; you said I could do anything I wanted."

The moment before Hermione closed her eyes, Harry saw a familiar naughty twinkle in her eyes. With a grunt, Harry launched the first stream of sticky fun. Hermione flinched, but kept her face in place as the ejaculate splashed across her nose and cheeks. The second burst landed on her chin while the third arched so high that most of it

fell on her forehead and hairline. Feeling particularly kinky himself, Harry continued to pump and squeeze, causing little droplets of warm spunk to land on Hermione's chin, lips, and nose – the latter of which he had been aiming at for the entire time. And Harry's kinkiness didn't stop when he was empty, no, after he was good and dry, he used his still hard organ as a makeshift meaty paintbrush and smeared his discharge all over her face.

While Harry caught his breath, Hermione requested "Fetch me a towel so I can get this stuff off."

"No," he answered. "You're going to wear it while I rub some 'Bruise-be-Gone' ointment on your bottom because you're a naughty girl and you like it like that."

With her eyes still firmly shut, Hermione seemed to ponder over Harry's statement for a moment. Then the brunette parted her lips and ran her tongue along her messy lips before answering, "You know me so well."

A short while later, as Harry applied the second dose of 'Bruise-be-Gone,' which took a goodly amount of rubbing – much to Harry and Hermione's shared pleasure, the brunette brought up a new topic.

"I think whoever cast that Patronus had some kind of affectionate connection to your father," she said with a smile that cracked her now-dried sperm facial mask.

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, your Patronus is a stag, the animagus form your father took. Your subconscious must have remembered that your father could turn into a stag and thereby affected the shape your Patronus takes," Hermione began. "Basically, whenever you cast your Patronus, your loving thoughts take the form of your father."

"And we know that Tonks' Patronus changed to a wolf when she fell in love with Remus, clearly representative of him," she added. "So it's a logical deduction that the form the caster's Patronus takes is representative of their affection."

“And since my dad was a stag animagus that means whoever cast that doe Patronus had feelings for my dad,” summarized Harry.

“Exactly, the doe is the feminine counterpart to the stag,” Hermione stated. “It’s safe to argue then that this person is an old flame of James. Perhaps a witch he dated before he began dating your mother.”

Harry thought about this theory for a moment. Had the witch who cast the doe Patronus wanted to lure Harry into a trap like he had assumed previously? If the witch had affection for his father, this was not likely. But then again, if Harry had followed the doe, then he wouldn’t have been able to make love to his sweet Hermione. The memory of the recent shag added with the constant bum rubbing had piqued ‘Harry, Jr.’s interest once more.

“Well, we’ll deal with whoever cast it later. There are more pressing issues at hand,” Harry said.

“Like what?”

“All this bottom massaging has gotten me hard again.”

“Tell you what, pop that plug out and you can bugger me in the shower,” offered Hermione, happily.

“Oh, you make it sound so romantic,” said Harry, wrapping his fingers around the nub-handle of the plug, eager for the promised shared naughty shower.

SoG SoG SoG

The next morning, Harry walked into the Great Hall for breakfast with Hermione and her seemingly ever present limp following close behind.

“Muff grr dit grr,” Ron “said” with his mouth full of partially chewed food.

“Ronald said ‘You won’t like this,’” Luna translated, handing Harry and Hermione the Daily Prophet. The front page had a picture of an elderly witch with a mean frown. It read:

“Public outcry over ‘foul and disgusting book!’

A new book, sold exclusively at Franklins of Cardiff, entitled Books of Love Magic: Volume One has created uproar from a concerned group of citizens.

Mary Swan-Cummings-Smith-Marshal-McGuffin along with her group, Proper Behavior Now, has launched a boycott campaign against the book written by newcomers Puckle, Hunter, Gaiman, and Weatherby. The book, which depicts sex-based magic for everyday use including but not limited to home defense, offends Miss Swan-Cummings-Smith-Marshal-McGuffin.

“Such a foul thing!” she told this reporter. “It encourages debasing behavior!”

In order to be fair in his coverage, this reporter received two advanced copies of Books of Love Magic: Volume One. One was given to Mrs. Banon Asgre, a certified Ward Master who is employed by the Ministry, while I retained the other in order to see if the spells and rituals listed work.

After much, much, study with his wife, this reporter can’t tell the reader if the spells are effective. But I can tell you that they are a hell of a lot of fun to perform! Our favorite is the “Degnoming Ritual.”

Mrs. Asgre reported that the wards are simple to cast and are highly effective; “I couldn’t do ‘em better myself. Some of the wards that are in this book would take months to cast, if done conventionally. But I was able to erect a near perfect Anti-Harm ward in a matter of an hour. I’m thinking about using the rituals in Books of Love Magic: Volume One to reinforce a number of the wards around the Ministry building.” She also went on to add that the actual rituals are fun to perform and that she’d perform them time and time again, much like this reporter had. “Me and my hubby performed the Anti-Apparation Ward twice yesterday, just for the fun of it. And we’ve performed the

one which dusts and straightens pictures more times than I can count. I tell you, we haven't had this much fun in months!"

"Every time someone has sex for purposes other than propagating children, they are befouling themselves!" Miss Swan-Cummings-Smith-Marshal-McGuffin, who proudly boasts to have never been married, states.

When this reporter pointed out the benefits of the rituals listed in the book and how it could possibly save a family from a Death Eater attack, Miss Swan-Cummings-Smith-Marshal-McGuffin boldly declared, "I'd rather have my entire family – if I had one – slowly killed right in front of me than to lower myself by performing these foul so-called rituals."

Miss Swan-Cummings-Smith-Marshal-McGuffin and her group, Proper Behavior Now! – which is fifty witches and wizards strong, plan on holding a protest outside of Franklin's of Cardiff in Diagon Alley this Saturday when Books of Love Magic: Volume One will be available for sale to the public."

The next article's headline of "Eccentric Collector Loses Everything in Fire" seem even more depressing, so Harry placed the paper back on the table.

Hermione sighed and said, "Well, at least the reporter and the Ward Builder approve of our book."

"Is there anything else in the paper about the book?" Harry asked. "Any advertisements or other articles?"

"Not a one," Luna answered.

"What the hell? Fred and George are supposed to be promoting it," Harry said bitterly. "They haven't done a thing and now we've got a group who wants to boycott it."

"Well, they better do something good to counter Proper Behavior Now," added Hermione, clearly upset over this development.

"I wonder how much this will hurt the book's sales," pondered Ron aloud. "It would've been nice to see some gold from it."

"I really don't care about the money," interjected Harry. "We made it so that people wouldn't live in fear and have a spot of fun. And now this bint with the multiple names-

"Swan-Cummings-Smith-Marshal-McGuffin," offered Luna.

"Yeah, her. She's trying her best to make sure people won't buy it, much less read it," concluded Harry.

SoG SoG SoG

After lessons were over for the day, Hermione headed off to the library alone.

"Are you sure you don't want me to come with?" asked Harry. He was concerned; Hermione was still upset over the Prophet article. He was upset as well; the young wizard had hoped that the book could help people not live in fear. But that damn group was boycotting it!

"You know how studying helps me out," she had answered. "I'm just going to browse the stacks to keep my mind off of that dreadful woman Swan."

"Swan-Cummings-Smith-Marshal-McGuffin," corrected Harry in his best Luna impression.

"Let's just call her 'Prudish Bitch' for short," said Hermione. The brunette gave Harry a quick kiss and said, "Why don't you hang out with Ron for a bit. Or maybe go to the Quidditch pitch and take your Firebolt for a spin. You haven't done that for a while."

"That'd be brilliant," Harry said, earnestly. Out of the two suggestions, flying sounded best to the young wizard. Not only would it be relaxing, but the other option – spending time with Ron – was moot. Knowing the red haired wizard and his wife, the couple was probably busy shagging like a pair of hyperactive rabbits after winning a raw oyster eating contest.

So the two lovers parted: Hermione went to her beloved library and Harry went to their room to fetch his equally cherished Firebolt. Within minutes, Harry was soaring through the air above the Quidditch Pitch.

The air whipped through his black hair and Harry's worries were left on the ground. That foul witch, Swan-Cummings-Smith-Marshal-McGuffin, and her activist group were all but forgotten. The stress and pressure of locating Voldemort's last Horcrux was a distant worry. Flying was the second best thing Harry liked doing; the first being Hermione of course. The Firebolt was neat and all, but it was lousy at giving hummers. Not that Harry ever tried... okay, it was just once and it had been during one of Wood's grueling day-long training session. The vibration of the broomstick between his legs caused nature to take over – well – let's just say Hermione's version of a hummer is far more entertaining – and less bruising.

An hour or so later, as Harry circled the tallest goal post, he saw Hermione walking toward the pitch. Even from this height, he could see the happy smile, glowing on her face. Learning really did make her happy. Perhaps he'd go down on her while she read a book again. That way, she'd be pleased on two levels.

Harry touched down lightly next to his lover and said "Are you feeling any better?"

"Yes, it helped keep my mind off of that dreadful woman," she replied.

"You mean Swan-Cummings-Smith-Marshal-McGuffin?"

"I thought we agreed to call her Prudish Bitch from now on."

"Oh, right, I forgot," Harry said, smiling.

"Are you going to ask me what I read up on?" Hermione asked, with a smile of her own.

"That would be pointless, wouldn't it? I know by that look you're about to tell me whether I ask or not," he pointed out playfully.

“Yes, I am,” Hermione said, unabashedly. “I read up on Light Magic Charms.”

“You mean charms that make things weigh less or ones that illuminate a dark room?” he asked, knowing full well that wasn’t the case.

Ignoring Harry’s attempt at making the subject light – err, humorous, Hermione explained; “The Patronus Charm needs completely pure emotions to fuel it. The caster must feel pure happiness or pure love, not a corruption of such emotions. In other words, if the caster was a sadist and was focusing on his victim’s pain for his happiness – basically the definition of a sadist – the charm wouldn’t work. Even though the thought of another person’s pain would give the sadist a thrill, the emotion is tainted and isn’t pure.”

“So that means whoever cast the doe Patronus wasn’t evil,” he summarized.

“More than likely, yes,” Hermione stated. “With that in mind, I did some more research on Dark and Light magics.

“Basically, much like the Patronus needs pure, positive emotions, the Unforgivables, in particular the Cruciatus and the Killing Curse, need pure hate to cast,” Hermione explained. “What Bellatrix told you when you tried to cast the Cruciatus was true. You have to want it, deep down.

“Walden Smith, in his book ‘Dark Arts: Friend or Fiend,’ stated that sadists have an easier time casting the Unforgivables,” she continued. “They enjoy others’ suffering and the thought of this pain helps to fuel the curse.”

“That makes sense,” Harry said. “But haven’t we discussed this before?”

“Yes, and we’re discussing it more,” the brunette said. “And now I’d like to tie this discussion in with the prophesy.”

“Um, how can you draw a connection between the two?”



“Easy; ‘the power he knows not,’” stated Hermione.

“Is love,” Harry offered.

“True, but since you and Voldemort are equals but opposite, we can also assume that the power you know not is hate while it’s Voldemort’s power core. Much like yours is love,” Hermione speculated.

“Oh, I know hate,” Harry said with a less than bemused chuckle, thinking about the Dursleys, Umbridge, Bellatrix, and Voldemort. Just the mere thought of these people made the young wizard angry.

“But not pure hate, not like Voldemort,” Hermione returned. “You know compassion, an alien concept to Voldemort. And this compassion is always there, even when you hate someone. Unlike Voldemort whose hate and anger is completely encompassing.”

“Okay, what’s your point?”

“I’m getting to it,” she said with a huff. “Remember the time Voldemort possessed you in the Ministry building? You said that he felt unbearable pain when you had loving memories about Sirius. That sense of love actually hurt him so much that it drove him out. If you think about it, the exact same thing happened to you when you see into Voldemort’s mind. You felt unbearable pain whenever he cast the Cruciatus and Killing Curses while you were connected to him. I believe what really hurt you was the pure hate that Voldemort tapped into in order to cast those curses. He focused on his hate and that hurt you, much like your love hurt him.”

“How does this help me, really?” he asked. “Am I to follow Ron’s joking suggestion of hugging Voldemort to death?”

“No, cast a Patronus at him,” she said as if the answer was painfully obvious.

“Hermione, you do know he’s not a Dementor, right?” he asked with just a hint, a tiny suggestion, of sarcasm. “Because if you don’t, I can

draw you a picture of Voldemort and Dementor and show you the differences between the two.”

“Ha ha, very funny,” she return with her own heaping teaspoon of sarcasm. Adopting a more serious tone, Hermione forged ahead; “The Patronus Charm is pure happiness. And, in your case, can be pure love. If you hit Voldemort with your Patronus, it will do damage simply because it is the embodiment of the power he knows not.”

“Are you sure?” Harry asked as a silly image of his Patronus stag charging at the most feared wizard of their time played out in his head.

“It’ll have to be more powerful than anything you’ve done before,” she said. “You’ll have to tap further into your love core than you ever have.”

“I’d much rather drop a very large rock on his head.”

“I’m certain my theory is correct,” she reinforced.

“Yes, but a very large rock crushing his skull isn’t a theory that would need to be tested,” argued Harry.

“I’m serious, Harry,” the brunette protested.

“So am I,” he said calmly. “You said it yourself; it’s a theory. The only way to test this theory is to cast a super-Patronus at Voldemort. And he isn’t a sporting fellow; he won’t just stand still while we put your theory to test. He’ll be throwing Killing Curses at us.”

“My logic and reasoning is sound,” she pressed.

“I’m sure it is,” he said. “But there is a chance that it might not work. And that chance could get someone hurt. I’d much rather use a proven method of killing Voldemort. Like, for example, a very large rock colliding with his skull at high speeds.”

Hermione hung her head and said, “I suppose you’re right.”

“Hey, at least your suggestion how to kill Voldemort made more sense than Ron’s,” offered Harry. “And not just the hugging one, but the time he went on and on about the Expelliarmus and the fictitious super-wand.”

A smile grace Hermione as she added; “Who in the world would come up with such an implausible attack like Expelliarmus to defeat Voldemort, super-wand or not?”

“You see, yours was based on logic, not some wild flight of fancy from the ethers of illogical so-called reasoning,” said Harry. He wrapped his arm around her waist and drew her against his body. While rubbing the small of her back, he whispered in her ear, “How about you fetch one of your favorite books, or even a book you’d like to read but haven’t.”

“Why?” she asked. Clearly recognizing the lustful look in his eyes, she inquired; “What do you have in mind?”

“Oh, I just want to combine two of your loves,” he answered, “reading and cunnilingus.”

“I have the perfect book in mind!” she cheered.

“You do? Is it a favorite or something?”

“No, but if you’re licking my bits, I’ll find ‘Ministry Regulations and Codes for Cauldron Bottoms, Vol. 171-A by Percy Ignatius Weasley’ absolutely fascinating!”

“Orgasms make everything more enjoyable?”

“Oh, yes, definitely!” she said, smiling.

SoG SoG SoG

The day finally arrived; today was the day Books of Love Magic: Volume One would go on sale to the public. Harry, Hermione, Ron and Luna assembled outside the Headmistress’ office.

“You ready?” Harry asked Ron and Luna.

“I don’t see why we’re bothering to go,” the gangly wizard replied. “That crazy bird with the long name has frightened everyone away.”

“If it helps, Hermione and I refer to her as the Prudish Bitch,” offered Harry.

“Oh, that’s easier to say than Swan-Cummings-Smith-Marshall-McGuffin,” Luna said in her sing-song voice, “much more efficient use of time.”

“Let’s just hope a few people will be brave enough to push through the Prudish Bitch’s picket line,” Hermione said, disappointed over the predicament.

The four marched into McGonagall’s office and took the floo to the Leaky Cauldron. With their heads hanging low in defeat already, the two couples walked to Franklin’s of Cardiff. What they found there surprised them.

The Prudish Bitch, wearing the same disapproving frown she had for the photo on the front page, was there with her group of protesters, but they were not fifty strong as the Prophet article has said – there were a little over twenty witches and wizards holding signs that renounced the book and its depravity. But the truly shocking sight was the line of people waiting to get into Franklin’s. It was so long that it wrapped around the corner, down the block, and around the other corner.

“Blimey, that’s a lot of people,” Ron exclaimed.

“One hundred and eighty seven people!” announced Hermione excitedly.

“You counted?” Harry asked and then promptly answered his own question. “Of course you did. You’re Hermione after all.”

“I counted as well and Hermione’s number is correct, in case you were curious,” offered Luna.

As they approached the front door of the lingerie and sex shop, the cries and shouts of the protesters filled Harry's ears.

"Degenerates!"

"You're supporting foul behavior!"

"Nasty, disreputable acts of depravity!"

Harry took in the signs the protesters held.

"Your Flith!"

"Nastie Buggers!"

"Propor Behaveor NOW!"

"Is it me, or do all protest signs have to be misspelled?" Harry asked rhetorically.

"And don't forget about the bad grammar," Luna added. "'Your' is possessive which makes that sign mean something completely different. It's like they're offering to give you back 'Your Flith' because they've been holding onto it for you. Whatever 'flith' is."

Hermione, who would normally have been the one to point out the assault against the English language, was far too overjoyed by the turnout to have cared. The brunette was making high pitched squealing sounds, ones that would conceivably make dogs bark up to a mile away.

"I thought for sure no one would show up thanks to the Prudish Bitch," Ron stated.

Then, the witch Harry recognized as the Prudish Bitch in question broke off from the group and in a limping lumber, staggered to Harry and his friends.

“Saying such nasty things about people behind their backs will get you warts,” the old and haggard witch warned Ron. The witch turned and looked at Harry with her milky-blue eyes and pointed one of her boney fingers at him, saying “So, how do you like the turn out? Does it meet your expectations?”

Before Harry could ask the witch what she was on about, a wizard of around thirty trotted up and, looking at the line of people waiting to go into Franklin’s, asked “What’s this all about?”

“We’re protesting filth and immoral actions!” the elderly witch announced angrily. “That filthy book will be the downfall of this noble nation! The downfall, I tell you! DOWNFALL!” she screamed.

“Wait, that book on sex magic that was in the Prophet the other day is on sale? Brilliant!” the wizard said with a cheer. “I have to get one! Where’s the end of the queue?”

“Round that corner, down a bit, and ‘round another corner,” the elderly witch answered in an oddly helpful and sweet manner. “There’s a downright handsome bloke with red hair who’s selling refreshments to the people already waiting.”

“Cheers,” the wizard said and trotted off to join the queue.

The old witch turned back to Harry and said with a happy lilt to her cracking voice, “There’s no press like bad press. Controversies always draw a crowd.”

“Excuse me?” Hermione asked.

“It’s the best and cheapest advertising you can get. The newspapers are more than happy to write stories dealing with controversies, because it gets the attention of the public. And the public, being the curious buggers they are, are drawn to the controversy like moths to a flame,” the witch continued. “And best of all, we didn’t have to spend a knut. All of this,” she said, gesturing to the long queue of people, “was for free.”

“Wait... Fred?” Harry asked, staring in disbelief at the old witch.

“George actually, Fred’s the one selling refreshments to the people waiting in the queue,” she, or rather he answered. “I’m wearing an improved version of Weasleys’ Wizarding Wheezes ‘Hag in a Bag.’”

“You’re the Prudish Bitch?” Hermione asked in shock.

“Funny; Fred and I were thinking about naming her that, but we didn’t think the Prophet would print it,” George said in the old witch’s voice. “So we settled on Mary Swan-Cummings-Smith-Marshal-McGuffin. Nothing sounds more frigid than an overly hyphenated name.”

“You created an activist group to protest our book?” asked Harry, hotly.

“Yes,” he replied.

“Why?” demanded Harry.

“Nothing piques the public’s interest like a good controversy,” George explained.

“Who are these people?” Hermione asked, indicating the group of protesters.

“When I gave that interview to the Prophet, we didn’t have a group called Proper Behavior Now. Not a single member besides myself,” George explained. “But this lot read the article and showed up today with signs so I put them to work.”

“So these people are actually protesting our book?” asked Harry as he observed the group as they chanted “We don’t want filth!”

“Yeah, they, like the folks in the queue, are attracted to controversy,” George said. “Happens all the time, really.”

“Are you saying you planned all of this?” demanded Hermione. “You created a false character, a false group, a false protest, just to generate publicity for our book?”

"I thought you were the smartest witch of our generation," George shot back in his usual playful manner. "Yes, I did. And it is working wonders. When I got here this morning, there were already fifty or sixty people waiting for the shop to open so they could buy the book. Each and every one of them read the Prophet article. Then, as we started to protest, more and more people came. Some came because of the article. Others came because of the racket the protesters were making."

Harry and his friends watched as more and more people walked up to the protesters or the people in the queue to ask them what the hullabaloo was all about, only to join the queue themselves. In a handful of minutes, Harry saw no less than fifteen people inquire and then join the queue.

"I can't believe people are this easily led," stated Hermione.

"Some people are nothing more than cattle, my dear," George said with pride. "And being a businessman, I love them for it."

SoG SoG SoG

By midday, Hermione, who had been keeping track of how many people were entering the shop, came to the conclusion that they would need to print more books. So the four friends popped over to Luna's home and quickly printed out another batch of books. Well, actually, Ron and Luna printed the books. The moment the first book popped out of the printing machine, Hermione dragged Harry to one of the house's bedroom and promptly shagged him.

A few hours later – and two "quickies" for Harry and Hermione – the four friends returned to Franklin's with several hundred books floating behind them. In order to conceal their identities, they all wore their robes' hoods high, to cover their faces as they entered the crowded shop.

Alas, their efforts at keeping their identities were all but shattered when Alicia saw them. Well, for Harry at least.



“Oh, thank God you’re here, Harry!” exclaimed Alicia. Thankfully, she didn’t mention Harry’s surname. “I just sold out five minutes ago and I was afraid I’d have a riot on my hands.”

The moment the books were set on the ground, the witches and wizards gathered in the shop descended like locusts. In a matter of seconds, several dozen books were sold.

“Perhaps we should print more books?” suggested Luna as the stacks of books they had just bought steadily and rapidly shrank.

Harry turned to Hermione, and just as he had expected, the brunette had a lustful burning in her eyes. Just the mere thought of printing more books had turned her on.

“How about we pop back to Hogwarts first so I can pick up some virility potions,” Harry said. “Otherwise I doubt I’ll be able to keep up with the printer.”

SoG SoG SoG

The next morning’s Prophet declared in big, bold letters:

“Sales Records Smashed as if hit by Reducto due to popular controversial book!

Books of Love Magic: Volume One shattered the first day sales record – previously held by Gilderoy Lockhart’s Magical Me.

The sex-magic book, which sold approximately 3,000 copies in the first day alone, drew controversy due to its topic...”

Harry, sitting at the Gryffindor Table in the Great Hall, was holding the paper in front of his face, rereading the article for the fourth time. Actually, he wasn’t rereading as much as he was using the paper as a shield. A shield used primarily to hide Hermione’s disappearance from her seat next to Harry from their fellow students who were eating breakfast. You see, Hermione had been so excited by the sales of the book that she couldn’t help herself. She had slipped under the table

and was having an in-depth “conversation” with ‘Harry, Jr.’. She was telling the member just how happy this news made her, so to speak.

Once Harry and Hermione were finished with their breakfasts – albeit Harry’s meal was more conventional than Hermione’s – the two got up to go back to their room. Harry, being a gentleman, had every intention of returning Hermione’s favor. But unlike his bits, which were forward facing and pivoting, Hermione’s weren’t, so he couldn’t just slip under the table like she had unless they did some major unladylike repositioning. So, he had planned on taking her back to their room and giving her a handful of orgasms.

However, before they could exit the Great Hall, Su Li came bounding up to the couple with a familiar book clutched in her hands.

“Could you please autograph this for me?” Su requested with a happy squeal. She was holding Books of Love Magic: Volume One and a quill up for the couple. “I received mine by owl last night, and I must have you two sign it!”

“Ah, I don’t know why you’d want us to do that,” Harry said, hoping that the ruse would work.

“Oh, please, you two may have disguised your faces but you didn’t bother to disguise your genitals,” Su said dismissively.

“Our... genitals?” asked Hermione in shock.

“Yeah, I watched those pensieve memories so much that I can recognize your bits anywhere,” Su said with a happy glow to her face.

Hermione suddenly turned white as a sheet. “I forgot about that,” she muttered regretfully, as if it was silly of her not to have realized that they should’ve put glamour charms on ‘Harry, Jr.’ and ‘Miss Nibbles.’

“Do you think anyone else ‘recognized’ us?” asked Harry, pensively.

His question wasn’t answered so much in words as it was by the sight of dozens of his peers pulling copies of Books of Love Magic: Volume

One from their bags and rushing to stand behind Su, clearly wanting Harry and Hermione's autograph.

"Oh, bollocks," cursed Hermione.

"Don't worry, we all had a nice long chat about your 'secret identities' last night after the group reading and orgy," Su said soothingly to Hermione.

"Wait, there was a group reading and I wasn't invited?" the brunette asked, offended by the notion that anyone would have a book reading without her, regardless of the fact that she wrote the book or not.

Harry wanted to continue with Hermione's line of thought and say "Wait, there was an orgy..." but he thought his lover would just become more upset.

"We all agreed that we won't spill the beans," Su concluded.

By this point, a line thirty two people long was behind Su.

"Wow, that must've been one hell of an orgy," commented Harry.

"It kind of got weird once Sprout and Slughorn showed up," the Asian witch said with a scrunched up nose. "Thank Merlin they didn't ask anyone to swap partners."

"There was swapping?" asked Harry, trying to block out the mental image of Sprout and Slughorn.

"Yeah," replied Su. "Let me tell you, Filch had one hell of a mess to clean up this morning."

With a dismissive shrug of his shoulders, Harry admitted, "Well, there's no point in trying to hide from it."

Hermione, too, shrugged her shoulders, agreeing with Harry's assessment.

Harry took the book and quill from Su and asked, "Should I sign it 'Harry Potter' or 'Tim Hunter?'"

"It doesn't matter, they're both the same person after all," Su pointed out.

"I think we should stick with our pen-names," suggested Hermione.

As Harry scribbled his nom de plume, he offered "Do you want Ron and Luna to sign as well?"

"Wait, Luna? The girl with the enormous jugs is Luna?" a sixth year Hufflepuff, four people back, asked.

"Did someone mention me and my breasts?" asked Luna, suddenly appearing next to Harry.

After a short explanation as to how their cover was blown, Ron and Luna joined in the autograph session. For the next half-hour, Harry, Hermione, Ron, and Luna signed every single copy of the book, including Slughorn and Sprout's. Every once in a while, Ron had to be reminded to sign "Neil Gaiman" and not his real name. Whereas Luna altered her pseudonym slightly by adding a nickname: "Perky 'Jugs' Weatherby." A short while later, she further tweaked with this new moniker by signing; "Perky 'The Jugs' Weatherby." "Notice the definitive article? It adds much more significance," the odd blonde explained.

SoG SoG SoG

That night, after supper, Harry and Hermione made their way back to their room. But before they reached their destination, the dreaded ghost of Gryffindor jumped out of the shadows and rushed up to the two young lovers. The ghost threw his arms around both Harry and Hermione and pulled them to his chest. He began to weep, noisily into Hermione's hair. Silver tears poured down his face and trickled into Hermione's frizzy mop.

"Thank you, thank you both so very, very much," the ghost said in a hiccup. "You've made me so very happy."

"I take it you've seen the book," Harry said in a deadpan.

"It was s-s-so wonderful," Gryffindor choked out. "You have surpassed all of my previous protégées, Harry. I'm so proud."

"I'm not your protégé," objected Harry.

"Crowley would've been so incensed to hear me say that, but you beat everything he ever did, my boy," cheered Gryffindor. He placed a kiss on Harry and Hermione's cheeks and squeezed their bottoms before pulling away.

"Well, I must be off," the ghost announced.

"Don't let us keep you," Harry said, hoping Gryffindor would make his exit.

"That book of yours has made everyone incredibly randy. The sixth year Hufflepuffs are having a naked wrestling match tonight. One ring is for oil-wrestling, another for mud, and the third has loads of jelly. They have something for everyone!" Gryffindor said with glee. "The losers have to 'service' the seventh years."

"And what happens to the winners?" asked Harry, instantly regretting it.

"Why they get serviced by the fifth years, of course," the ghost said, a broad smile bisecting his face.

The Founder took four steps away from the two young lovers and spun around to face them again.

"Oh, I have a suggestion for your next book," he said, a broad, perverted grin stretched across his lips. Well, more perverted than usual.

"What makes you think there'll be another book?" asked Hermione. "We're not planning on writing another book."

"I heard you were a terrible liar but to see it in person is something else," the ghost said.

"Damn," muttered Hermione.

"Oh don't worry, my young, sexy friend, even if you could lie, I still would've known the truth," Gryffindor said, sportingly. "While invisible, I've been observing the both of you for quite some time now."

"What?" screeched Hermione.

"Oh, yes, I saw those shows you put on for the Auror and your big titted blonde friend. I watched, unseen, in silent wonder as you and your friends shot the photos for the book. I nearly shouted for joy when you performed the, what was it called? Ah, yes; the Double Up Ward. It's truly a delight to see you two play with anal-beads, masterful you are." The ghost paused and applauded the couple for their fine work.

"Don't you have an under-aged wrestling match to watch?" asked Harry bitterly. It was true that everyone had seen him and Hermione go at it time and time again, but the thought of this lecherous ghost abusing himself over it bothered Harry.

"Fine, fine, let me just give you my suggestion for your next book," Gryffindor said. He rubbed his hands together and spoke; "The theme for your next book is..."

Like a stage magician, Gryffindor threw up his hands and stars and sparkles erupted from his fingertips as if they were Roman Candles.

"I didn't think ghosts could do stuff like that," Harry said.

"Ghosts can't affect the physical world either, but Gryffindor was able to squeeze both of our arses just now. He's a 'special' ghost, unfortunately," Hermione said grumpily.

Suddenly, the stars began to spin around and dance in midair. In a few short seconds they began to form letters.

“Here it comes,” Gryffindor said gleefully.

The first letter appeared. A giant “S” made out of sparkling stars hovered two feet over the ghost’s head. A “C” soon appeared and Gryffindor began to giggle like the pervert he was.

“Oh, bollocks, I can see where this is headed,” groaned Harry.

The next letter was a massive “A” followed promptly by a large “T.”

“Ta-da!” the ghost announced triumphantly as the letters burned and glowed, completely illuminating the hall.

“No,” Hermione said, and without a pause, she turned and marched down the hall. Harry shook his head and followed his girlfriend.

“Oh come on,” the ghost called out to them. “Don’t knock it unless you try it!”

“Enjoy your wrestling match,” Harry said over his shoulder.

“You know what? I was wrong about you being my best protégé,” Gryffindor stated loudly. “Crowley wouldn’t have balked at some new adventure!”

With a loud grunt that told Harry the ghost was disappointed, Gryffindor turned and trotted off to the Hufflepuff common room. Now that the perverted pest had been dealt with, Harry and his girlfriend returned to their room. There they found an owl carrying a large sack, perched on a chair. The owl hooted and flew out the window, leaving its package... and the sack on the table. A note was attached to the bag. While Harry cleaned up the owl droppings, Hermione read aloud:

“Dear ‘Tim’ and ‘Mona,’

Second day’s sales of your book trumped first day’s; we sold another 4,000 copies! I had to fire-call Luna’s dad so that he could make more books (by the way, he’s a strange bloke, he kept asking if I wanted to pop over and see his doily collection). I had no less than twenty

customers buy at least two copies so that they could give it as a present to friends or family.

The sack contains your share as authors and publishers of the first two days of sales. It's a measly 14,220 galleons – the shop took its share of 3,210. I have to thank you because I get a commission on sales. So not only will I get to share in the book sales, nearly every customer bought lingerie and toys to boot. Excluding your book, I sold over 10,000 galleons in other merchandise! We're bloody out of stock on everything! Let me tell you, my paycheck is going to be massive this month! It will more than make up for the lack of sales over the past few months!

Oh, just thought you'd like to know; the couple who lives in the flat above me are in the process of performing the Anti-Apparation Ward as I write this. I know because me and my boyfriend did it earlier and my neighbors stopped by to ask for some pointers.

Anyway, my boyfriend and I are going to try out another of your wonderfully exciting rituals... or two.

Ta,

Alicia.”

“14,220 galleons!” exclaimed Hermione.

“Not too shabby,” Harry said with a broad smile. “Wait until Ron and Luna get their share of this. I think he'll have a coronary.”

“This is cause for celebration!” cheered Hermione. Obviously, she was thrilled over the thought of her work reaching so many people. That and there was a whole lot of gold in that bag.

“You know, anal sex is a damn good way to celebrate,” offered Harry.

Unfortunately for our hero and ‘Harry, Jr.’, before Hermione could reply – knowing her, there was a very good chance that she would've said something along the lines of “You know, Harry, that would be a splendid idea” – the silver doe Patronus strolled through their closed



door, much like a ghost passing through a wall. It stood and looked at the two young lovers, clearly waiting for them to follow.

Harry looked at his girlfriend and asked, dejectedly, "I take it this means there won't be any buggering?"

With an equal amount of disappointment, she answered, "No." Clearly, she too was looking forward to the thought of being on the receiving end of the celebratory sodomy that Harry had proposed.

Harry pulled out his wand, saying, "Even though I trust what you said about the Patronus being a Light Magic and the caster meaning us no harm, I still think we should be on our guard."

"I agree," said Hermione as she withdrew her wand from her pocket.

The young couple walked past the doe and opened the door. With a trot, the magical creation walked through the opening and into the hall. Harry and Hermione followed. The doe led them out of the castle and onto the school grounds. After a few minutes, Harry noticed that it was taking them to an all too familiar tree.

"The Whomping Willow?" said Hermione. The massive tree's limbs were motionless; clearly someone had pressed the hidden knot which froze the Willow's club-like branches. "It must be taking us to the Shrieking Shack."

Just as predicted, the doe trotted down into the secret tunnel leading to the Shack. After minutes of walking, they approached the trapdoor entrance to the Shrieking Shack.

Harry's stomach tightened and bile crept up his throat when he climbed through the trapdoor and saw the greasy, bat-like wizard standing off in a corner.

"Why didn't you come the first time I called for you?" Snape demanded. Like an obedient pet, the doe Patronus walked next to Snape and stood by his side.

"Wait, you cast that Patronus?" Hermione asked incredulously.

Instead of responding, Snape waved his wand and the doe disappeared like a puff of smoke, proving he was indeed the one that cast the doe Patronus.

“Do you realize how much danger I’ve put myself under?” Snape snapped. “Leaving the Dark Lord’s castle once draws unwanted attention. However, you didn’t respond to my first call the other night, and I was forced to brave the hazards once again by coming here tonight!”

“We didn’t know it was you,” defended Harry, with anger in his voice. He didn’t like being pushed around by Snape. And now that the git wasn’t his professor, Harry had no intention of holding back his anger out of fear for “losing House points.”

“I must admit, the Patronus is not an effective communication tool,” Snape said, begrudgingly. “If only it could talk. Then, maybe it could deliver messages. But no, that would be insipidly preposterous.”

“Perhaps we can come up with a better way to communicate,” suggested Hermione. “Why not a written code based off of LaMarche’s Brain Theory?”

Snape seemed to ponder over this for a moment. “LaMarche was a genius, despite his penchant for making up new and infeasible plans for world domination, seemingly every night.”

Then, visibly struggling, the greasy wizard admitted, “That appears to be a viable idea. We shall use LaMarche’ Brain Theory for any future communications.”

“So, did you get the Locket?” asked Harry, hoping to stop the idle chatter. The sooner he was away from Snape the better as far as he was concerned.

“You need to ask?” Snape questioned snidely. He reached into his pocket and withdrew the Locket and set it on a nearby table.

"I would ask why the Shack is no longer a hovel, but I have a distinct feeling that I wouldn't like the answer," the greasy wizard commented, gazing at the Shack's new grandiose interior. Harry recalled that he had accidentally recreated the building into its current palatial state when he and Hermione first made love.

"How'd you get the Locket from Zardoz?" Hermione asked her former potions professor. "I was under the impression that he would never give up anything from his collection."

With Hermione's comment, Harry suddenly recalled an article from the Daily Prophet. The article's title had read; "Eccentric Collector Loses Everything in Fire."

"Wait, you burned his house down?"

Snape glared at Harry with his black eyes a moment before admitting; "It had to be done."

"You burned down Zardoz's house!" Hermione exclaimed.

"You said it yourself: he would've never given up such a prize," he justified, gesturing at Slytherin's Locket. "The man was obsessed with the Founders. I knew that he couldn't be bargained, bartered, or reasoned with."

"So you burned down his house?" Harry asked, still in disbelief.

"Yes, there was no other way."

"Couldn't you have swiped it in the middle of the night?" asked Hermione.

"You seem to forget, the Locket is one of the Dark Lord's Horcruxes," argued Snape in a condescending tone. "If I had stolen it like a thief in the night, like you suggest, when Zardoz woke up and discovered the locket missing, he would've raised a commotion, to say the least. He would've alerted the authorities and the Daily Prophet. The news that Slytherin's Locket was stolen would've surely reached the Dark

Lord. And he would've become alarmed; so much so that he'd check on his other Horcruxes."

"Oh," muttered Hermione. The thought of what Snape had described had clearly chilled her.

"You could've have adjusted his memory, remove his memories dealing with the Locket," said Harry. "There had to be another way than to destroy his house and his collection."

"Ah, that is a brilliant idea, Potter. Why didn't I think of adjusting Zardoz's memory? Because I'm not an utter imbecile!" snapped Snape. "What would've happened if I did just simply adjust his memory but he had some sort of paperwork, such as sale receipts and insurance coverage on the Locket, hmm? That would've raised suspicion, wouldn't it? Can you imagine Zardoz, who had no recollection of buying the Locket, discovering evidence to the contrary? Again, he would've drawn unwanted attention that surely would've reached the Dark Lord."

"I see your point," mumbled Harry.

"It was necessary to set the fire and destroy Zardoz's collection so that he'd think the Locket was destroyed with the rest of his collection," Snape explained, patronizingly. "That way, the Locket would not have been singled out in any reports and be unlikely to gain the Dark Lord's attention."

"Have you located the final Horcrux?" the greasy wizard asked.

"No, not yet," Harry grumbled.

"I shall try to garnish the information from the Dark Lord, but it will require tact and delicacy," Snape mused. "If I find the hiding place, I will send you a message using LaMarche's theory as agreed."

"We'll do the same if we find it first," Hermione declared, taking Snape's comment as a challenge.

“Then I wish you luck,” Snape said, obviously not meaning a word of it.

Harry marched to the table and snatched up the Locket and slipped it into his pocket. Without saying goodbye, Harry took Hermione’s hand and led her through the trapdoor and into the underground tunnel.

To say that Harry was upset would’ve been an understatement. Snape always got the young wizard to lose his cool and anger him. It seemed to Harry that Snape enjoyed riling him up.

“Um, Harry, this might not be the best time to bring this up,” began Hermione, anxiously.

“What?” barked Harry, still fuming over Snape.

“It’s about Snape’s Patronus,” she said. “The form it takes.”

“It’s a doe, big deal,” he returned. He was so angry that he was stomping his feet with each step through the secret tunnel.

“Ah, the form a Patronus takes is representative of the caster’s affections, remember?” she continued, her nervousness would’ve been noticed by Harry if he wasn’t so upset at the time.

“So what?”

“Snape’s Patronus is a doe, Harry.”

“That just means he is obsessed with my Mum,” he stated. Harry wished Hermione would just drop the subject.

“Why would he cast a doe then?” she asked. “We know Lily wasn’t an animagus. If she had been, Remus would’ve told us by now. The doe cannot have any connection to Lily.”

“What are you getting at?”

“The doe is the counterpart to the stag. Snape’s Patronus is directly connected to your father’s animagus form.”

"But that doesn't make sense," Harry stopped walking and faced his girlfriend. "Snape hated my dad. And the Patronus deals with affection and love. Why in the world would Snape's Patronus be representative of my Dad?"

"The only thing that makes sense is that Snape hated your father for a different reason, a reason he doesn't understand himself," suggested Hermione. "I think that Snape... ah... loved James."

At that moment, Harry felt very much like vomiting. Even the mere suggestion of what Hermione had said had frightened 'Harry, Jr.' so much that the organ ran away and hid in Harry's body cavity.

"B-bu-b-but he hated my Dad," Harry said weakly, as his head spun and his stomach churned. How could Hermione even think that? It was bad enough that Snape liked wanking to his mother, but now Hermione was proposing that Snape loved his father.

"Well, Draco hates you," Hermione countered. "Yet, we know that he has been lusting over you."

"I think, deep down, Snape was attracted to James from a young age, and it confused and frightened Snape," speculated the brunette. "I've read that some men, or even boys, are often confused and frightened when they get homosexual desires for the first time. And Snape tried to quell this desire for James by hating him out of fear and confusion. Snape actively turned his affection for James into hate in order to counteract his new-found feelings."

Harry had to put his hand on the wall of the tunnel to steady himself. If he didn't there was a very good chance that he would fall to the ground.

"And that's probably why he's overly obsessed with your mother," continued Hermione. "He convinced himself that he wasn't gay and fixated on Lily. Or even subconsciously he wanted to be her. That way he'd be with James, much like your mother was with him."

“But when we gave him Veritaserum he said he loved my mum,” Harry said, desperately trying to find a hole in Hermione’s logic for the sake of his own sanity. “Veritaserum makes people tell the truth!”

“Truth is nothing more than an interpretation of emotions. One person’s truth is another’s lie. When he was given Veritaserum, Snape spoke his version of the truth, which wasn’t factual, in a sense. It’s clear that Snape has repressed his affection, so much so that he probably doesn’t even recall ever having loving feelings towards James and that he believes with all of his heart that he hated James and loved Lily,” countered Hermione.

“But despite convincing himself that he hated James, Snape’s subconscious still remembers. And much like how your subconscious made your Patronus a stag, Snape’s made his a doe,” continued Hermione. “Essentially, Snape’s subconscious is admitting his hidden love for James by making his Patronus the female equivalent for your father’s animagus form.”

Harry slumped against the earthen wall. When he discovered that Sirius and Remus had been lovers, he had been surprised and a little shocked. But this revelation regarding Snape disgusted Harry. If it had been any other bloke who had been in love with his father, Harry would’ve been able to take it in stride. But not Snape! He was the most vile, hateful man Harry knew, next to Voldemort. It was bad enough when Harry had been told that Snape was obsessed with his mother to the point of stalking her and wanking over the image of her and her possessions as he did with her school notes. But now he’s being told that that obsession was only a cover to hide Snape’s true love: James!

However much he loathed admitting it, Hermione’s reasoning was sound. Snape, the foul, nasty wizard that had tormented Harry’s life for the past seven years, was unknowingly in love with the young wizard’s dead father.

Hermione wrapped her arms around her troubled lover and whispered, “How about we put this nasty subject behind us and head back to our room. After we perform a particular ritual you can tie me up to the bedposts and have your way with me.”

"That's one of the reasons why I love you," Harry said, returning the embrace. His arms still trembled from the shocking news, but he drew strength from his lover and their impending shag. "You always have a way of making everything seem brighter."

"Oh, how sweet," Hermione said. "For such a nice compliment, I'll let you cum wherever you want; in me or on me, anywhere."

"And that's another reason I love you," he said and kissed her. "So, what's the ritual you have in mind?"

"The Locating ritual," she said. "We need, no, we have to find that last Horcrux before Snape does. I want to rub his hooked nose in it."

"And yet another reason I love you," he said, not only because his lover was so confident and driven to best Snape, but because he was going to get a hand-job out of it.

Author's notes: Yes, I know I'm not the first person to point out that Snape must've been in love with James because of his Patronus, but that just means it makes sense to others as well. According to Rowling's own rules dealing with the Patronus, it is easily deduced that Snape had the hots for Harry's dad, not Lily. Of course, Rowling wanted to say that Snape's Patronus was symbolic of Lily, and since James' animal form is a stag, the male equivalent to a doe, that it meant James and Lily were soul mates. But since Rowling is utter crap at romance, this concept was lost somewhere between her notes and published material and the reader was left feeling uneasy and confused about the whole James/Lily/Snape triangle.



### Chapter Thirty Three: Spelunking in Dark, Dirty Places.

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WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Thirty Three: The gang discovers the location of the missing Horcrux.

The moment Harry and Hermione entered their chambers, the brunette made a beeline directly to the potions cupboard. While quickly and efficiently pulling various ingredients out, she told Harry, "Give me one of your socks; you know that we need it to perform the locating ritual."

"Not that I don't like han- err - I mean; not that I don't think performing the location ritual isn't a good idea, but don't you think we should use Gryffindor's sword to destroy the Locket first?" he asked, holding up the Horcrux in question. "Isn't it dangerous to keep lying around?"

"Harry, it's not the One Ring. And we're not Smeagol," returned Hermione. "I doubt that it will be whispering to our souls and corrupting us. Besides, I want to trump Snape and find the last Horcrux before he does."

"Not only will we get a head start on that greasy git, but I'll get a hand-job out of it, to boot," Harry said, eagerly joining Hermione's point of view. Hand-jobs and besting that arse Snape were two very worthwhile endeavors.

“And as to not destroying the Locket, I’m hoping that leaving it whole for the moment will give us a new starting point for the ritual,” continued Hermione, stirring ingredients in the cauldron. “Since the Locket, one of the Horcruxes, will be in the same room as us, we should start right here rather than plunging through the floor like we have every time before. Hopefully, this will change the outcome and we’ll be able to see where the missing Horcrux is located.”

A few minutes later, a naked Harry was sitting on the edge of the bed with his equally naked girlfriend kneeling before him. Her potion coated hands were wrapped around ‘Harry, Jr.’ who, needless to say, was very proud to be able to play such an essential part in the quest for Voldemort’s Horcruxes. It was truly a noble cause for a truly noble penis. That and hand-jobs were a hoot.

A few moments after they began chanting “Praefoco Pullus” and “Ructo Vermis” Harry and Hermione, once again, had an out-of-body experience. The pair floated over Slytherin’s Locket on the desk where Harry had put it – or rather, where Harry had discarded it hastily in preparation of a hand-job.

“See, Harry, it’s perfectly fine,” Hermione spoke, indicating the Horcrux. “It’s not corrupting us.”

“Well, the Diary did corrupt Ginny,” argued Harry.

“It didn’t corrupt her, it possessed her,” countered Hermione. “And that was after the silly girl started a correspondence with the thing. She spent weeks writing in it while it fed off of –”

Hermione’s lecture was cut off as the couple dove through the floor. In no time, Harry and Hermione had once again found themselves floating in the inky blackness.

“Damn, I was hoping that starting off at the Locket would change this,” said Hermione as she continued to stroke him. “Do you still get the feeling that this place is familiar, Harry?”

“Well, besides being familiar with it because we’ve been here each time we do the han – err – location ritual, yeah, it does,” he replied.

A few moments later the two were flying like a bullet once again. They burst forth from the ground and soared through the night sky. The landscape below was nothing more than a blur of lights and dark colors. Mountains, hills, and cities rocketed by them. They were moving so fast, yet again, that it would’ve been impossible for them to keep track of their journey.

Finally, the pair began to slow down as they approached the keep that the villain Voldemort was using as his base. They flew through the walls as if the bricks and mortar were not there and found the evil wizard standing before a large, ornately decorated and carved mirror.

“Where’s Wormtail?” asked Hermione in a panic. “I can’t see Wormtail!”

“I don’t think Voldemort has him up his arse. Remember, Voldemort had his robes up around his hips when we saw that,” comforted Harry. Of course he not only said this to ease Hermione, but to alleviate the fear and revulsion that threatened to seize him as well.

Harry was about to start a discussion with Hermione as to where the missing Horcrux could possibly be when Voldemort pulled out his wand. The snake-like man waved his wand in a circle about his own face. He incanted: “Verruca Vesuvius!”

“Wait, that’s a Zit Hex,” announced Hermione just as dozens of large and disgusting blemishes sprung up all over Voldemort’s face.

“Why would Voldemort cast a Zit Hex at himself?” asked Harry.

Unfortunately for Harry and Hermione’s psyche, the young wizard’s inquiry was answered by Voldemort’s action. The evil wizard leaned close to the mirror so that his nose was just an inch or two away from it. The fiend looked almost lovingly at the numerous pus filled mountains on his face. Delicately, Voldemort reached up, placed the tips of his forefingers on either side of a particularly large zit, and squeezed. The blemish erupted, spraying its white, lumpy discharge

onto the mirror. With wide, sparkling eyes, Voldemort practically squealed; "Oh-ho, that was a good one!"

The fiend then did something that truly disturbed Harry. Opening his mouth wide, Voldemort stuck out his tongue and ran it up the mirror, lapping up the infected discharge.

"Oh my God," bemoaned Hermione as Voldemort smacked his lips like a man who had just had a satisfying meal. Harry could hear his girlfriend's revulsion in her voice. "That's disgusting!"

"Tonight will be a landmark in history. The world will tremble at my might!" the now-zit covered evil wizard boasted to himself. Once again, Voldemort began to squeeze another large pimple. "This is going to be a good one!" he said excitedly while the blemish began to swell. A soft pop announced the explosion of pus. He cheered ecstatically "YES!" before licking the greenish globs dribbling down the mirror once again.

His red eyes sparkled and a mad grin split his face, Voldemort let out a shuttering breath, as if he had just been overcome with a wave of passion. It was clear that Voldemort was getting some sort of perverse thrill from popping and then licking up the zits that coated his face. The wizard's hands trembled in anticipation as he reached for the next large white head.

"I think I'm going to be ill," groaned Harry with bile marching up his throat. Granted, the scene wasn't as bad as when Voldemort demanded that Wormtail turn into a rat and crawl into his arse, but the thought of eating one's zits for some sort of sexual thrill made Harry's stomach churn. The disembodied wizard ordered his lover frantically, "Pump faster! I need to cum so we can end the ritual and get out of here!"

"I'm trying! I'm trying!" she said, her transparent hands a blur of motion on 'Harry, Jr.'

A knock on the door drew Voldemort's attention away from his depraved activity. "What is it?" he barked, upset over the interruption.

“Master, your servants have gathered in the hall as you requested. We await your orders, my Lord,” an unrecognizable voice sounded through the closed door.

“I’ll be there in a moment,” snapped Voldemort. With a rapid motion, the fiend squeezed another zit, causing it to spray the discharge on the mirror.

In a regrettable simultaneous action, Harry ejaculated that that precise moment; his seed left his loins the moment the yellowing pus left Voldemort’s blemish.

He and Hermione returned to their bodies instantly. Blinking, Harry looked at his girlfriend. Like the times they performed this ritual before, his sticky ‘love juice’ was dribbling down her face. Normally, Harry got a naughty thrill at the sight of a messy-faced Hermione. But thanks to the disgusting scene he had just witnessed, the whitish ejaculate that dribbled down Hermione’s pretty face reminded him of Voldemort’s pus trickling down the mirror. To add to Harry’s emotional discomfort, the act of Voldemort eating his own pus unfortunately reminded Harry of one of Hermione’s favorite activities. His mind likened Voldemort’s action to that of Hermione licking up Harry’s cum, which just made the ordeal that much worse. Such a wonderful thing as his girlfriend gobbling up his sticky cum was now seemingly ruined because of Voldemort.

“Well, that was a mood killer,” muttered Hermione. Harry’s discharge dripping down her face stood out on the witch’s sickly green complexion.

Fighting back the half-burp, half-vomit affectionately referred to as a “verp,” Harry summarized “I take it this means I won’t be tying you to the bed and having my way with you.”

“No,” she said and stood. “Pardon me; I’m going to throw up now.”

“I’m next,” he said, fighting back the urge to purge his stomach. As he heard Hermione retching in the loo, Harry picked up Gryffindor’s Sword and marched to the Locket. He tapped the blade on the Horcrux lightly and the Locket cut cleanly in half.

SoG SoG SoG

It had been a restless night for both Harry and Hermione. The image of Voldemort “grooming” himself had left the couple feeling nauseous and queasy, which led to the fitful slumber. Also, they both had been looking forward to the whole “tying Hermione up to the bed and Harry having his way with her” thing and were now physically frustrated over the lack of binding charms and orgasms.

The first thing Hermione did upon waking was to recast the anti-conception charm on herself. With the disturbing image of Voldemort and his perverse hobby still fresh in his mind, Harry said; “That’s not really necessary; I don’t think I can even think about sex for a long while.”

“It’s better to be safe than sorry,” Hermione stated after completing the charm. “I don’t want to risk getting pregnant before both of us are ready.”

After the two showered and dressed separately, a knock on the door sounded. Harry opened it to find Luna presenting the morning edition of The Daily Prophet.

“Just thought you’d like to read this,” the blonde said, handing Harry the paper. “Ta,” she said with a wave and walked away.

Hermione joined her boyfriend and they read the front page:

“He Who Must Not Be Named Dealt Devastating Blow!

Late last night, He Who Must Not Be Named and his followers launched a ten prong attack against prominent MLE and Wizengamot officials’ homes. Thankfully, these attacks backfired on You Know Who and his Death Eaters.

One home that was targeted belonged to Madame Rose Witherton, a retired Hit Wizard and holder of the Order of Merlin, First Class. Madame Witherton is an elderly witch and by all rights, the score of Death Eaters who attempted to attack her should have killed her

easily. However, last night happened to be Madame Witherton's annual Auror and Hit Wizard Dinner Party. The forty retired and active duty Aurors and Hit Wizards who were dining at Madame Witherton's home were able to successfully capture all twenty Death Eaters without any injuries.

Most of the other nine homes fared better than Madame Witherton's, despite not having a regiment of highly trained Dark Wizard Hunters. By chance, the families of these nine homes had all just purchased "Books of Love Magic: Volume One" a book on sex magic rituals for home cleaning and protection. The same book that had been recently protested by Proper Behavior Now, an activist group, as being unnatural.

Mr. and Mrs. Huge Jones of Ipswich had just finished performing several rituals listed in the sex-magic book when the Death Eaters attacked. "Me and Jill (Mrs. Jones) were in the middle of the Degnoming Ritual when we heard a commotion – well, a commotion different from the one we were making. I looked outside and saw a dozen or so Death Eaters writhing on the ground, expelling their bowels." Of these Death Eaters, seven were apprehended by Aurors called to the scene.

Another house, belonging to Carl and Marybeth Swilde, was besieged by a reported fifteen Death Eaters. But thanks to the Binding and Anti-Apparation Rituals listed in the sex-magic book that the Swiles performed, eleven assailants were apprehended and sent to Azkaban.

Unfortunately, You Know Who led the attack on the Cumberson home in Bristol in person. The Most Feared Dark Wizard was able to dismantle the wards that Mr. and Mrs. Cumberson had recently erected by following the book's instructions and detailed photos. Thankfully however, the time He Who Must Not Be Named spent tearing down the sex-ritual wards gave the Cumbersons and their four children (Alec 10, Gus 7, Phyllis 4, and Roger 16 months) enough time to escape to safety.

"It's a shame our house and everything in it was burnt to the ground by You Know Who," said Mr. Cumberson. "But my family is safe and

that's all that really matters. I owe a great deal of gratitude to Puckle, Weatherby, Hunter, and Gaiman; not only did their rituals save my family's lives, but they gave me and the missus a lot of fun in the process. We can't wait to erect the wards around our new place. And the fantastic sex that goes with it, you know?"

In all, 52 Death Eaters were captured while an estimated 31 escaped. Only the Cumberson home suffered significant damage.

Alicia Spinnet, a clerk from Franklin's of Cardiff, the exclusive retailers of Books of Love Magic, stated that she has already received orders from several different countries due to the early news of these foiled attempts.

"I just got ten owls from Germany, six from Spain, and twenty-one from France, all asking for copies of the book in different languages," Miss Spinnet said. "I'm going to have to post Har – I mean I'll have to post Tim Hunter and have him print up some foreign language versions of the book."

Many in the book industry are already predicting the news that the rituals listed in the Books of Love Magic were successful against attacks will make the sales skyrocket.

After completing the article, Hermione took the paper from Harry's hands, placed it on the table and spoke in a calm and even tone, "You're going to tie me to that bed and have your way with me right this instant."

The lustful and longing look in his lover's eyes chased away any disturbing image of Voldemort and his hygiene that might have lingered in Harry's memory.

In a scant matter of seconds and a few flicks from Harry's wand, Hermione was starkers and tied to the bed. However, instead of binding her wrists to the headboard and ankles to the footboard with invisible ropes as was the norm, Harry decided to mix things up a bit and "reversed the configuration"; even though Hermione was positioned on the bed in a normal fashion, her wrists were bound to the footboard while her ankles to the headboard. This meant that the



brunette's legs were pulled up and over her head with her bare bottom up in the air, much to her pleasure.

Once she was properly secured, Harry began having his way with her, just not in the traditional sense. The young wizard sat on the bed and began reading "Books of Love Magic: Volume One" aloud. If Hermione had been an "average" witch, this tactic wouldn't have done anything. But since Hermione loved books, in a near primal way, this action did a bang up job of turning her crank. Added to her unique pleasure was the fact that she wrote this particular book.

"Books of Love Magic: Volume One. Written by Hermione Granger under the pen name Mona Puckle," Harry read and his lover moaned. "Acknowledgment: this author would like to thank Thos. Antrick and his landmark book The Magic of Making Love which was the spark and inspiration for this work.

"Chapter One: Easy Home Cleaning Rituals.

"Part One: The Dusting and Picture Straightening Ritual..."

As Harry continued to read, he held the book in front of his face with his left hand while his right busied itself by rubbing, tweaking, pinching and poking various areas on Hermione's nubile body, only pausing in this activity to turn the page. By the time Harry had gotten to the second chapter – the one on cooking rituals – his fingers were very wet and sticky; therefore, so were the pages of the book.

"Oh Harry, I need you now," Hermione groaned out.

"But I'm in the middle of reading the Sour Milk Reverter Ritual," he falsely protested and pushed two fingers into her warm, wet folds.

"PUT THAT BOOK DOWN AND SHAG ME ROTTEN!" she pressed in a less-than-ladylike way.

Harry smiled a wicked smile and ordered; "Beg for it."

And beg for it she did. The young witch used such delicate urgings like "I want you to slam me with your cock" and "After you fuck my

wet box, I want you to put your cock up to my face so I can lick it: I want to taste 'Miss Nibbles' on 'Harry, Jr.'”

When Harry happily succumbed to Hermione's pleas, he too was vocal. He further honed his blossoming skills in dirty talk by saying phrases along the lines of “You're a naughty little girl whose naughty book will be read by everyone in the world thanks to that article about the attacks. And now, everyone in the world will know just how naughty you are.” “Do you like it when I stick my fingers up your bum while I'm shagging you?” And another phrase which got a congratulatory cheer from Hermione was: “How does it feel to know that everyone will know that you like to have your fanny filled with hot cum, you dirty girl.”

It was cathartic for Harry when he came on his lover's face. As Hermione wiped the sticky residue off her face and licked her fingers clean, the damage that had been caused by Voldemort's actions were healed. That and the naughty act recharged Harry and in a few moments he was shagging Hermione once again.

SoG SoG SoG

Over the next few days Harry and Hermione jumped right into creating new rituals for Books of Love Magic: Volume Two. One that Hermione particularly liked was called the “Home Shield Ritual.” After the ritual was performed, the house was encased with an invisible shield that would rise when a threat was sensed. The shield was so powerful that it could withstand everything from an earthquake to an attack by a rampaging dragon. Of course the part that Hermione liked the best was the ritual itself: it included buggery and dirty talking by both participants.

Luna even participated in the ritual creation. The blonde made a ritual that would aid in the fertility of crops, involving the “doggie-style” position and something called “fish-hooking.”

While they worked on the second book, news of the success of the first volume continued to surprise the two couples. In Poland, the book was credited with thwarting an up-and-coming dark wizard. After several generations of fighting, two feuding families in Australia

formed a truce – and an orgy – thanks to the Books of Love Magic. The book was selling thousands and thousands of copies in every country save for the United States, mainly because the magical society there was originally based off of Puritan beliefs and still publicly shunned sex as a pleasurable activity, considering it a necessary evil.

Every week, Alicia sent Harry and Hermione bags full of galleons along with notes of thanks. Due to the commission on sales she received, Alicia was able to move out of her tiny, rented flat and instead move into a three bedroom home of her own. Of course the money Alicia got from the book sales paled in comparison to Harry, Hermione, Ron, and Luna's shares. A proper description of the teens' financial status would be "filthy rich."

One morning during breakfast, Ron, who now had a perpetual smile etched on his face due to the gold that weighed down his pockets, was contemplating how to tell his parent that he now had an excess of money.

"I can't just show up one day and throw a sack of galleons on the table, now can I?" he asked, rhetorically. "I mean, they'll want to know where I got it from. I can't tell them that me and Luna are 'Neil Gaiman' and 'Perky Weatherby.'"

"That's Perky 'The Juggs' Weatherby," corrected Luna.

"They'd have a coronary if they found out I was in a sex magic book," concluded Ron.

"Maybe we can talk with the twins," suggested Harry. "Have them say they started a side business – an owl order catalogue or something – and they hired you. They can say it's going so well that they are paying you loads of money."

"Yeah, that might work," Ron said, shoveling food into his mouth.

While Harry, Hermione, and Luna watched Ron unconsciously imitate a famished hippogriff, Ginny, who was showing a good deal already, waddled up to the two couples with Neville in tow.

“Your guys’ book has really gotten on my nerves,” the young mother-to-be said, grouchily.

“You’re just upset because you’re far enough along in your pregnancy that you and Neville can’t have sex,” Luna said, grinning over her unborn niece or nephew growing in Ginny’s belly, not over her sister-in-law’s predicament. “Otherwise, you might hurt the baby with that monstrosity that Neville calls a penis.”

“There are other ways you two can please each other without intercourse where Neville won’t accidentally push through your cervix, Ginny,” offered Hermione.

“Yeah, yeah, blow-jobs, labia-licking, and the like. We’re doing just fine in that area,” Ginny said, dismissively.

“Ginny’s really good at that stuff,” Neville said with a combination of pride and embarrassment. “The blow-job bit, not the labia-licking one.”

“Merlin knows she’s had loads of practice at that,” Harry muttered into Hermione’s ear.

Ignoring Hermione’s snickering, Ginny huffed, “I’m upset over everyone bugging me!”

“Why would anyone bother you because of the book?” asked Harry.

“Every single student – and a few of the teachers – have gotten it into their heads that they want to have sex in every possible room in the castle,” the red haired witch explained. “Thanks to your damned book, there have been no less than twenty couples who have had sex in the library and a handful of orgies in the Room of Requirements. Rumor has it that Megan Jones and Blaise Zabini snuck into the Headmistress’ office and shagged on her desk. The Hufflepuffs are boasting that they had a gangbang in the kitchen–”

“Bet the House-Elves liked that,” Harry commented off handedly. “If they’re like Dobby, they like to watch.”

“Now they’re trying to get into the Chamber,” Ginny said.

“The Chamber of Secrets?” asked Hermione, incredulously.

“Yeah, since seemingly every square inch of this castle has been used to shag on or in, there’s a bunch of people trying to get into the Chamber so they can have bragging rights of being the first ones to do it there,” Ginny said. “Orla Quirke dragged me into Moaning Myrtle’s loo, she said it was important. When I got there, I saw Orla’s boyfriend, Steward Ackerley, hissing and spitting like a snake at the faucet trying to get it to open. Orla brought me there hoping that I could give them pointers on how to speak parseltongue – because they thought I remembered being possessed – so they could open the Chamber.”

“Wait, parseltongue is a magical language,” Ron barked. “You can’t imitate a magical language! For pity’s sake, it’s a language where you talk to snakes and everybody knows snakes don’t have ears!”

“Snakes do have organs that pick up vibrations, actually. So people can imitate noises that could sound close enough to parseltongue,” offered Luna. “Maybe they’ll get lucky and mimic ‘open’ close enough to trick the magic surrounding the entrance.”

“That’s assuming that ‘open’ in parseltongue is a simple word to pronounce as it is in English,” returned Hermione. “What if ‘open’ ends up being a four or five syllable word instead of a two syllable as it is in English? Then there’s also the fact that there may be several different words or sounds for the word ‘open’ in parseltongue. One may mean to open a door another may mean to be open and truthful and there may only be a slight, but vital difference in pronunciation between the two words. You could accidentally say the latter ‘open’ and the Chamber would remain closed because you unknowingly said the improper word.”

“Don’t forget there are some aspects of parseltongue that have to be sub-vocal,” Harry said. “When the Basilisk was roaming around, I heard it twice when I was with people; once with Hermione and Ron and the other with that git Lockhart. And no one, besides myself,

heard anything: no hissing, nothing. That means there has to be some part to the language that are too low or too high for people who aren't parselmouths to hear."

"So when Harry says open, we could hear his hiss, but the parselmouth magic could make parts of that hiss go so high or so low that we couldn't hear it," Hermione concluded.

"Regardless of whether a non-parselmouth can open the Chamber or not, why would anyone want to have sex down there," Harry said with his face scrunching up in disgust. "It's so dark and wet down there..."

His eyes grew wide as a revelation dawned on him. It was dark and wet down there! Harry grabbed Hermione's hand and dashed to their chambers.

"What's going on Harry?" demanded Hermione, stumbling behind him.

"Have to get the Sword," he answered quickly. Throwing the door open, Harry rushed to the cupboard and withdrew Gryffindor's Sword. Once again, he grabbed Hermione's hand and began running through the corridor.

"Oi, hold up," Ron cried out as he and Luna gave chase. "My breakfast hasn't settled yet! All this running is making it jostle about in my stomach and that's not good for digestion!"

Harry led his friends to Moaning Myrtle's loo. There, just as Ginny had described, were two fifth year Ravenclaws, hissing vainly at the sink.

"You two, leave," Harry ordered the younger students firmly. His forceful tone made the two fifth-years leave. That and holding the sword as if Harry was going to start swinging the naked blade around didn't hurt the younger pair's decision to obey Harry's order.

"Aw, no fair," one grumbled as they sulked out of the bathroom. "We wanted to be the first to shag down there."

Once the four were alone, Hermione asked with a touch of revulsion; “Did you drag me down here so that you and I could be the first to have sex in the Chamber?” Clearly, the thought of all that muck and mire in the dark, dank room was not a turn on for her.

“Oh, could Ronald and I be the second couple to have sex in the Chamber?” asked Luna. Apparently, she wasn’t as picky as Hermione.

Harry bent over the faucet and imagined he was talking to a snake. “Open.”

“See, it sounds inhuman,” Ron pointed out as an opening in the wall appeared. “No one can imitate that! It’s simply ludicrous to even think that anybody could get that thing open by just ‘guessing’ the sounds!”

Harry made to climb into the hole when Hermione grabbed him.

“You will tell me what’s going on,” she demanded.

“The last Horcrux is down there,” Harry said. “We thought the location ritual wasn’t working because we kept ending up in darkness. But it was working! We kept ending up down there. The only problem was that there’s no light down there and that’s why we couldn’t see anything! That’s why it seemed familiar to me, because I’ve been in the Chamber.”

“Oh,” the brunette uttered in realization.

Hopping into the opening, Harry slid down the long tunnel. He could hear his friends a few seconds behind him. After tumbling out of the tunnel Harry stood, pulled out his wand, and incanted “Lumos.” A thin beam of light emanated from his wand.

He helped Hermione stand while Luna helped Ron to do the same. As Harry brushed the fragments of rat bones from her robe, Hermione cast the Light Charm as well. A moment later, two beams of light from Ron and Luna’s wands joined Harry and Hermione’s.

The brunette witch eyed the beams of light and said; “Now that there’s light and we can see, we can use the location ritual. With Ron and Luna searching the Chamber, we can see exactly where the Horcrux is!”

For a brief moment, Harry contemplated not reminding Hermione that the Sword could be used as a divining rod to help find the Horcrux. The thought of a hand-job was enticing, even in this dark, dank place. However, Harry recalled the disturbing things Voldemort had done, both with Wormtail and popping his own zits. Our hero feared that if he and Hermione performed the han — location ritual again, that they would see Voldemort doing something far more disturbing.

“Actually, we can use the Sword as a divining rod,” said Harry, saddened at the lost opportunity of a hand-job. It was just another heinous crime that he would have to add to Voldemort’s list: kidnapping, torture, murder, and hand-job mood killer.

Harry held the Sword in front of him. The tip bobbed and weaved slowly under its own power. A small pull turned the Sword, pointing the weapon toward a passageway and Harry followed it.

As the four friends wandered through the Chamber, Ron asked; “What do you think the last Horcrux is?”

“Knowing You Know Who, it’s something that belonged to one of the Founders,” offered Luna. “I, too, wonder what the artifact could be.”

“Well, we had Slytherin’s Locket and Ring, Hufflepuff’s Cup, and Gryffindor’s ridiculous Anvil,” listed Hermione. “So I would assume it would have to be something of Ravenclaw’s.”

Harry didn’t participate with the conversation because he was focusing on the gentle pulls and tugs he felt through the Sword so he could follow it.

A few moments later, Harry and his friends entered the main Chamber where he defeated the Basilisk and Tom Riddle; thereby unknowingly destroyed the first Horcrux. The Sword was now being



pulled with force instead of the mild nudging and pulling that had occurred previously.

"I think it's somewhere in here," announced Harry as the Sword led him to the yet unknown target.

Harry walked by a giant column and the Sword swung in his hand, pointing at the pillar. He eyed the stone and mason pillar before him, saying; "I think we found it."

"It's the column?" asked Ron in disbelief.

"Yeah," Harry said, walking in a circle around the large base. The entire time, the Sword pointed directly at the column.

"He must've made this into a Horcrux when he visited Dumbledore and asked to be the Dark Arts instructor years ago," Hermione said. "That would explain why his 'One-Year Curse' against the Defense instructors has worked so well. He has a fragment of his spirit in the castle itself, powering the curse!"

"Okay, so his soul is in the column which is connected to the castle, and therefore it's something that belonged to all four Founders," said Harry.

"Let's end this, use the Sword and destroy it," Hermione said, clearly excited over the notion of demolishing the last Horcrux.

"Ah, I wouldn't do that," Luna said, her wide, silvery grey eyes staring up at the ceiling.

"Why not?" asked Harry, just as eager as his lover to destroy the Horcrux.

"I have a very good sense of direction and I'm fairly certain that we're directly under the Astronomy Tower," the blonde said.

"So?"

“The Horcuxes that have been destroyed before split in half when the Sword touched it, even slightly, correct?” Luna said. “That means that the column will split in half when Harry uses the Sword on it.”

“Oh, shite,” cursed Hermione as she, too, looked up at the ceiling.

“What does that mean?” asked Ron.

“It means that this column looks big enough to be the main support for the Tower. If we destroy the Horcrux, we destroy the column, and destroying the column will bring the Astronomy Tower down right on top of the school,” explained Harry with dread as the image of the giant tower falling on the castle and turning it to rubble played out in his head.

“If we destroy the Horcrux, we destroy the school,” Hermione clarified further.

“Shite,” echoed Ron.

“But we can’t just let this last Horcrux go,” Harry said, struggling with the decision that faced him: let the school stand and Voldemort would be immortal or destroy the school in order defeat the fiend and save countless lives. Harry sighed and steeled himself for what had to be done.

“I love this castle, it’s the closest thing I’ve ever had to a real home. But Voldemort’s out there hurting and killing people. We can’t have that,” he said. “Even though this castle means so much to me and a lot of other people, in order to defeat Voldemort, we have to destroy it.”

“Obviously, we’d have to evacuate the school before we destroy the Horcrux,” offered Hermione, agreeing with Harry’s assessment. “We can ask the House-Elves to make sure everyone is out. They know all of the hiding places and secret rooms. That and all the books as well; we’d have to save them of course. I couldn’t bear it if anything happened to the books... or the people. Then we’ll make a Portkey to transport us to safety once Harry destroys the Horcrux.” There was a sad warble in her voice over the thought of ruining the school.

"Wait, I have a better idea," Harry said. "Even if we destroy this Horcrux, I'll still have to defeat Voldemort. Why not lure him in here and destroy the column, then the whole castle crumbling down on his head will do all the work for me and I won't have to duel Voldemort."

"How would we trick him into coming into the Chamber?" asked Ron.

"We can have Snape tell him it would be the best way to attack the school," said Hermione. "We could convince McGonagall to remove the Anti-Portkey Wards around the Chamber if there are any and have Snape tell Voldemort that the Anti-Portkey Wards in the Chamber are weak or even nonexistent and he could use this as a launching point."

"That would be brilliant!" cheered Harry. "That way we can use Snape to lure not only Voldemort, but any followers he still might have here. We'd be able to take care of all of them in one stroke!"

"And Snape could help make sure they can't escape by booby trapping any Portkeys they might have," added Luna.

"I'll write a coded post to Snape tonight," concluded Hermione.

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Later that same night, Harry heard a knock on the door and opened it to find Courtney, the Auror in training that was helping guard the castle.

"Hey Courtney," he greeted the Auror and ushered her into the room. "What brings you by?"

"Hermione asked me over," she answered. "I'm hoping you two want to put on another show for me."

"Err," he began awkwardly. Harry didn't know the reason Hermione had for calling on Courtney. However, knowing how kinky his lover had gotten, it was entirely possible that she did in fact want to give Courtney a show.

“Actually, I asked you here to see if you could do a favor for us,” Hermione said.

“Oh, you want me and Draco to return the favor and give you a show!” cheered Courtney. “Fantastic, let me go get him!”

“Please no,” mumbled Harry. The thought of watching his school-nemesis naked and going at “it” was disturbing.

“Well, in a way, yes I do want you and Draco to put on a show,” Hermione said and Harry, his fears justified, felt like fleeing. “Harry and I are planning on luring Voldemort into a trap. And to make sure he falls for it, I’ve devised a ritual that will do just that. But I need someone with the Dark Mark for the ritual to work. That means Draco.”

“Wait, I thought we were going to have Snape bait the trap?” Harry whispered into Hermione’s ear as to not reveal the identity of their spy to the Auror.

“There’s a chance that Voldemort won’t fall for it. This ritual I created will ensure that he does buy it,” whispered Hermione. “In essence, it will be a burning desire in Voldemort to attack the school.”

“Wait, you want You Know Who to attack the school? Are you mad?” Courtney blurted out. Clearly, Hermione’s hushed response wasn’t as quiet as it needed to be.

“Don’t worry; the House-Elves will make sure every one is away from the school and safe,” assured Hermione. “As well as all the books.”

“I don’t know if I like this idea,” Courtney said. “The thought of You Know Who attacking the school is scary to say the least.”

“We have a failsafe plan that will end Voldemort,” Hermione said confidently.

“You’re sure?”

“Positive,” answered Harry.

“Okay, what do you want me to do?” the Auror asked.

“As I said before, this ritual will instill a burning desire in Voldemort. And this burning desire will come from Draco with his Dark Mark the connecting factor,” explained Hermione. “I need Draco to be really, really randy for this ritual to work properly. The desire he feels will fuel the ritual, therefore, the more he feels the better the ritual will work.”

“So you want me to shag him rotten?” asked Courtney. “Hell, I don’t need an excuse to do that.”

“It has to be more than just a wild shag,” corrected Hermione. “It has to be the most memorable moment of his life. His wildest desire and fantasies must be fulfilled. Draco has to be one-hundred percent into the act, if you know what I mean.”

“Hell no!” barked Harry, knowing where his girlfriend was heading. Even though Draco was with Courtney, it was no secret that the blond Slytherin still harbored feelings for Harry.

“What? Oh, I get it; all of Draco’s fantasies!” the Auror said with a wicked smile. “So you want me and Harry to double team Draco? A little ‘Draco Sandwich’ action?”

“In a manner of speaking, yes,” replied Hermione.

“I’d rather die a horrible, screaming death,” Harry said, firmly. Such a fate was infinitely more appealing than being the slightest bit intimate with Draco.

“But Harry, it’ll be for the greater good.” Courtney said with a bemused chuckle.

“The greater good can suck ‘Harry, Jr.’”

“No, that’ll be Draco doing the sucking, not the greater good,” returned Courtney playfully.

"Hell no!" repeated Harry with no humor whatsoever.

"C'mon, if you do Draco, Hermione and I will do each other and you can watch," suggested the Auror.

The idea of Draco disgusted and revolted Harry so much that even the enticing thought of two beautiful witches making love wasn't enough to sway him, even slightly.

"I knew... and actually hoped Harry wouldn't do that. So I came up with a backup plan," Hermione said, pulling a flask out of her robes. "I nicked some polyjuice from Slughorn's supply cupboard earlier today." The brunette handed Courtney the flask. "I suggest that you and Draco do the deed then you can leave the room and say something about having a present for him. Once you're out of his sight, you can take the polyjuice, return to the room and do Draco again. For it to really work, Draco will have to believe that it's the real deal, that it's Harry, not you under polyjuice, at the time. But after you're done, please tell him the truth; I don't want Draco thinking my lover swings both ways."

"Neat!" Courtney abruptly plucked a hair from Harry's head. "I love polyjuice role-playing!"

"Place this ball somewhere in the room," Hermione said, handing Courtney something that looked like a cross between a crystal ball and a paperweight. "It will absorb the passion Draco feels. That will be the fuel for the ritual."

"I'll get to see what Tonks was talking about when she said she knew how much blokes like blowjobs, now. Draco has been aching to gobble up Harry's bits," Courtney said with a broad smile. "I'll bring you the ball back tomorrow."

With that, Courtney left the room. Harry felt a chill descend upon him at the thought of someone taking his form to bugger Draco. Even if it was for the greater good, the mere thought of Courtney using a magic replica of 'Harry, Jr.' to go spelunking in Draco's cave made Harry nauseous. 'Harry, Jr.' should never, ever do that – even if the 'Harry,

Jr.' in question wasn't the real thing but a replica. It was an affront to his penis that it be used in such an awful manner.

"I knew this would be troubling for you, so I've got you a present for being such a brave man," said Hermione as she walked over to the cupboard. She withdrew a blindfold and wrapped it around her head and eyes.

"I think we'll need more than just kinky sex to quell my nausea," said Harry with a frown. He could feel his skin turn clammy as if he was going to be physically ill.

"Oh, it'll be more than just kinky," Hermione's voice sounded from inside the bathroom, several feet away from where she was standing.

Harry looked to the Hermione still by the cupboard and asked "You got another Time Turner?"

"Not just a Time Turner, Harry," a third Hermione's voice came from the bedroom.

Two more blindfolded versions of Hermione, evidently from the near future, stepped out of their respective rooms and stood in the doorways. After a moment where he opened and closed his mouth like a fish out of water, Harry asked; "But didn't we get rid of the Time Turner?"

"I created a new one through a time paradox again," Hermione, the original one standing by the cupboard said. "One of the future versions of me handed the Time Turner to me earlier."

"And I got that Time Turner from her a few hours from now so that I can give it to her in the past," the future Hermione in question said.

"So the Time Turner popped into existence due to a paradox just like the one we used before," the third added.

"I better not think about it otherwise I'll just end up with a headache," Harry said, pushing his mind away from trivial things such as paradoxes and to more important issues such as three Hermiones.

“But this night isn’t just about the joys of Time Turners. I stole three dosages of polyjuice from Slughorn, not just one,” the Hermione by the cupboard said. “One for Courtney to use with Draco, and the other two for me.”

The two future Hermiones shuffled blindly to join their past version by the cupboard. The original Hermione handed each of her doppelgangers a flask. As her duplicates drank their potions, Hermione said “I also took some hair from Su Li and Padma Patil.”

Harry’s eyes nearly popped out of his head and performed a jig as two versions of Hermione slowly changed into the exotic beauties of Su and Padma. Su was significantly smaller than Hermione whereas Padma was pleasantly stacked with an attractive, ample bum. This meant that Hermione-Su look rather silly in her now-oversized robes and Hermione-Padma’s robes popped open due to her large breasts.

“Remember to breathe, Harry,” Hermione said in Padma’s voice.

“I took the liberty of brew a few dosages of virility potions for tonight,” she said in Su’s voice.

“And don’t get any ideas about using the Time Turner to bring future versions of yourself tonight like last time,” original Hermione said. “This is a present for you.”

With his eyes closed, Harry took in a long, deep breath to center himself. Once he achieved this cool and collected state – or as close as his randy mind would allow – Harry opened his eyes and suggested; “How about we start things off with the three of you ‘entertaining’ one another while I sit over here and watch for a bit. Think of it as... what did you call it the last time we used the Time Turner? Ah yes, think of it as ‘advanced masturbation.’”

“That’s a good idea,” Su-Hermione said.

“I say you and I team up on Padma-me,” Hermione said to her Su-double. “She has lovely breasts and I can’t wait to play with them.”



“Then we can see if we’re good at labia-licking, as opposed to Neville’s testimony regarding Ginny’s talents,” offered Padma-Hermione as the other two exposed her large breasts.

A tear escaped ‘Harry, Jr.’s eye at the sight of Padma-Hermione’s boobs. They weren’t nearly as large as Luna’s, which were enormous, but they were impressive. The polyjuiced-Indian witch’s big, dark nipples and areolas stood out in contrast with Hermione and Su-Hermione’s pinks tongues as they licked them.

“Polyjuice role-playing is awesome!” Harry cheered from his chair as Hermione and Su-Hermione continued to stimulate Padma-Hermione.

# Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

by cloneserpents

## Chapter Thirty Four: And the Walls Come Crumbling Down

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WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Chapter Thirty Four: It's time for Harry to face his destiny!

With an ache in both his lower back and 'Harry, Jr.', Harry blinked his eyes. Stiff and sore, he slowly sat up.

"It's about time you woke up," Hermione greeted him.

"What time is it?"

"Nearly supper."

"Damn. I must've been knackered."

"Ejaculating fourteen times will have that effect."

"I guess that would explain why I'm so sore down there," he commented and then asked, "Did you really keep count?"

“Of course I did,” she said, sitting on the bed next to him. A warm smile graced her lips. “You’re my virile wizard. Even with the aid of potions, you were amazing.”

“Amazing was I?”

“It was definitely one for the history books.”

The pride Harry had felt before falling into unconsciousness returned with gusto. He felt his face heat up and a wide grin stretched across his face.

“Where are your two counterparts?” he asked, vainly trying to quell his smile.

“One’s already used the Time Turner to go back to last night, the other one is in the library waiting for her turn to go back,” she said. The brunette leaned forward and placed a quick peck on his lips. “I’ll fetch you some food.”

She leapt up and walked across the room. As she walked, Harry eyed her wonderful bum as it swayed back and forth. Cocking an eyebrow, Harry looked down to ‘Harry, Jr.’, silently asking of it was up for another go. After all, Hermione’s bottom just begged for a repeat performance. The organ replied “Sod off. I’m bloody tired!” Normally, ‘Harry, Jr.’ would be ready and willing to play with Hermione, but cumming fourteen times in one night had earned the penis some rest.

Hermione returned with a plate full of fruits. She took her place next to her lover and brought a strawberry up to his lips. After he ate that piece, Hermione presented him a slice of pineapple. As his girlfriend continued to feed him, the door banged open and Courtney came barging into the room.

“Blow – Jobs – Are – The – BEST!” she announced in no uncertain terms. She then crinkled her nose, smelling the air, and stated “Cor, it smells like sex in here. Did I miss another show?”

“Harry came fourteen times,” Hermione said, beaming with pride over her boyfriend’s achievement.

“Blimey, that’s a lot of spunk,” Courtney said, nodding her head in approval. “I don’t think even the House-Elves could clean that much cum out of the sheets. You’ll probably have to burn them.

“Of course Draco was no slouch either.” She held up her hand and extended all five fingers. “Twice for me and three times for you, Harry.”

A sudden urge to run far, far away popped up in Harry’s mind. Courtney was encroaching upon a subject that made the young wizard nervous and nauseous, to say the least.

“That’s... all we want to hear about that,” Hermione said, hoping to end Courtney’s recollection.

“Aw, you’re no fun,” the Auror pouted. “But I have to tell you, Hermione: you **MUST** grow a penis and have someone give you a blow-job. Abso-bloody-lutely fantastic!”

“I’m not sucking dick,” Harry announced.

“Not even if it was mine?” Hermione asked, playfully. Or at least Harry hoped it was playful. He prayed that his lover wasn’t that kinky.

“Hell no,” he said with finality.

“You two are so weird,” Courtney said with a chuckle. “It’s funny how that even though you’re so kinky and wild that some things still make you queasy.”

“Without going into any details, please, I take it Draco was into the act and therefore the glass ball I gave you is fully charged?” asked Hermione.

“Oh Merlin yes! I thought he was going to burst when I began—”

“I’m sorry Courtney but I can’t bear any details about your... adventure,” Hermione spoke up. “I know you’re into him, but Draco

just gives me the creeps. It's difficult for me to even understand why anyone would be into someone like Draco."

"Oh, bother," lamented Courtney. She pulled the glass ball that Hermione had given her the night before, and offered it to the other witch. "If I can't share my bi-wonder experience with you two, then I guess I'll just have to share with Tonks. She'd appreciate it."

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself, really I am," said Hermione, taking the ball from Courtney and carefully setting it down on the tabletop. The magical construct was now filled with burning red and orange lights, swirling around in the glass. "I just don't want to hear any sentence that contains the word 'Draco' and 'penis'. It's a standard that I must hold to."

"I completely agree," said Harry.

"Well, then you'll be pleased to know that Draco discovered that it was actually me and not Harry, after the fact. And by 'fact' I mean plentiful amounts of wet, dirty sex. I reckoned you two didn't want him thinking that Harry just popped over for hummers and bugging," she said.

"Thank you," Harry said. A great weight had lifted – a part of him feared that Draco would approach him in the halls and ask for another tumble.

"But you really have to experience a blow-job, Hermione," repeated Courtney. "It's imperative!"

"I'm not sucking a dick," Harry reiterated.

"Me, I'll do anything at least once as long as it won't leave a mark. Well, not a lasting mark, anyway," Courtney bragged. "Or scat; I won't do that."

"Maybe we should introduce you to a ghost we know," offered Harry.

"Yes, I think he'd love you," Hermione said. "Except for the lack of scat bit."

“Really? I’ve heard some strange rumors about a perverted ghost lurking around the castle.” Courtney was clearly curious and intrigued by this unnamed mystery ghost.

“Pardon me, but my ears are burning,” the ghost in question said, as he made himself visible. “Is someone talking about me behind my back?”

Harry was fairly certain that Gryffindor had been hiding, unseen, in the room for some time. The young wizard even speculated that there was a slight chance the ghost was there when he and Hermione had their Time Turner/Polyjuice foursome. The only issue that cast doubt on this speculation was that Gryffindor would’ve given tips and pointers, if not offering outright to join in by saying something as uncouth as “Is there room for another willy in that jumbled mass of limbs and orifices?” while Harry and the three versions of Hermione went at it.

“Godric Gryffindor, this is Courtney,” Hermione said, introducing the pair.

“Hello there, my pretty,” Gryffindor said with his ever-present deviant grin. “Did I hear you right when you said you’d try anything?”

“Except scat,” the Auror said without shame. “Or anything that involves urine and/or vomit, as well.”

“Have you ever heard of something called a ‘Train,’” the ghost said, draping his arm over Courtney’s shoulders, leading her out of the Head Boy and Girl’s chambers.

Courtney cheered “I get to be the caboose.”

With that, the ghost and the Auror left the Head Boy and Girl, discussing various positions, acts and household cleaners that doubled as good lubrication.

“Did you introduce Courtney to Gryffindor so that you’d get him off of our backs?” asked Harry.

“Of course,” Hermione replied. “I figured that Courtney and Draco could entertain Gryffindor for a while. Hopefully longer than Mrs. Black’s portrait did anyway.”

“Good, because if you hadn’t introduced them, I was going to for the very same reason.”

Hermione held up the glass ball containing the sexual energy collected from Courtney and Draco’s romp. “All we need to do now is tap into this with our ritual to help Snape in convincing Voldemort. Once the ritual is done and the effect is primed, we’ll have to send Snape a coded post telling both the plan and the activation of the delayed ritual.”

Harry felt an icy lump drop in the pit of his stomach as Hermione began drawing runes in chalk on the floor. He gulped in dread at the thought of his looming task. The three-Hermiones from the night before had done a wonderful job of distracting him from his destiny (and just as importantly from the mental images of what Courtney was doing to Draco with a polyjuiced copy of ‘Harry, Jr.’ at that time). But now Hermione was getting ready to use the container of sexual energy to perform the special ritual – the one designed to induce Voldemort to be more viable and accepting of a suggestion, thereby entering their trap – the terrifying knowledge of the dire predicament Harry faced returned in full force. In a scant few days, Harry would have to face off against Voldemort, the most feared wizard of the age.

SoG SoG SoG

The following Wednesday, shortly after supper, Harry, Hermione, Ron and Luna were enjoying each other’s company in the Head Boy and Girl’s Chambers. The young wizards were playing a less than quiet game of Exploding Snap, while the witches were discussing potential rituals for future volumes of Books of Love Magic.

“I thought up a delicious new one last night. It’s not a ritual per se, but I think it will be very well received regardless,” Luna announced. “I call it ‘Dramamine for Magical Folk.’ You know how some people absolutely loathe traveling by Floo, Portkey or Apparation? Well, I

thought of something that will help ease their minds: oral sex. They get fellatio or cunnilingus right before they travel!"

Harry pondered over Luna's idea. He counted himself as one of the people who did not like traveling through magical means: the spinning of Floo, the hook and tug of Portkey, and the squeezing through a rubber hose of Apparation always made him queasy... and fall down. He reckoned receiving a blow-job right before he used any of these methods would in fact ease his mind. He realized that it wouldn't prevent him from falling down; he just wouldn't care if he did. Blow-jobs had that effect on a bloke.

"Sounds like a good idea," he said while Ron nodded his head in approval.

"The only reason you it is like because you'd agree to anything if it meant you got more blow-jobs," Hermione said with a snort.

After a moment of contemplation, the raven-haired wizard replied; "Yeah, I would." Ron nodded his head in agreement, again.

The brunette mused for a moment before saying, "Perhaps we could have a section in the next book on various non-magical acts." She chewed her lip, clearly deep in thought, before adding, "Thinking along the lines of Luna's suggestion, maybe for long distance Floo travel, a couple could perform oral sex during their extended trip."

"And we could call it 'Floo Head,'" suggested Harry.

"That's the spirit!" cheered Luna as Harry's mind wandered to the glorious image of Hermione on her knees before him as the two spun from one fireplace to another just as his lover had described.

Returning to the subject of actual rituals, Hermione said "I came up with a new ritual last night. It's an Anti-Fire Ward."

"Didn't we make one for the last book?" asked Ron.

"Yes, but you can never be too safe when it comes to fire danger," Hermione replied. "Like the previous Anti-Fire Ward, this one will



protect the home from fire, whether caused by nature, accident or attack. But, unlike the first ward, this one needs to be performed by two couples.”

“A foursome! Oh, Hermione, I thought you’d never agree!” Luna said exuberantly. She clapped her hands rhythmically, chanting, “Partner swap! We finally get to partner swap! Harry, get over here right now and give me some of that Parsletongue love!”

Hermione blanched. Harry suppressed a chuckle over his girlfriend’s reaction – she wasn’t upset over the notion that Luna had just made overt sexual advances on her boyfriend, but rather if they were to partner swap, then she would have to be with Ron. And the mere thought of being intimate with the orangutan-like wizard made the brunette queasy.

“No, no, no, no, Good Heavens, no,” Hermione said rapidly, keeping her line of sight as far away from Ron as possible. “The ritual I created requires that Harry paddle me while I’m gagged with a red-rubber ball and tied up with red scarves, while you sit on a chair nearby and Ron masturbates into your hair.”

“Oh, poo,” moaned Luna. “I really want a foursome.”

“That’s not going to happen. Ever,” Hermione said, evenly. “The red of the ball-gag and scarves represent fire. Harry’s paddle represents a punishment of that fire. And Ron’s semen will represent a liquid based fire-retardant,” explained Hermione. “Once I orgasm, the ward will activate and the home will be protected from fire.”

“What would I do during this ritual?” asked Luna.

“You don’t have to do a thing. You just sit there while Ron wanks himself in your hair,” replied Hermione.

“That’s rather dull isn’t it? Can’t I give him head or lend a hand in his wanking?”

“No, I’m sorry. According to my calculations, Ron must be the only one to touch himself for this ritual to work properly.”

“Curses,” Luna pouted.

“Maybe we can change it so Ron doesn’t have to wank in your hair?” offered Harry.

“No, that’s not the problem. I don’t mind my Ronald masturbating on me – he does it all the time and I’ve grown quite fond of it. But if I am just to sit there, I wouldn’t feel that I’m participating in the ritual. No different than a Brooding Craft Snark so to speak. And as everyone knows; a Brooding Craft Snark does absolutely nothing.”

“Can she read something?” Harry asked Hermione. “Would that affect the ritual?”

“Oh, that’s brilliant Harry! I can read German poetry aloud while Ronald masturbates into my hair!” cheered Luna.

“You know German?” he asked.

“Not a lick,” Luna said, still jubilant over the notion. “I just like how the guttural sound of the language makes my throat and tongue tickle.”

Just then, a large owl with shinny, gleaming silver wings flew in through the open window.

“What a beautiful owl,” Hermione said, eyeing the now-perched bird.

“It’s called a Segue Owl,” informed Luna.

“Segue? Why is it called that?”

“I don’t know,” the blonde replied dreamily. “But it’s got a post attached to its leg.”

“It must be Snape’s reply!” Harry said, quickly picking up on the new subject. Dashing up to the exotic bird, Harry untied the post attached to its leg. After delivering the message, the silver owl flapped its wings and flew back out the window.

“Let me decode it,” Hermione said. Several minutes later, the brunette read the decrypted post aloud.

““Even though I believe your plan to be flawed and recklessly dangerous, it remains, unfortunately, the best chance at defeating the Dark Lord. I have used my superior logic and cunning to convince the Dark Lord to attack Hogwarts by entering through the Chamber of Secrets as you suggested. My skilful approach was able to persuade the Dark Lord that this was his opportune means to devastate the wizarding population and to get rid of Potter, whom for some reason He views as a threat.

““The Dark Lord was uncharacteristically keen – I might even argue that he was exuberant – over my persuasive urgings of the notion of attacking the castle. Personally, I think that the Dark Lord’s excessive reaction to my subtle skill is that He is still despondent over his loss of Bellatrix to her current insensate state. However, I did follow your inane instructions in that prior to approaching the Dark Lord, I did the proscribed insipid wand waving and intonation. But the truth of the matter is that my methods are what worked here. Not some schoolgirl’s imaginary ritual.’

“My ritual worked! It helped Snape convince Voldemort,” cheered Hermione before she read the conclusion of Snape’s post. ““Unfortunately, the Dark Lord is so excited over the plan that He has decided to launch the attack against the castle as soon as possible. He, along with myself and his remaining handful of minions, will Portkey into the Chamber of Secrets Thursday night shortly after Ten PM.”

“Thursday!” exclaimed Ron. “But that’s tomorrow! He can’t attack tomorrow! That’s too bloody soon!”

“Doesn’t matter, we’ll have to deal with it,” Harry said, dismissing the dread that gnawed at his belly like a pack of rats on a piece of moldy cheese.

“I’ll talk to the House-Elves so that they can start evacuating people right away,” said Hermione.

“No, we should wait as long as possible – perhaps after supper tomorrow,” he said. “If we start emptying the castle too soon, Voldemort will definitely hear about it and will scrub his plans to attack. We’ll have to do it late tomorrow evening, no earlier than eight, maybe even after nine or so. That way there’ll be less of a chance of Voldemort discovering that it’s a trap.”

“What do we do until then?” asked Ron, nervously.

“I dunno, try and relax,” Harry said, doubting that such a thing was possible. The gravity of his impending destiny lay on his mind like a heavy lead weight. Even the thought of relaxing in light of this seemed like an alien concept.

“Let’s go back to our room, Ronald,” Luna said, taking her husband’s hand in hers. They left the Head Boy and Girl’s chambers without another word.

“I think I’m going to get sick,” Harry announced.

“It’s a good plan,” Hermione said, wrapping her arms around him. “It will work.”

He could hear the warble in her voice and her fear was a palpable thing. It was clear that even though Hermione was confident, she was terrified of the pending showdown.

Harry returned the embrace, silently telling his lover that he, too, was afraid. The two held onto each other, sharing in their fear in silence for a good long time. Needing to feel alive and loved, Harry took Hermione’s face into his hands and kissed her. A few moments later, the young lovers were in their bed.

There was no kinkiness this night; no spankings, nor dirty talk, just love. They looked into each other’s eyes, deep down into their souls as they made love. All of their fear and doubt had washed away, at least for the time being, in the light of their feelings for one another. There was, of course, oral sex. Harry and Hermione had become masters at cunnilingus and fellatio, respectively, and to not use these skills would have been a crying shame.

SoG SoG SoG

Harry thought he was doing quite well. By the time supper had arrived the next night, he had vomited only three times. This was a point of pride for the young wizard; in a few short hours he was going to face-off against the most feared dark wizard of his time and to be physically ill three times showed just how truly brave the young wizard was. Of course his hands trembled like a leaf in a storm, but that was excusable.

Oddly, even though Harry was the one destined to face-off against Voldemort, he was faring better than his lover and friends. Hermione, Ron and Luna were complete wrecks. Hermione attempted to put up a brave face, but every half hour or so the thought of Harry confronting Voldemort would shatter her resolve and send the brunette witch into hysterical tears. Luna's eyes were red from crying all day long whereas Ron was as white as a sheet. The red-head was so nervous that he had not eaten a bite all day long. And seeing how his stomach was a bottomless pit, this was very telling.

After supper that night, Harry, Hermione, Luna and Ron waited in the Head Boy and Girl's Chamber for the clock to reach nine, when they would start evacuating the castle.

Harry went over the plan in his head and suddenly found a slight flaw. "Oh, bugger."

"What is it?" Hermione, who was as nervous as a long-tail kneazle in a room full of rocking chairs, asked.

"We're luring Voldemort into a trap in the Chamber," Harry began as a chill descended upon his body. "What's to stop him from escaping by Apparation or Portkey out of the Chamber before the trap is sprung?"

"If Snape destroys You Know Who's Portkey as planned and you destroy the Horcrux quickly, he won't have time to create another Portkey," offered Luna with a noticeable warble trying to take a small bit of confidence from the rock-solid plan.

“And the school’s Anti-Apparation wards will stop them from Apparating,” Ron added just as nervously.

“Oh, bugger,” cursed Hermione and her face fell. “The Anti-Apparation Ward was created in the mid-1800’s. When they set up these wards around the school, they didn’t know the location of the Chamber – they probably didn’t even believe it truly existed. The Ward doesn’t extend past the dungeons – it says so in Hogwarts: a History. That means they don’t cover the Chamber!”

“That’s what I was worried about,” said Harry. “And knowing Voldemort, there’s a very good chance that he’ll probably have an extra Portkey hidden on his person just in case something goes wrong.”

“Why didn’t I think of this before?” wailed Hermione.

“Oh, I think I just peed myself,” mumbled Luna. The small bit of confidence she had shattered.

“This isn’t good,” Ron said with a squeak.

“Maybe... maybe we can erect Anti-Portkey and Anti-Apparation Wards before they get here?” Luna’s tone implied that she knew her logic was flawed but she was desperately attempting to salvage the plan.

“If we do that, then they won’t be able to Portkey into the Chamber and the trap won’t work,” Hermione pointed out.

“Maybe we could create the Anti-Portkey Ward after they show up,” suggested Ron, hoping to be helpful.

“Then I won’t be able to escape!” Harry’s record of vomiting only three times was about to increase by one.

Harry saw the tiny figure of Dobby shuffle out of the shadows. “Pardon Dobby, Harry Potter, sir, but’s perhaps Dobby can’s be helping.”

"How much have you heard, Dobby?" asked Harry.

"Enough's to know you's be wanting He Who Must Not Be Named to be coming into the Chamber of Secrets and you's wants to be escaping from's it but's you's wants to keep He Who Must Not Be Named to be coming out's."

"That's pretty much the gist of it," Harry said.

"Dobby be knowing of a spells that the Ministree be using in Azkaban calling the Prison Ward. It's be allowing people's to enter by Apparation or's Portkeys but they can't be leaving if's the ward doesn't want's them to. It only let's one wizard or witch to be creating Portkeys that can leave's through the Prison Ward. No one's else's Portkey will be working and they's can't be Apparating out either's," the House-Elf explained.

"There's a spell that can allow people to enter an area magically but won't let them leave if they don't have a Portkey that isn't made by the one person the ward recognizes," Hermione clarified excitedly. "That's wonderful! Do you know how to cast it, Dobby?"

"Normally's, House-Elves not be knowing of such spells, for House-Elves travel different from wizards and witches – we's don't be needing to know such things like the Prison Ward because we's House-Elves can move through it like's other Anti-Apparation and Anti-Portkey wards," Dobby explained. The House-Elf's ears lowered and he wrung his hands guiltily before continuing. "But's Dobby's former bad Master, Lucy, made Dobby learns how to be casting the Prison Ward to keep Master Lucy's special lady friend's of the evening from escaping's. Once Dobby be done casting the ward, Master Lucy be's the only one's making Portkeys so's that Master Lucy's special lady friend's of the evening did's their duty's." Dobby then added in an undertone, much like a child repeating a curse; "Mistress Narcy called Master Lucy's special lady friend's of the evening 'nothing but dirty wars.'"

“Dobby, can you cast this Prison Ward around the Chamber of Secrets and make it so that I’m the only one able to create a working Portkey?” asked Harry.

Dobby ears perked up and he nodded his head vigorously. The thought of aiding the Great Harry Potter sent the House-Elf to the heights of ecstasy. With tears of joy bubbling up in his eyes, he choked out; “Dobby thinks Dobby just peed himself.”

“It does have a nice warming effect, don’t you think?” Luna asked in her usual detached fashion.

“Dobby will cast the Prison Ward on the Chamber once Dobby changes Dobby’s trousers!” The House-Elf vanished with a pop.

Harry announced, “All right then, lets get this over with. You three go talk with the other House-Elves so they can get everyone out of the castle. I’ll go talk to McGonagall; as Headmistress, she deserves to know what’s going to happen.”

Harry marched out of his chambers and toward the Headmistress’ office. Being Head Boy, Harry knew the password, allowing him entrance passed the stone gargoyle. He knocked on McGonagall’s door and asked; “Professor, can I have a word with you?”

“Certainly, Mr. Potter. Come in,” she replied. When he entered, the witch inquired, “What is it that you’d like to discuss?”

Eyeing the portraits of the former Headmasters and Mistresses suspiciously, Harry said, “Could you order the portraits not to tell anyone – anyone at all – what I’m about to tell you?”

Clearly sensing his serious tone, McGonagall said to the paintings; “As current Headmistress of Hogwarts, I order that none of you shall, for any reason, speak a word of what will be said between me and Harry Potter until I release you from this command. Is that understood?”

All but Phineas Nigellus immediately voiced their vehement agreement. Sirius’ ancestor did agree not to repeat anything he heard,



however his tone clearly told Harry that he was annoyed and put out by this order.

Pacing back and forth before McGonagall's desk, Harry told her everything. He started out by telling her of the prophecy made before he was born that linked his and Voldemort's destinies, and how that he was their only hope of defeating the evil wizard. He informed the Headmistress of Voldemort's Horcruxes and the search and destruction of them. Harry finished by telling her that he had a plan that would not only destroy the last Horcrux but also defeat Voldemort without even dueling the most feared wizard of his time.

The Headmistress sat in stunned silence for nearly a full minute until she finally asked, "Couldn't you create a magical brace, or even another column to replace the one you have to destroy in order to save the school?"

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but I really, really don't want to duel Voldemort," admitted Harry. "Even though I'm strong because of power rituals, Voldemort's still has decades more experience over me. He knows, and can do, things I can't even imagine. If I duel him, I'm a dead man. And since, according to the prophecy, I'm the only person who has any chance of defeating him – if I die, no one can stop him.

"I love this school, it's the closest thing I've ever had to a home," he explained. "But Voldemort is too much of a threat. Who knows how many people he will hurt and kill if he lives? If I can end Voldemort, I can save lives. But there's no way I can beat him in a one-on-one fight – I'd be killed in seconds. If I destroy the Chamber of Secrets with him in it, then I'll have ended his threat and saved countless lives. The only chance I have against him, the only chance anyone has, is if I destroy the school."

McGonagall worried her lip, clearly weighing the school against saving lives. Obviously, the castle lost this debate. "Once Voldemort is gone, we'll have to rebuild the castle."

"Of course, ma'am."

A soft pop announced Winky's, the House-Elf, arrival in the Headmistress' office. "It be time for Winky to be taking Heady Mack-gone-all to secret hiding place."

"What? Now?" she asked stunned. "It's happening tonight?"

"Sorry, I forgot to mention that," muttered Harry guiltily.

"Can I at least walk the halls one last time before everything is destroyed?" requested the Headmistress.

"No's, the Chosen One be wanting everybodies not One of the Mark outs of the castle right now," Winky said, bolstered by her duty to Hermione. Before McGonagall could utter another word of protest, the House-Elf took her hand and the two disappeared with a pop.

Ignoring the trembling in his knees, Harry made his way to Moaning Myrtle's loo. Besides his shaking knees, Harry paid no attention to the little nagging voice in his head that informed him that the only person to fight Voldemort and survive in a real duel was Dumbledore. The voice continued by pointing out that the times Harry had faced Voldemort, he had escaped by sheer luck or chance.

'It's a good plan,' he told himself, hoping to drown out the nagging voice in his head. 'If I stick to the plan, then I won't have to fight an incredibly skilled and sadistic dueler who can kill me with two words.'

"What are you doing here?" he asked when he found Hermione, Ron, Luna and Dobby waiting for him outside the second story bathroom.

"I told the House-Elves to keep everyone in the cave and not to let anyone leave or send a message until after the castle falls, just in case any of them try and warn Voldemort or his followers," Hermione, who had given up all pretense of hiding her fear, said. Tears were flowing freely down her sickly pale cheeks. The terrified warble in her voice reminded Harry of a sound that some kind of exotic bird living in the Rainforest might make.

“That’s all well and good, but it doesn’t explain why you’re here,” he repeated. “All of you should be in that cave along with everybody else.”

“We’re here to help you out,” Ron said. Like Hermione, Ron’s voice trembled and wavered, making him sound like an adolescent.

“No, you are not,” he said firmly.

“Harry, you need all the hel—” Hermione began to protest.

“No, I need you as far away from this as possible,” he interrupted. “I cannot do this if I’m worried that you, any of you, might get caught in the crossfire.”

“But Har—” began Ron.

“But nothing. I have to get Snape out of there and I can’t worry about you at the same time!” The tone of Harry’s voice told everyone that his decision was final.

“Fine then, we’ll wait for you outside Hagrid’s hut,” Hermione said. Like Harry, the tone of her voice told everyone this was not a point to contest.

“All right then, let’s get this over with,” Harry said. He marched up to Hermione and crushed his lips to hers. He took as much comfort and courage from that kiss as he could.

“Come back to me,” she said when the kiss ended. Her eyes were shimmering with tears, fear, and hope.

“I will,” he said, hoping that fate would not make a liar out of him.

“Good luck,” said Ron, giving Harry a pat on the back.

“I’ll see you soon, Harry,” Luna said and kissed him on the cheek.

“Is the Prison Ward up?” he asked Dobby.

“Yes, Harry Potter, sir.” Dobby, who, like Hermione, was crying openly, wailed “Please, lets Dobby stay by yours side, Harry Potter, sir. Please. Dobby cans help Harry Potter.”

“No Dobby, I need you to keep an eye on my friends,” Harry said. “Make sure they stay safe for me.”

With his lip quivering, the House-Elf replied “Yes, Harry Potter, sir. Dobby wills make sure.”

Before stepping into the loo, Harry gave Hermione one last look and a lopsided smile, hoping to show her that he was brave and confident so she wouldn't have to worry so much. The moment the door closed and he was out of sight of his lover and friends, Harry let the facade drop. His face and shoulders fell and he leaned against the door.

This was it: in a few moments' time, Harry would open the entrance to the Chamber, slide down the tube, and face his destiny.

‘Stick to the plan,’ he repeated to himself. As he slowly walked to the faucet, those four words became a mantra. ‘Stick to the plan.’ The scenario played out in his head – Harry would make a Portkey, Voldemort and his minions would show up, Snape would run to Harry while Harry swung the Sword of Gryffindor at the pillar Horcrux, and then, as the roof collapsed, Harry and Snape would be whisked to safety via the Portkey. Simple and easy and difficult to muck up, the way all plans should be. ‘Stick to the Plan.’

He bent over the basin and spoke the word “open” in Parsletongue. The sink shrank away and a large hole appeared in the wall. Just before he stepped into the tube, Harry screwed up his courage.

After sliding down the tube, Harry made his way to the main chamber. He was so afraid that his hands were like ice. He began to worry if this impediment would hamper his ability to hold onto the Sword much less swing it at the column properly.

Upon entering the main, cavernous chamber, Harry eyed the Horcrux column and gulped down the burning bile that had been creeping up his throat. ‘Stick to the plan.’

He glanced at his watch. Nine forty-three. He had at least fifteen minutes before Voldemort and his minions were scheduled to arrive.

Taking another deep breath, Harry conjured a long branch – slightly over four feet – leaned it against the Horcrux column, tapped it with his wand and incanted “Portus.” He wanted the Portkey as close as possible – he didn’t want to have to dive for it while the roof fell on top of his head. Now, he waited. Soon, he’d face Voldemort for the last time. One way or the other, it would be over tonight. If everything went according to plan, Harry and Snape would be safe and away while the so-called Dark Lord was crushed beneath tons of falling rock.

He paced back and forth, rubbing his hands together, hoping to chase away the chill that had settled in them. His mind wandered to Hermione and his friends. Surely they had gotten out of the castle and to Hagrid’s hut by now. The very first thing he planned on doing after this was all over was to run up to Hermione, take her in his arms and lavish her with kisses. That is, if every thing went according to planned and he got out of the Chamber alive.

Taking a calming breath, Harry repeated his mantra – this time aloud. “Stick to the plan.” Despite his confidence in the plan, his hands were still cold, bile still marched up his throat and his belly had clenched up into a tight little ball.

Checking the time again, Harry’s stomach tightened even more. It was nine forty-six. Only three minutes had passed. “This is going to be the longest quarter hour of my life,” he mumbled to himself. He just hoped it wouldn’t be the last.

Harry pulled out the Sword out of his robes. The heavy weight in his hands helped calm his nerves somewhat. The plan was sound. One swing of the Sword and it would be finished.

The minutes ticked by at an agonizingly slow rate. At one point Harry had wondered if his watch had stopped working. But it was just his anxiety that made time seem to slow down.

Then, with a series of loud whooshing sounds, over a dozen people appeared in the Chamber before Harry. At the front of this group was none other than Voldemort himself, flanked by Wormtail to his right and Snape to his left. Each of the new comers had a hold of a long length of rope, obviously the Portkey that had brought them here.

“Potter, what are you doing here?” demanded Voldemort. He was by no means stupid – Harry’s presence was not a coincidence. And he was smart enough to spot a trap when he saw one.

The villain quickly reached into his robes to draw his wand. Harry looked at Snape and shouted “NOW!”

Not knowing of the new Prison Ward prohibiting any Portkey besides Harry’s from working, Snape stuck to his part of the plan. The Potions Master tapped his wand to the rope-Portkey and it flashed in flames, destroying it, before lunging forward while Harry swung the Sword with all of his might. Harry felt the blade slice through the stone of the column like a knife through butter, destroying the final Horcrux. Now that the main support column had been demolished, the whole chamber began to tremble instantly. As planned, Snape wrapped his hand around Harry’s arm as the young wizard pivoted to face the Portkey. Harry reached out...

“CONFRINGO!” a cold, high voice shouted.

One word and one phrase made up of a contraction and another word sprang up in Harry’s head. They were “Bollocks” and “I’m screwed.” The reason for this was that Voldemort had cast a Blasting Curse with the special Portkey as its target – that or he had aimed directly at either Snape or Harry and the trembling, shaking ground had thrown off his aim. Either way, the curse had turned Harry’s only means of escape into a shower of splinters. There was no time to create another Portkey – the whole castle would collapse and crush him in the time it would take to conjure a new item, enchant it into a Portkey, and then activate it. Harry and Snape were stuck.

Massive chunks of the walls and ceiling started to break free and fall. Many Death Eaters scrambled, vainly trying to find cover. One Death

Eater's scream had been cut short when one bolder crushed him, turning him into a sticky jam.

As the chamber collapsed around him, Harry took a small bit of solace in the knowledge that at least he had succeeded in ridding the world of Voldemort.

A tugging sensation on the hem of his robes drew Harry's attention. He looked down into the bright green, tennis ball sized eyes of Dobby. A triumphant smile stretched across Harry's face. The Prison Ward did not affect House-Elf transportation. Dobby must've transported into the Chamber when Harry and Snape did not show up outside Hagrid's hut once the castle began to fall. After taking Dobby's hand in his, Harry glanced back at Voldemort. The fiend was reaching out to grab Wormtail's silver hand.

The next thing Harry knew, he, Snape and Dobby were standing just outside Hagrid's hut. There was no unpleasant squeezing as in Apparation, no mad spinning as there was in Floo travel, and there was no uncomfortable hook behind the navel and tugging as there was in Portkey travel. One moment, he was in the crumbling Chamber, and the next, he was standing in a grassy field.

"Wow, elf transport is a whole lot more enjoyable than any other magical transportation," he said to himself.

Remembering his vow to take Hermione in his arms, Harry spun around in order to find the witch he loved. As he turned, his eyes quickly surveyed the devastation caused by the falling of the castle. Centuries of dust had been thrown up into the air due to the ancient building's collapse; this created a dense cloud that covered the ground and reach upwards, hundreds of feet. Even though he couldn't see a thing, Harry assumed that the Astronomy Tower would have fallen by this time, and that the walls of the castle had begun their inevitable structural failure.

Ignoring the castle and its fate, Harry continued to turn until he found the woman he loved. Tears of joy cascaded down her cheeks and he couldn't wait to kiss them away. He had barely taken two steps when the joy in Hermione's eyes drained in an instant, replaced by panic.

Ron and Luna, who were standing on either side of the brunette witch, pointed over Harry's shoulder with trembling hands.

Harry turned to face where his friends were pointing and his stomach fell.

There, standing with his black robes billowing in the wind, with the cloud of the collapsing castle behind him, holding Wormtail's disembodied silver hand was Lord Voldemort.

"I always have an escape plan, Potter," Lord Voldemort said, with hate bubbling up in his cold voice. "Did you honestly think I'd give one of my lowly followers such a precious gift without ulterior motives?" He held up the metallic limb, clearly taking pride over his cunning. "It's an emergency-transporter of my own design – it can mimic and follow the last form of any magical travel used within a twenty foot radius – and unlike most wizards, I am powerful enough to mimic even House-Elf magic. When I created my wondrous device in this specific form to quiet that sniveling pillock, Wormtail, I knew that it might come in 'handy' one day." The fiend giggled at his own poor pun.

"Now it's time to deal with the traitor." This was the only warning anyone got before Voldemort began firing curses. Snape grunted in pain as a massive gash was cut into him. The greasy haired wizard began to pitch forward, a fountain of blood and gore spraying from his side, just below his ribs.

Harry dove at Snape. A yellow bolt of magic rocketed by Harry, missing him by fractions of an inch, as he grabbed Snape by the shoulders.

"RUN!" shouted Harry to his friends. "GET BEHIND THE TREES!"

While dragging Snape behind him, Harry bolted to the tree line a few feet away, bobbing and weaving as best as he could in order to dodge Voldemort's attacks. Unburdened, Harry's friends reached the trees a few seconds before he did. Hermione and Luna jumped behind the trunk of a massive oak while Ron and Dobby took shelter



behind another. Grunting, Harry jumped and landed with a thud just as a curse blew a chunk out of a tree next to him.

As Voldemort continued to fire off a rapid series of deadly hexes, he mocked; "You've only delayed the inevitable, Harry. After I kill you and your friends, I'll rebuild my army and I will destroy everything you care about, boy."

Snape coughed. Dark red blood spewed from his mouth, splattering his lips and chin. One look told Harry that his former professor did not have much time left. The older wizard let out a shuttering breath and his eyes closed.

Harry held the dying Potions Master in his arms. This was a difficult, messy task – not because of the wizard's lifeblood flowing from his gaping wound that soiled Harry robes, rather the young wizard didn't want Snape's greasy hair to touch him. Harry knew that blood could come out of his clothing, but he doubted that whatever the substance in Snape's hair could ever be completely cleaned.

As he awkwardly cradled Snape, Harry wondered what he should say to the wizard. Should he forgive the man for all of his misdeeds, for all the wrongs he had committed against Harry?

An explosion shook the tree behind Harry. He could see Hermione and Luna a few feet away, holding onto one another in fear and support.

Suddenly, Snape's eyes snapped open. Looking up at the boy he had persecuted for so long, Snape muttered; "I regret joining the Death Eaters." A shuttering, rattling breath escaped his lungs. "I regret all the harm I caused through my deeds and actions. But most of all Potter, I regret not getting the chance to—" another spasming breath, "...wank to your mother's memory just one last time."

As his mother's stalker's eye fluttered closed, Harry resisted the urge to drop the dying prick to the ground. Harry was, after all, the hero and heroes do not do such things – even to hated ponces who wanked over the memory of said hero's mum.

Then Snape's eyes shot open one last time. He looked deeply into Harry's brilliant green eyes and spoke, his voice was barely above a whisper. "Potter, grant me this, my dying wish: pretend to be Lily, you have her eyes after all... and you can use my blood to dye your hair red like hers... and then... touch...m—"

Thankfully, the fates interceded and took Snape to the Next Great Adventure before he could give voice to complete his final request. Of course, Harry had wished that they had taken the arsehole a few moments before, that way the young wizard would not have been scarred by what he had been asked to do.

"I know this is wrong of me to say, but God I hated that prick," Harry said, letting the still warm corpse slide to the ground with less dignity than a hero of his stature should have.

"Well, at least he was in so much denial that he couldn't see that he was truly attracted to your father and not your mother, as proof of his Patronus," Hermione said from her nearby cover, having the misfortune to have overheard Snape's dying words. "Otherwise, his last request could have been significantly more awkward."

Another blast from Voldemort shattered a tree trunk no more than five feet away from Harry. It was obvious that the villain was toying with his prey.

"Yeah, that greasy bastard's death was tragic and all, but what the bloody hell are we going to do now?" Ron demanded frantically.

"Let's make another Portkey and escape!" offered Luna, her eyes even wider than normal.

"No, we don't know if Voldemort could use Wormtail's hand to follow us again," Hermione said.

"Besides, it has to end now," Harry said. He stood and squared his shoulders, ready to face his destiny. He took one step from behind the tree with his wand already raised and prepared to fire a curse when the ground a foot in front of his feet exploded. The concussion of the blast threw Harry back, slamming him against another tree.

With his head still spinning from the blow, he overheard Ron exclaim; "What about Harry's power boosts? He could just lean around the tree and blast You Know Who to kingdom come."

"Dear, you're forgetting that You Know Who's has gone through his own power boosting rituals. And he's got decades worth of fighting experience over Harry!" explained Luna. "Even if Harry had more power than him, You Know Who would still have enough skill to easily block and counter anything Harry threw at him!"

Voldemort, still launching Blasting Hexes at Harry and his friends in a sadistically playful manner, called out "I don't know how you found out about my Horcrux, but you've lost, Harry. You have only destroyed one of my Horcruxes! I have four more hidden where you'll never find them!" He added bitterly, "I'd have five if Lucius wasn't an idiot and lost my diary."

Harry quickly gestured to his friends to remain silent. He feared that if one of them let slip that they had in fact destroyed all of Voldemort's Horcruxes, the dark wizard, who was terrified of his own mortality, would retreat and this opportunity to end Voldemort's reign of death and terror would be lost.

Suddenly, Harry saw something spark in Hermione's eyes. She locked eyes with him and said, "Harry, I'm pregnant."

The young wizard looked at the witch he loved. Her eyes were full of dread, worry, doubt and something that made Harry believe she had done something terribly, terribly wrong. He assumed that she had forgotten to recast her Anti-Conception Charm and this was the cause for this odd expression.

"I'm pregnant, Harry," she repeated with the same look of worry, dread and odd guilt.

"What? Do you expect some sort of congratulations from us?" Ron asked, piercingly.

“Congratulations, Hermione,” Luna said earnestly. “I hope we live through this so I can throw you a baby shower.”

The world faded away for Harry. His mind left Voldemort and the destruction around him and entered a world where Hermione was expecting. In his mind’s eye, Harry saw Hermione a few months from now, her belly large and round. He had his hands on her stomach, feeling the baby kick and move inside her womb. His mind flashed forward and he imagined holding his and Hermione’s baby a few moments after he or she was born. His mind raced, coming up with possible names for his child.

Another explosion rocked the ground and violently drew Harry out of his daydream. He looked at Hermione. He had to stop Voldemort. Harry had to do it, for his family – for his and Hermione’s unborn child.

As Harry stood, he focused on his love for Hermione and their child. A powerful golden light once again emanated from his body. Shimmering rays floated from his body and coiled and undulated like tendrils.

“Not this again. Not the pure love thing,” moaned Ron. “It makes me feel funny! And I really don’t think now is a time to feel funny!”

“Now’s the perfect time,” Harry said, stepping out from behind the trees. With the thought of his future family warming his heart and soul, Harry drew up his wand.

“What’s this?” asked Voldemort, confused by the strange golden glow surrounding Harry.

The knowledge that his child was growing in Hermione’s womb had allowed Harry to tap fully into his love core – more so than ever before. This incredible power coursed through him, making his body burn. He could feel his feet hovering an inch above the ground as he slowly walked toward his target.

Overcoming his confusion, Voldemort launched a lethal cutting curse directly at Harry’s throat. The silver crescent of magic soared through the air and struck the glow encapsulating Harry with a reverberating

clang. The curse shattered like crystal, leaving the young wizard unscathed.

Voldemort's red eyes burned with hatred. He raised his wand and his mouth opened, ready to spit out another incantation. Before any sound could leave his lips, one of the golden tendrils that extended from the glow surrounding Harry lashed out, slashing Voldemort across the hand. The villain cried out and recoiled. A dark burn mark smoldered where the tendril had touched his skin.

Clutching his burnt hand to his chest, Voldemort hissed "I took your blood! The cursed blood protection shouldn't harm me anymore!"

"That's not the blood protection, that's the power of love," Harry said.

Harry heard his best mate gripe, "If I wasn't scared shiteless right now, I'd think that was the lamest thing I've ever heard one bloke say to another."

Harry eyed the damage to Voldemort's hand. The pure power that emanated from his body hurt Voldemort. It was feasible that he could actually kill Voldemort with it. He just needed to focus the power somehow. A spell, perhaps, that would concentrate the pure love Harry felt and launched it at Voldemort.

Harry smiled. He already knew a spell that concentrated pure emotions: the Patronus Charm. The Patronus was powered by pure happiness. If he could focus the love he felt into the charm, he could direct it at Voldemort. Hermione had actually theorized that he could use a Patronus as a weapon against Voldemort a few weeks previously. Of course, Ron had also theorized at the same time that Harry could defeat Voldemort with an Expelliarmus Charm, but Harry thought that Hermione's theory had the support of logic and intelligence behind it.

With the image of him sitting on a bed next to Hermione as he held their newborn baby, Harry pointed his wand at Voldemort and shouted, "EXPECTO PATRONUM!"

His wand jerked in recoil as a giant, glimmering stag leapt from the tip of the weapon. It was larger and more brilliant than any Patronus Harry had ever conjured before. He could feel the pure love super-charge the energy in the stag. The magical animal's hooves pounded silently on the ground as it charged, full-bore, at Voldemort. It lowered its head, pointing its sharp antlers at the fiend's chest, and crashed into the snake-like wizard.

The moment the stag struck Voldemort, the Patronus exploded and engulfed the dark wizard in flames. Voldemort reared his head back and screamed in utter agony. The flames swallowed him – the power of love literally burned the man who knew nothing but hate.

Through the flames, Harry saw Voldemort's flesh blacken and large chunks fall to the earth where they burned to ash. He also saw pure hate and anger in his foe's red-eyes.

Knowing this may be his final act, Voldemort focused all of his rage and hate on Harry. He leveled his wand at the black-haired wizard and screamed "AVADA KEDAVRA!"

Just as the Patronus was the embodiment of pure joy, the Killing Curse was pure hate – to cast it properly, someone had to hate their target enough to kill them. And, just as Harry's power sprang forth from his love, Voldemort's came from hatred, giving the fiend a true knack for the Unforgivable.

The green bolt blazed through the air, rocketing at Harry. It moved so rapidly, the young wizard did not have time to react. The dreaded curse hit its target.

But, just as his mother's pure love had shielded him from the Killing Curse when he was a toddler, the pure love that surrounded Harry right now had the same effect. Whereas Lily had sacrificed herself out of love and thereby shielded her son, Harry's shield was powered by the thought of his family – Hermione and their child – and had the same power as Lily's sacrifice. The green beam of magic struck the golden shield and rebounded upon its caster, just as it had over fifteen years before. The power of the rebounded Killing Curse

combined with the magical fire which had engulfed him turned Voldemort into a pile of soot in an instant.

Harry stared at the smoldering pile of ashes that used to be the monster who murdered his family and hunted him his whole life. As he watched the smoke rise up into the air, Harry realized that this pile that used to be Voldemort had done far more than kill his family – he had terrorized an entire society for a generation. He had murdered, tortured and maimed countless people. And now he was gone. He wouldn't be coming back like he had done previously. Voldemort was truly and completely dead this time, thanks to Harry's success in finding and destroying all of Voldemort's Horcruxes. Harry continued to stare at the ashes for a full minute, letting the awe of his victory wash over him, before shouting "I WON! I BLOODY EFFING WON!"

Hermione was the first to rush out from her protective cover. She leapt at Harry and threw her arms around his neck, sobbing in joy that her lover was alive. Ron, Luna and Dobby quickly joined the embrace with the red-head shouting "You did it! You bloody did it!" over and over.

Suddenly, every single member of the Order of the Phoenix appeared around Harry and his friends, each one holding onto various objects that had obviously been turned into Portkeys. McGonagall rushed forward and said "The moment Hogwarts fell, the House-Elves let us go and I Apparated to Grimmauld Place and activated the emergency beacon!"

"We all popped over and Minerva told us what was going on. We got here as quickly as we could," added Tonks.

"Where are they?" demanded Mad-Eye Moody, ready – and eager – to hex someone. "Where are the Death Eaters and You Know Who?"

Hermione, Ron, Luna and Dobby looked to Harry. Each one assumed that since Harry was the hero of the hour, it was his right to tell everyone of the defeat of the most feared wizard of their time.

With a joyous smile splitting his face cleanly in two, Harry cried out "I'M GOING TO BE A DADDY!"

Hermione let go of Harry and instantly began wringing her hands. Harry was too delirious over the joy he felt to notice this small, but guilty action.

“Really? That’s fantastic!” Arthur Weasley said with naked excitement.

“Oh, what wonderful news!” added Molly Weasley, looking at Hermione questioningly.

“Yeah, yeah, congratulations,” Moody said dismissively. “Now where’s the Death Eater Scum?” The old Auror was clearly aching to hex someone.

“They’re all dead!” announced Ron.

“What about Voldemort?” asked Remus Lupin.

“Erm, you’re stepping in him, Professor Lupin,” Luna replied, pointing at the pile of soot and ash around Remus’ feet.

“It’s over?” Tonks asked. “He’s finally dead?”

“Yeah, and he’s not coming back this time!” cheered Ron.

“This calls for a celebration!” cried Kingsley Shacklebolt.

“I’m going to be a dad!” repeated Harry. This news was obviously far more important to him than Voldemort’s defeat.

“I think this calls for a double celebration!” Arthur said, bristling with pride. “For the defeat of You Know Who, and to celebrate Harry and Hermione’s joyous news!”

Harry felt a tear roll down his cheek while Hermione began to chew on her lower lip almost frantically.

“Let’s go to the Three Broomsticks and break open a case of Fire-Whiskey!” announced Remus as he gave Harry a congratulatory pat



on the back. "So Harry, who's going to be the godfather of your baby?" he asked, hoping to be the one the young wizard had in mind.

"Not gonna happen, Remus, that job's going to his best mate, yours truly," Ron said, thumbing himself in the chest as nearly everyone standing outside Hagrid's hut began making their way to the School's gates.

"I can' wait till I get to take yer kid on his firs' year boat ride ta the castle," Hagrid said to Harry with happy tears flowing freely. "Course we'll have ta rebuild tha' castle."

Harry let his friends congratulate him and offer name suggestions for his baby as they walked out of the gates and down into the streets of Hogsmede.

Meanwhile...

Just outside Hagrid's hut, Hermione stood, wringing her hands and worrying her lip madly. She stared, wide-eyed, at some unknown point far off in the distance.

The only other people with her, Molly Weasley and Tonks, stood a few feet away from the distraught witch, conferring beneath their breath to one another. After a moment of discussion, Molly jotted a note down on a piece of parchment. Then the two walked up to the brunette witch.

"Hermione dear, do you have something to tell us?" asked Molly.

"I'm a horrible, horrible person," Hermione wailed.

"You're not horrible," Tonks consoled her.

"But I lied to Harry. I lied to him in the most horrific way!" Even though Hermione had lied to Harry in order for him to fully access his power to defeat Voldemort, she felt as if she was lower than the lowest animal.

"It doesn't have to be a lie," offered Molly.

“Just a delay in the truth,” added Tonks.

“What do you mean?”

“Here,” Molly said, handing Hermione the note. “The first is a spell that cancels out all anti-conception charms. The other is a charm that will help you ovulate.”

“Mind you it’s not as good as the Prewitt Ritual you and Harry accidentally tricked me and Remus into performing,” Tonks commented, “but I think Harry might get a little suspicious if you pop the baby out in a couple of weeks like I did.”

“Now, you perform these two charms and ride Harry like a pony,” Molly said with a smile. Both Tonks and Hermione looked at the Weasley matron in surprise. “Oh please, you don’t get to have seven children by being chaste.

“As I was saying, you have your way with Harry – which I’m sure he won’t mind in the slightest – every day and night until you change that lie into a ‘delayed truth,’ as Tonks called it,” concluded Molly

“Basically, shag him until you really do get knocked up,” clarified Tonks.

“Nymphadora Tonks,” Molly said, scathingly.

“What? You used the term ‘ride Harry like a pony’ and you’re mad at me?” defended Tonks.

“I’m upset that you used such a foul word,” the red-head said. She smiled at Hermione and added with a happy lilt, “Didn’t you know it’s improper to curse in front of a mother-to-be?”

Hermione looked at the charms Molly and Tonks had given her before saying, “Or at least a mother-to-be-shortly.”

To Be Concluded...

# Harry Potter and the Sword of Gryffindor

by cloneserpents

Epilogue: or “Nineteen years Lat—err... I mean Fifteen...”

Standard Disclaimer: Harry Potter and all characters are property of J K Rowling, Warner Brothers, Bloomsbury Books, Arthur A. Levine Books, Raincoast Books, Scholastic publishing (et al.) and are used without permission. This work was written purely for noncommercial entertainment; no money is being made.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad farce with over the top humor (a good deal of it is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (that's Out Of Character if you don't know). Also, this is my first smut-ish fic. If you don't like sex and sex-based humor, do NOT read this!

Epilogue: Look everybody! It's an epilogue!

Nineteen Years Later...

Wait... what? Nineteen? Why nineteen? Don't these things happen in even amounts of years like “two,” “ten,” or “twenty”? Or even increments of five years? Why would I go against convention and use an odd number like nineteen? “Oh, look at me; I'm such a rebel. I place my epilogue nineteen years into the future! I'm such a trend setter.”

Who am I to go against convention?

Fifteen years later...

No matter how many times Harry saw the “new” Hogwarts, the wizard's chest would puff up with well-earned pride. Not only had he co-created the unique ritual to rebuild the ruined castle with Hermione thirteen years before, but he and his wife had been one of the dozens of couples that had performed said sex-ritual. He could still remember

the scores of two-person tents (and a three-person tent for Seamus, Lavender and Parvati) that circled the ruins and the non-stop peals of pleasure and wet squelching noises that filled the night as the stones flew through the air and rebuilt the ancient castle.

It looked exactly the way it did before it fell. Well, not exactly. The Astronomy Tower was significantly taller and thicker than it had been. Also, it had a peculiar, yet pleasing curve to it. And most people described the parapet as being “crown” shaped. Hermione believed that the sex-ritual that recreated the castle had inadvertently altered this particular part of the building. In fact, a few muggleborns had stated that the tower now appeared to be a copy of the notorious tower that had been featured in the original poster art for Disney’s “The Little Mermaid.” The thick, creeping vines that crisscrossed the Tower only aided in this comparison.

Another side effect of the sex-ritual that had rebuilt Hogwarts meant the castle and its wards now fed off of any sex act. Seeing that the castle was chockfull of hormonal teenagers wanking, snogging, performing hand-jobs and oral sex, and outright fornicating every single day, the new castle literally throbbed with power. Throbbed. As he and Hermione walked up the hill to the castle, Harry could actually see the building pulsate – and throb – particularly the new Astronomy Tower.

Just before the married couple walked through the giant doors of Hogwarts, Harry noticed the black-lace choker around his wife’s neck. The choker was just part of a garment Hermione had donned this morning. The costume was normally used for when the couple would act out a rather fun role-playing game where Hermione was a bad maid who had not dusted properly and therefore deserved a “punishment” from Harry. Today, the punishment hadn’t been for improper dusting, but for a cruel, teasing joke the brunette had played.

Harry made a polite coughing sound to attract her attention and pointed at his own neck.

“Oh my, we don’t want to lose this one,” the brunette said instantly realizing what Harry’s gesture meant. She carefully removed the

choker and tucked it away in her robe pocket. "Risqué Maid" was one of her most favorite games after-all.

As they entered the castle, the sound of hundreds and hundreds of students talking and rushing to class nearly overpowered them. The years that followed the fall of the first Hogwarts Castle and Voldemort's defeat saw the wizarding population of Britain increase significantly. Year after year the birth rate had shattered the previous year's record setting number. This massive and continual spike in the population was due to the age of peace that the wizards and witches now experienced thanks to Voldemort's demise. Or at least that is what the history books claimed. The real reason that the birth rate was rising rapidly each year was due to the fact that every witch and wizard were having copious amounts of sex. And this was directly correlated to the wildly popular Books of Love Magic and its ten volumes (so far). The highest seller to date was Volume Six: Pregnancy and You which had a four month pregnant (with James) "Mona Puckle" and sixth month pregnant (with the twins Harry and Harriet) "Perky 'The Jugs' Weatherby" with their respective husbands performing rituals designed to aid in various stages of pregnancy and childbirth, as well as recipes for balms and salves that made stretch marks disappear and physical exercises that helped fight various sagging bits on both partners.

"It looks like they're going to have to add another wing to the castle just to house the ever-growing student body," commented Hermione as the couple pushed through the throng of students. The school's population had tripled twice over since they had taken their NEWTS.

"Maybe we can come up with another ritual to do just that?" suggested Harry, wriggling his eyebrows suggestively. "I mean it's not like we haven't invested ourselves to the castle before."

"I'll work on it tonight," she said, looking forward to the practice. Trial and error was so much fun when orgasms were included.

The couple made their way to the Hospital Ward where Luna Weasley worked. Thanks to her share of the book profits, the blonde and her husband were reasonably wealthy and didn't need to work. She did however take the position of Hogwarts' nurse in order to be

close to her children. And Ron took up the position of nurse's aide for the same reasons – that and easy access to the mid-afternoon shags he had grown to love. As for Harry and Hermione, they too were able to live just as comfortably thanks to their shares of book sales and found things to do in their spare time: Harry was content to be what Muggles called a “Stay-at-Home-Dad” while Hermione, who did more than her fair share in raising their children, spent some of her free time trying to live up to her title of the “Chosen One” by striving to give House-Elves equal rights. So far, the best she had been able to accomplish is a Ministry standard three sickle yearly salary and two days off a month. Even though Hermione thought this was unacceptable, the House-Elves were ecstatic over their new freedom. They were so overjoyed by their Savior's accomplishment that they created over a dozen holidays where they showered the Chosen One with praise and gifts. Ironically enough, these gifts the House-Elves gave her were hand-knitted hats that were strikingly similar to the ones she herself had made in her fifth year in a misguided attempt to free the tiny creatures. One room in their home, the Shrieking Shack (which was still a grandiose mansion on the inside thanks to Harry's accidentally bout of magic when the couple had first made love), was used strictly to house the thousands upon thousands of hats she had received over the years.

Harry and Hermione found their best friends putting away supplies upon entering the Hospital Ward.

“Lo, Hermione, Harry, what brings you here?” asked Ron as he helped his wife stock the shelves with ointments, salves and various potions.

Before either could answer, fifteen year old Sirius Lupin, Remus and Tonks' eldest son, pushed his way into the Ward. He held a blood-soaked cloth to his head.

“What's the matter, Sirius?” Luna asked.

“Erm... uh...I... er... bumped my head,” he answered lamely. Unlike his father, Sirius was a horrible liar. This un-Marauder like-setback did not stop the young wizard from committing acts of mischief and mayhem.

“Did you happen to bump your head because you were up to no good with the twins?” asked Luna.

“Which ones?” the young boy asked Luna in return. It was clear that Sirius was attempting to distract the adults in the room. “Your twins or Aunt Hermione and Uncle Harry’s twins?”

Knowing that the fifteen year old boy was trying to protect his best friend and obvious cohort with this distraction, Harry asked, “So it was Hyphen then?”

“Yes, Uncle Harry,” Sirius admitted. “We were pranking some Slytherins and I tripped when we made our escape. Hit my head on the steps leading out of the dungeons.”

“And I take it our daughter’s in her dorm room right now devising an alibi for the two of you?” asked Hermione.

“Yes,” he replied.

Harry smiled to himself, imagining Hyphen’s brilliant green eyes sparkling mischievously behind her spectacles, twirling one of her long strands of black, kinky hair which she tended to do when she was up to no good. A part of him was glad to see his fourteen year-old daughter giving Slytherins hell. Of course he’d never mention this to Hermione who always scolded Hyphen and their other children for not supporting Inter-House unity.

Luna gingerly pulled the boy’s hand from his head and said, “Just a scratch and a mild concussion – nothing that a few waves from a wand and a potion won’t fix.”

Once Sirius was healed, Luna shooed the “miracle-boy” away. Like his godfather, Harry, Sirius Lupin had earned an unwanted moniker. The first full moon after his fifth birthday, Sirius changed into a werewolf, just as everyone feared. He had unfortunately inherited the condition from his father. However, Sirius also inherited his mother’s Metamorphmagus abilities. The next full moon, Sirius did not change, much to everyone’s surprise. After a bit of study, it was discovered

that after his first painful transformation into a wolf, Sirius unconsciously used his Metamorphmagus ability to cancel out his werewolf transformation. Using this knowledge, several Potion Masters created a cure for Lycanthropy based off of Sirius' unique ability. Thus, he was heralded as the "miracle-boy."

Once the four adults were alone, Hermione announced, "I have news," the brunette was glowing with happiness. "Guess whose expecting again?"

"Another one?" asked Ron disbelievingly.

"You know Harry, ever since he found out I told that little fib, he thinks that I shouldn't be without child for more than a year at a time."

After their third child was born, Harry sat down and did the math, so to speak. Their first child, Lily-Fiona Granger-Potter – affectionately called "Hyphen" – was born a little more than nine months and one week after Hermione told him she was pregnant that fateful day. Harry knew Hyphen wasn't late and doubted that their daughter had already been conceived the day Hermione announced her pregnancy. When confronted, Hermione confessed to her "delay in the truth." In retrospect, Harry should have known it was a lie – Hermione was an absolute pathetic liar after all. In his defense, he had accepted his future wife's claim simply because he didn't think she could have ever lied about something so important, especially when their lives were in mortal peril at the time. Even though the lie was for the greater good, allowing Harry to tap completely into his love-core and therefore defeat Voldemort, the wizard was justifiably upset when Hermione confessed. After a long, drawn out argument, and as a form of "penance," Hermione baked Harry a pie (or rather, she asked Dobby – their employed house-elf – to bake Harry a pie) and then performed fellatio on her husband while he enjoyed his pastry treat. This led to the two shagging on the kitchen table while their three kids took their afternoon kip, which led to Hermione becoming pregnant again with the twins Eric and Lacy. It quickly became a joke that Harry had knocked up Hermione on a regular basis as a form of punishment for her "delay in the truth." This couldn't be further from the truth – the couple had always intended on having a large family.



"What will this make? Nine sprogs? Hell, I'm a Weasley and I don't have that many," the red head commented.

"But you're not living up to the Weasley name, are you? If Molly didn't have so many grandchildren from your brothers and sister, I'm certain she'd berate you daily for only having four. Bill and Fleur have six. Fred and George each have five. Percy, with his five ex-wives, has a total of eight. Even Charlie, who's gay, has seven kids. But Ginny and Neville are obviously trying to make up for your lack of children with their eleven," Hermione pointed out.

"That's only because Neville and that enormous penis of his ejaculates directly into Ginny's womb each time they make love," Luna said. "They have to realize that no magical form of anti-conception will work with them."

"Yeah, let's just hope he takes my advice and pulls out from now on," Harry chuckled. "Or at least buy some Muggle-condoms."

"So, number nine, huh," Ron said, returning to his friend's happy news. "You're going to run out of names you know."

"Well I suggested we name the baby after Snape," Hermione said. She smiled at the scowl that marred her husband's face.

"I take it that didn't go over well?" asked Luna.

"No," Harry said, flatly.

"To say the least," snorted Hermione. "After I used the Defebulator Charm to revive him and told him it was a joke, Harry gave me a sound paddling. Of course I was hoping for a spanking, so I think it worked out rather well for me."

"Were you two were playing 'The Lady and the Pauper' or 'Snarky Schoolgirl'?" asked Ron.

"No, it was the 'Risqué Maid' this time. In fact, the maid-choker's in her pocket right now," Harry replied. "And just to clarify; there's no paddling in 'The Lady and the Pauper' scenario. You're thinking of

'King Harry and the Duchess of Canterbury' 'A Long, Cold Night in January' or 'The Babysitter's Reward.'"

"Ah, my mistake," the red-head said with a smile. "I'll try to keep them straight."

"And what did you do to celebrate the great news of another baby?" the blonde asked, already knowing the answer.

"Another sound paddling," Hermione said with a rosy bloom. Even though Luna could not see them to confirm, she was positive the bloom on her cheeks matched the ruby hue on the brunette's other set of cheeks thanks to two consecutive spanking sessions.

"Well, we'll just have to celebrate won't we?" Ron said.

"What should we celebrate? The fact that Hermione's still a kinky witch or that she and Harry are going to have another child?" asked Luna playfully.

"We can celebrate both as far as I'm concerned," replied Harry, overjoyed to have another child on the way and deliriously happy that his wife was still so adventurous.

"We've reserved a table at The Three Broomsticks for us and our kids," Hermione said to her friends.

"Great, we can say hi to Hannah Abbott," said Ron.

"No, Ronald, Hannah owns the Leaky Cauldron," Luna corrected. "Katie Bell is the owner of The Three Broomsticks."

"That's right. I don't know why I get those two confused."

As the two couples left the Hospital Ward, Ron said with a guffaw; "Wow, the ten Potters and six Weasleys, that's going to one big table."

"Ow," exclaimed Harry suddenly.

“What is it dear?” asked Hermione.

“Some damn insect just bit my scar.”

The End

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